

BLUE CIRCLE COMICS

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JUNE
NO.1



WEB COMIC
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How to disarm a hold-up man
How to flip a man over your hip
How to apply the "teeth-rattler"
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LIGHTNING JU-JITSU



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Partial Contents
ADVENTURES OF THE GREAT CRIME-BUSTERS

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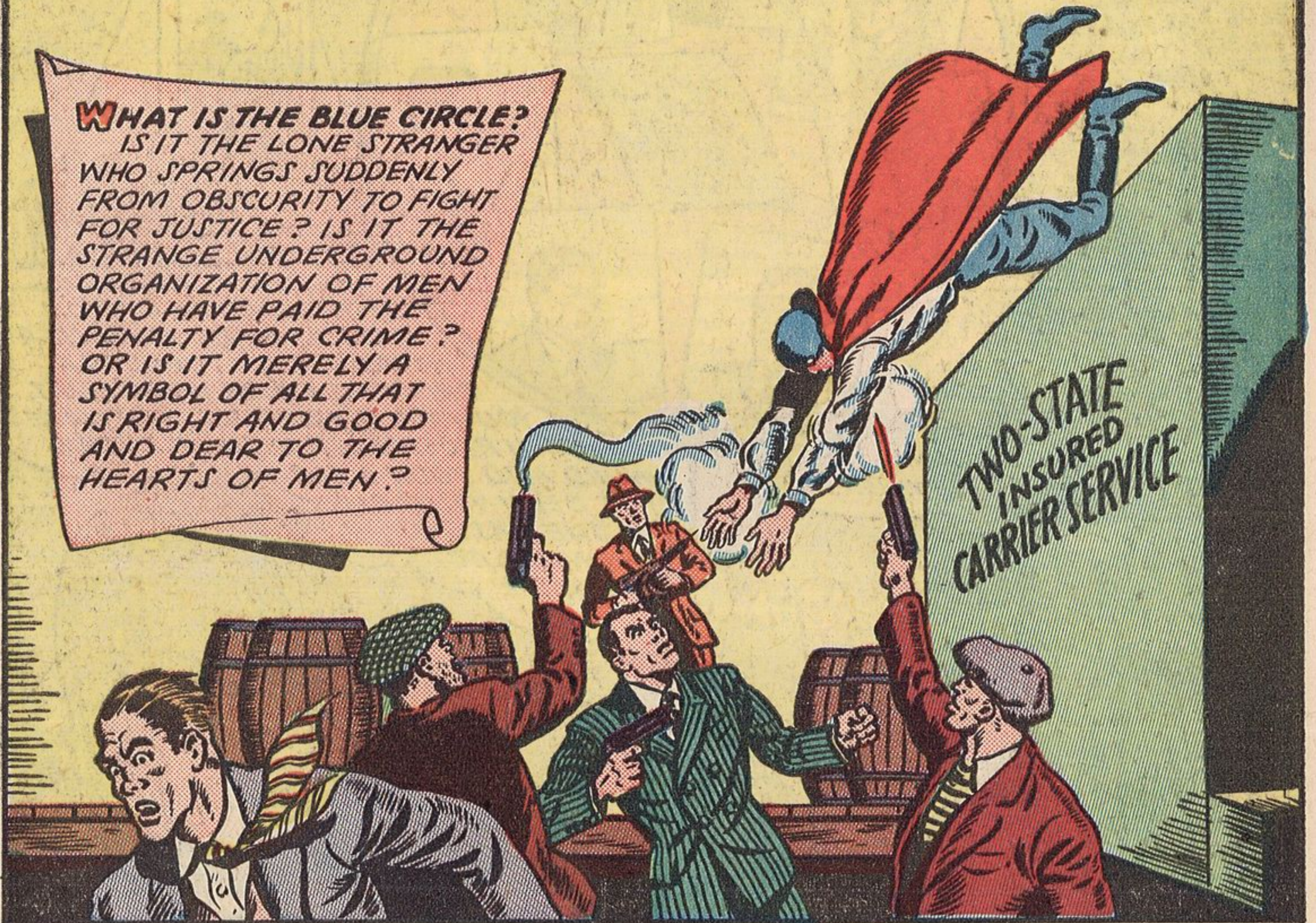
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BLUE CIRCLE

WHAT IS THE BLUE CIRCLE?
IS IT THE LONE STRANGER
WHO SPRINGS SUDDENLY
FROM OBSCURITY TO FIGHT
FOR JUSTICE? IS IT THE
STRANGE UNDERGROUND
ORGANIZATION OF MEN
WHO HAVE PAID THE
PENALTY FOR CRIME?
OR IS IT MERELY A
SYMBOL OF ALL THAT
IS RIGHT AND GOOD
AND DEAR TO THE
HEARTS OF MEN?

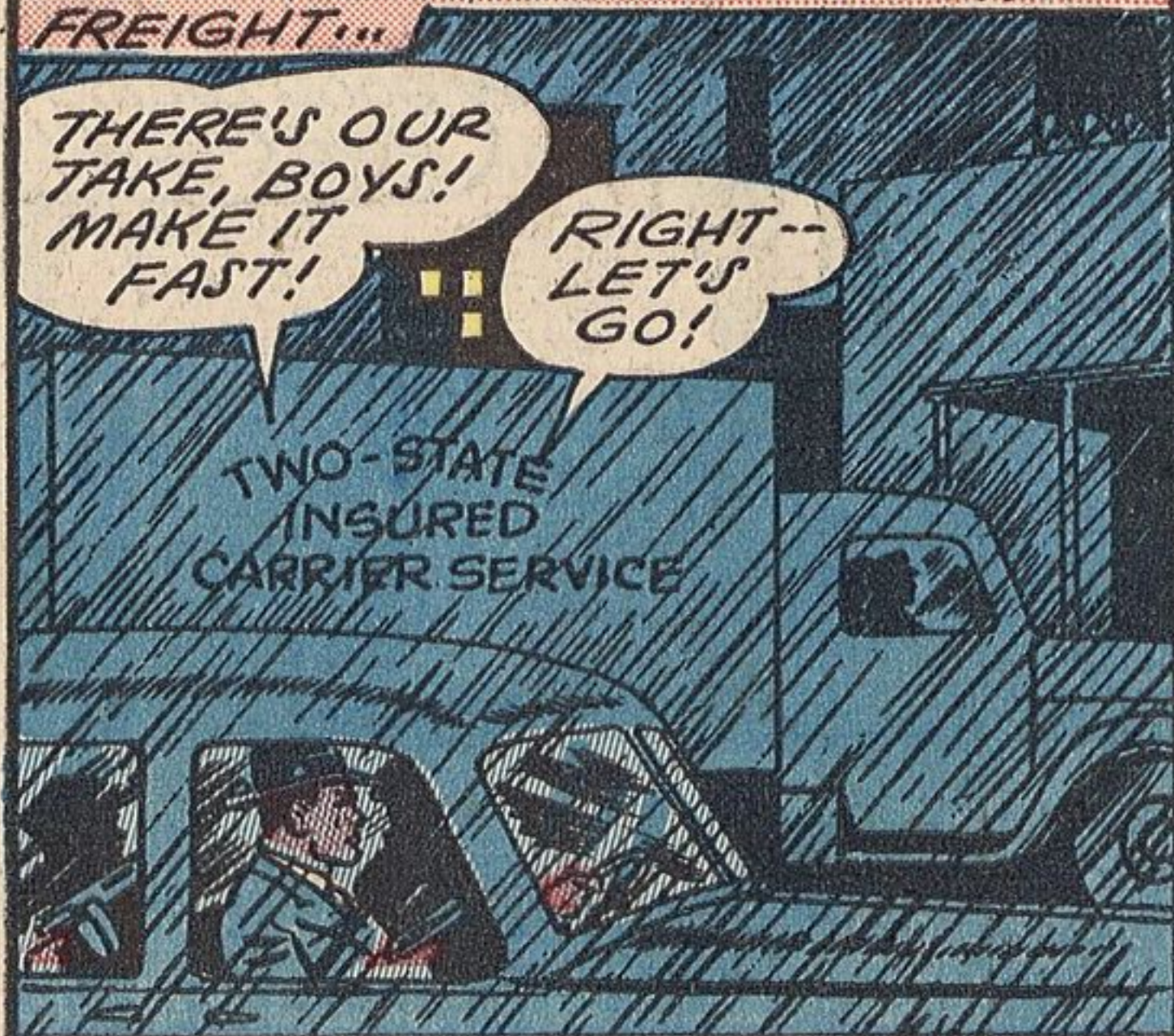


AS A TRUCK PULLS UP AT A WARE-
HOUSE SHELVING TO UNLOAD ITS
FREIGHT...

THERE'S OUR
TAKE, BOYS!
MAKE IT
FAST!

RIGHT--
LET'S
GO!

TWO-STATE
INSURED
CARRIER SERVICE



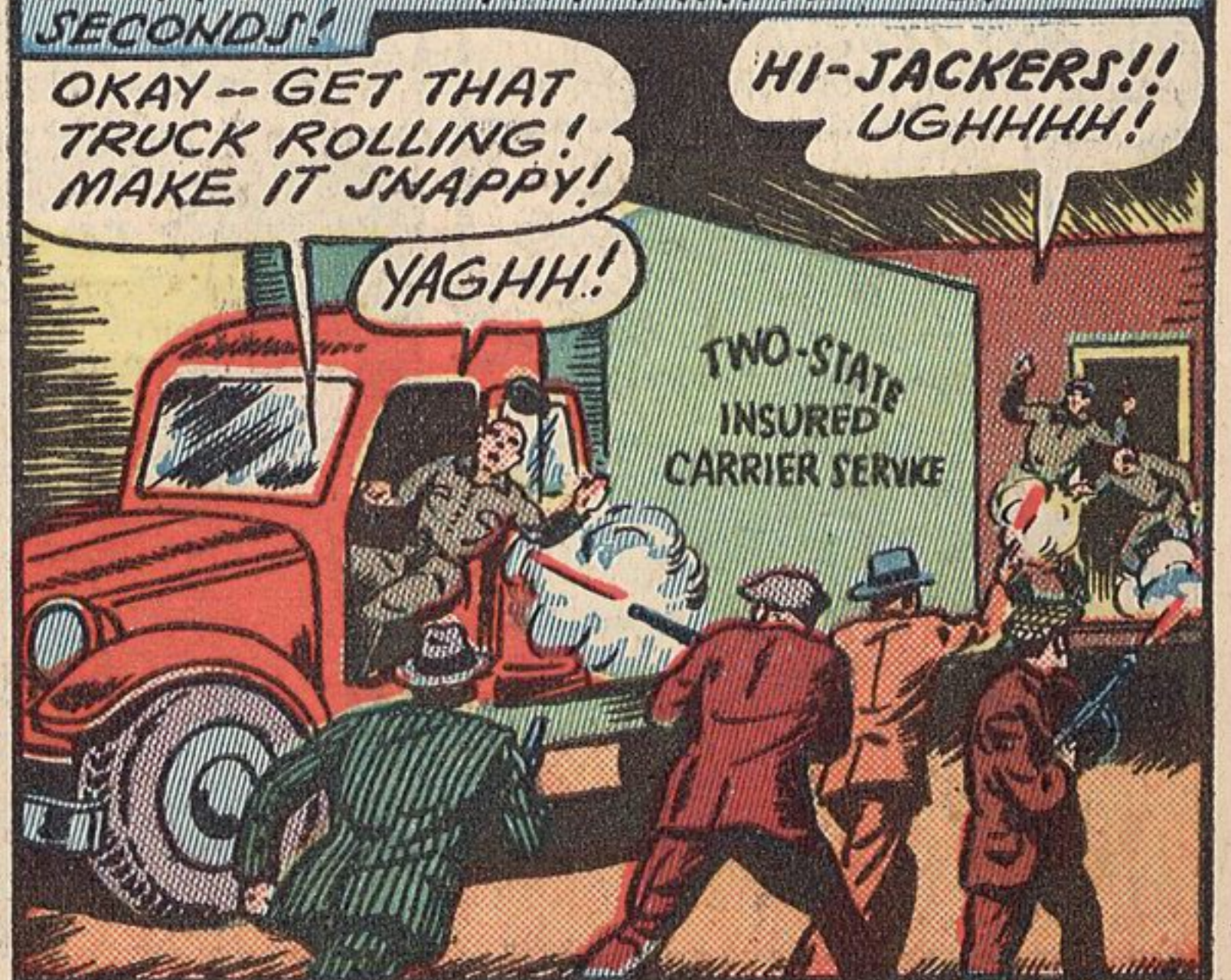
GUNS BARK SUDDENLY -- LIVES ARE
SNUFFED OUT IN A MATTER OF
SECONDS!

OKAY -- GET THAT
TRUCK ROLLING!
MAKE IT SNAPPY!

HI-JACKERS!!
UGHHHH!

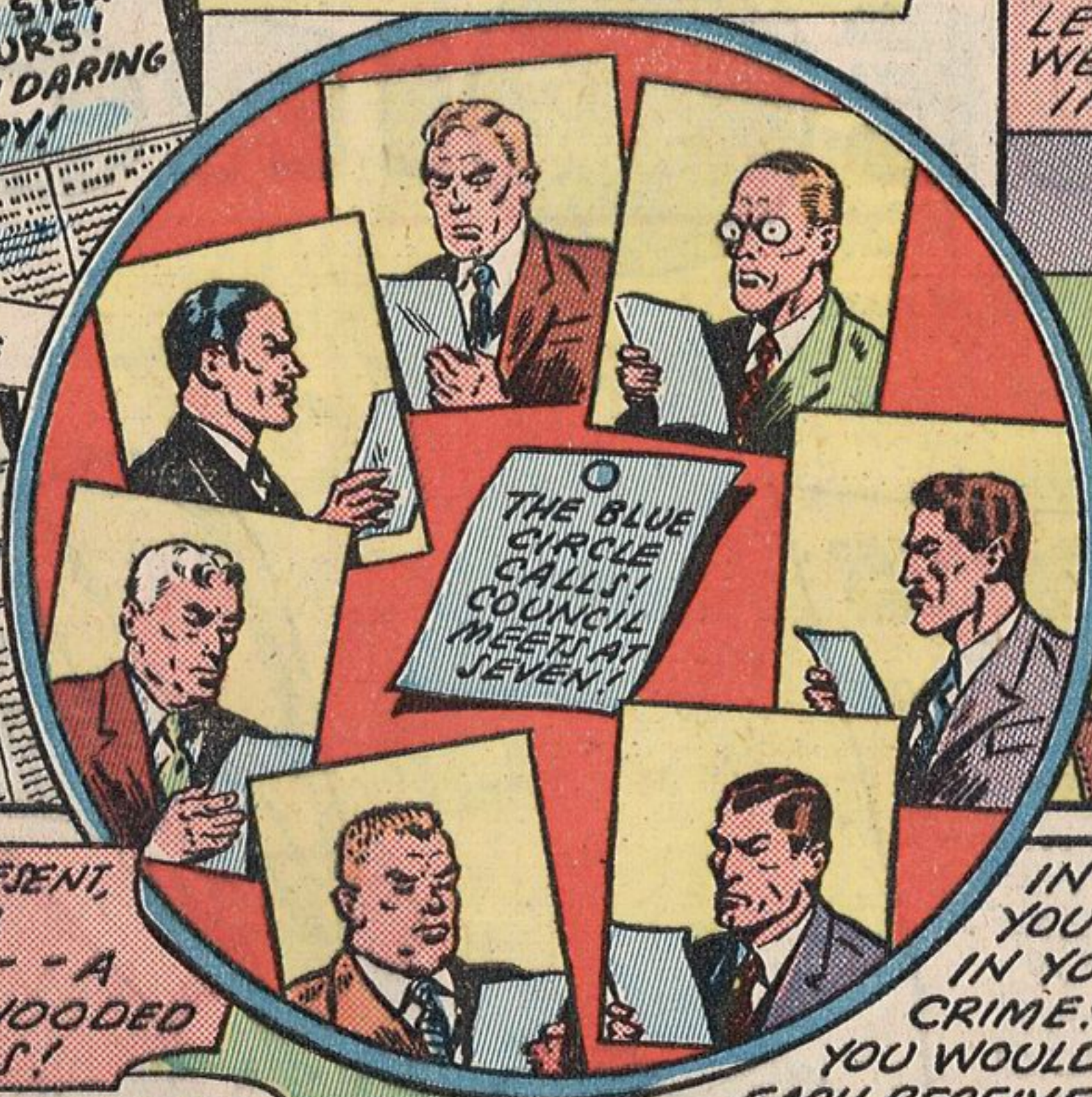
YAGHH!

TWO-STATE
INSURED
CARRIER SERVICE

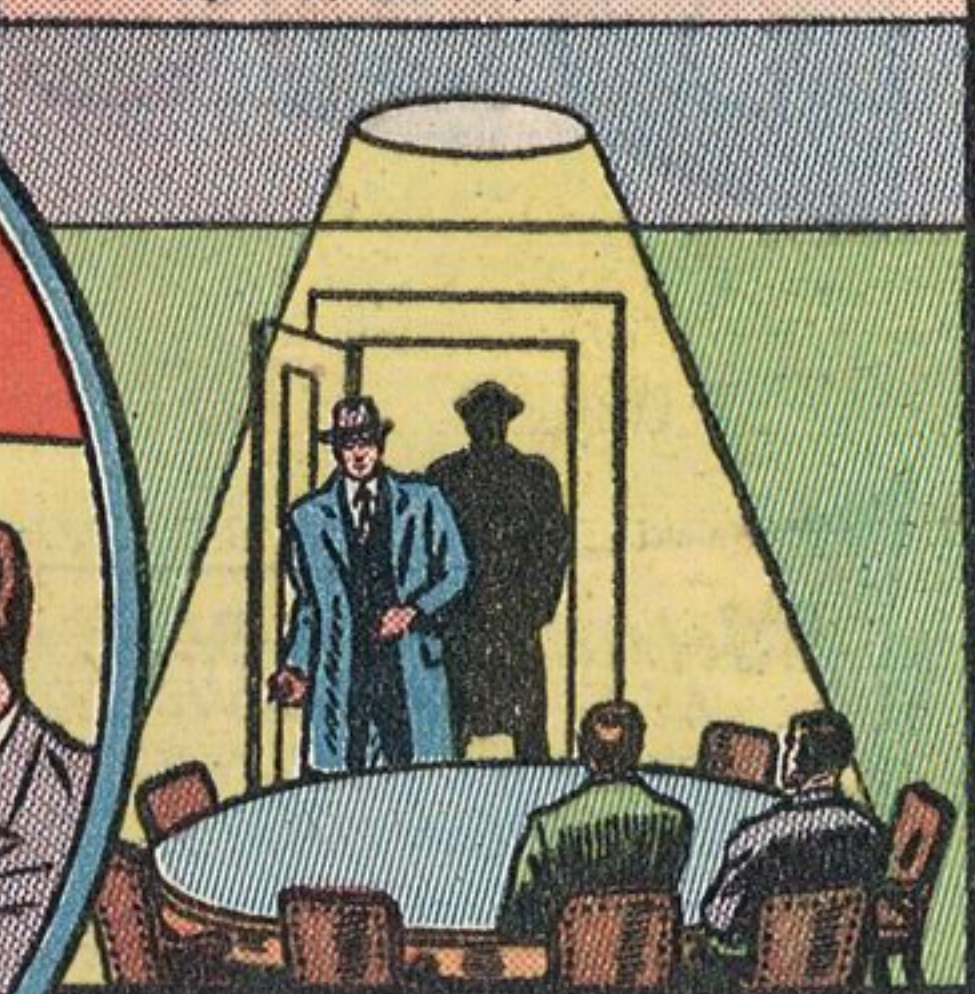




THE FOLLOWING DAY, SEVEN CITIZENS OF MID-TOWN RECEIVE MESSAGES ON BLUE NOTE PAPER...



THAT EVENING, THE SEVEN MEN ARRIVE SINGLY AT THE PENTHOUSE APARTMENT OF LEN STAFFORD, A WEALTHY YOUNG INVENTOR!



WHEN ALL ARE PRESENT, AN INNER DOOR SWINGS OPEN --- A CLOAKED AND HOODED FIGURE ENTERS!



IN THE PAST, EACH OF YOU HAS BEEN A MASTER IN YOUR OWN FIELD OF CRIME! ON YOUR WORD THAT YOU WOULD HELP ME, YOU HAVE EACH RECEIVED PARDONS... YOUR WORD AND YOUR HELP HAS BEEN VALUABLE IN THE PAST! NOW, WE MUST ACT AGAIN!



MIKE TYLER, YOU KNOW A GOOD DEAL ABOUT HI-JACKING-- CAN YOU GIVE ME ANY LEAD ON THE BLUE FOX FUR ROBBERY?



YES, I THINK SO! THE GANG LAST NIGHT USED GUNS-- THAT POINTS TO MARTY MACE!

WHERE WILL I FIND HIM, MIKE?



I DON'T KNOW-- BUT I'VE HEARD THAT MARTY IS SPENDING LOTS OF TIME WITH ELSIE VALE! SHE SINGS AT THE SI-SI CLUB UPTOWN!

THANK YOU, GENTLEMEN! I'LL DISMISS THE COUNCIL FOR THIS EVENING!



GOOD LUCK, BLUE CIRCLE!

THE BLUE CIRCLE LEAVES THE COUNCIL ROOM TO ENTER HIS LIVING QUARTERS!

SO, LEN STAFFORD MUST GO NIGHT-CLUBBING THIS EVENING! THE SI-SI CLUB, EH?



A SHORT TIME LATER--

HAS THE ENTERTAINMENT STARTED YET, MISS?

NO, SIR -- NOT UNTIL MISS VALE GETS HERE!



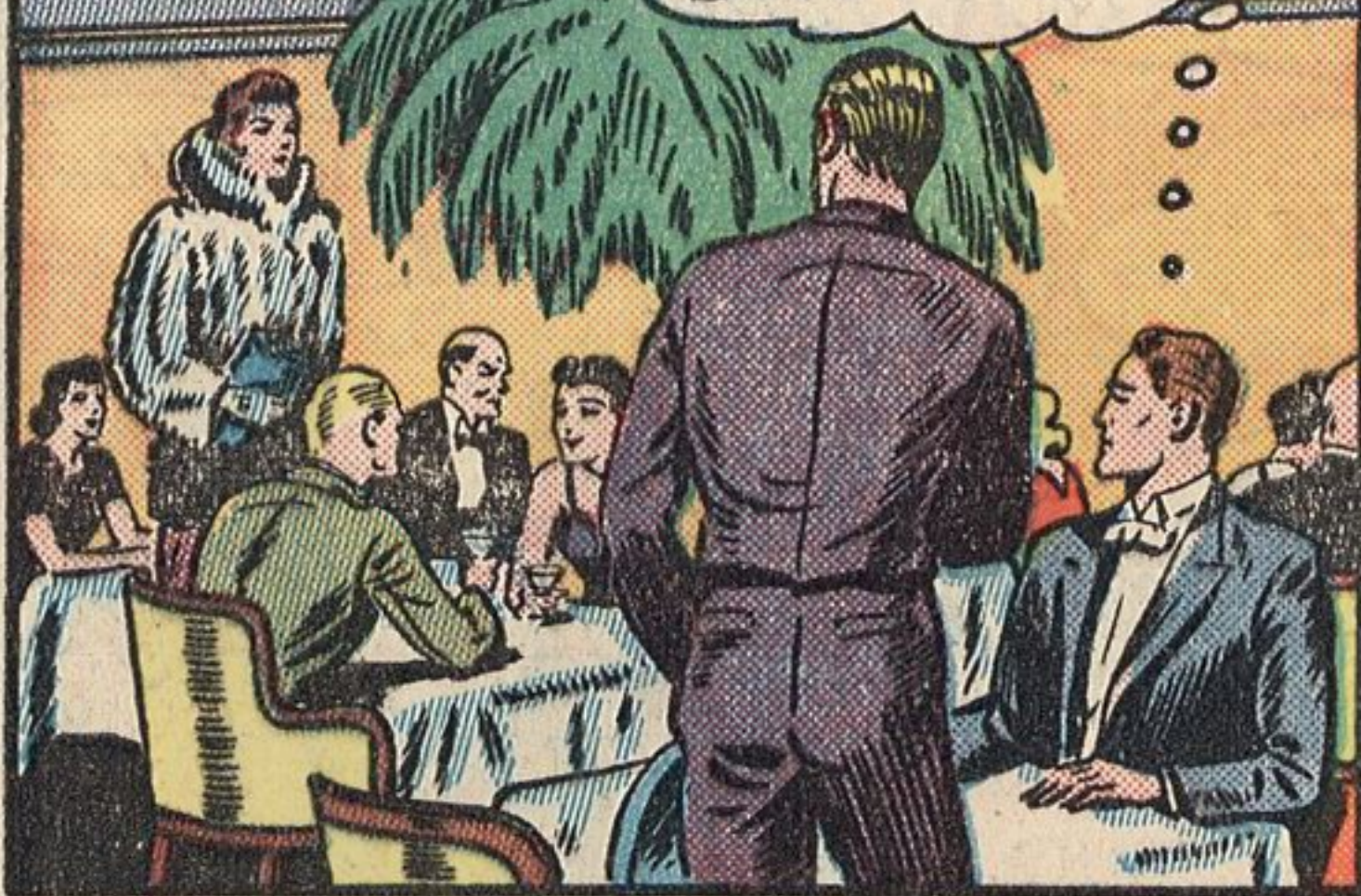
UH, WAITER--HAS MISS VALE ARRIVED YET?

SHE'S JUST COMING IN NOW, SIR-- THAT'S MISS VALE!



SHE'LL GO ON, SIR, JUST AS SOON AS SHE'S CHANGED INTO HER COSTUME!

HMM-- THAT FUR JACKET SHE'S WEARING IS BLUE FOX!



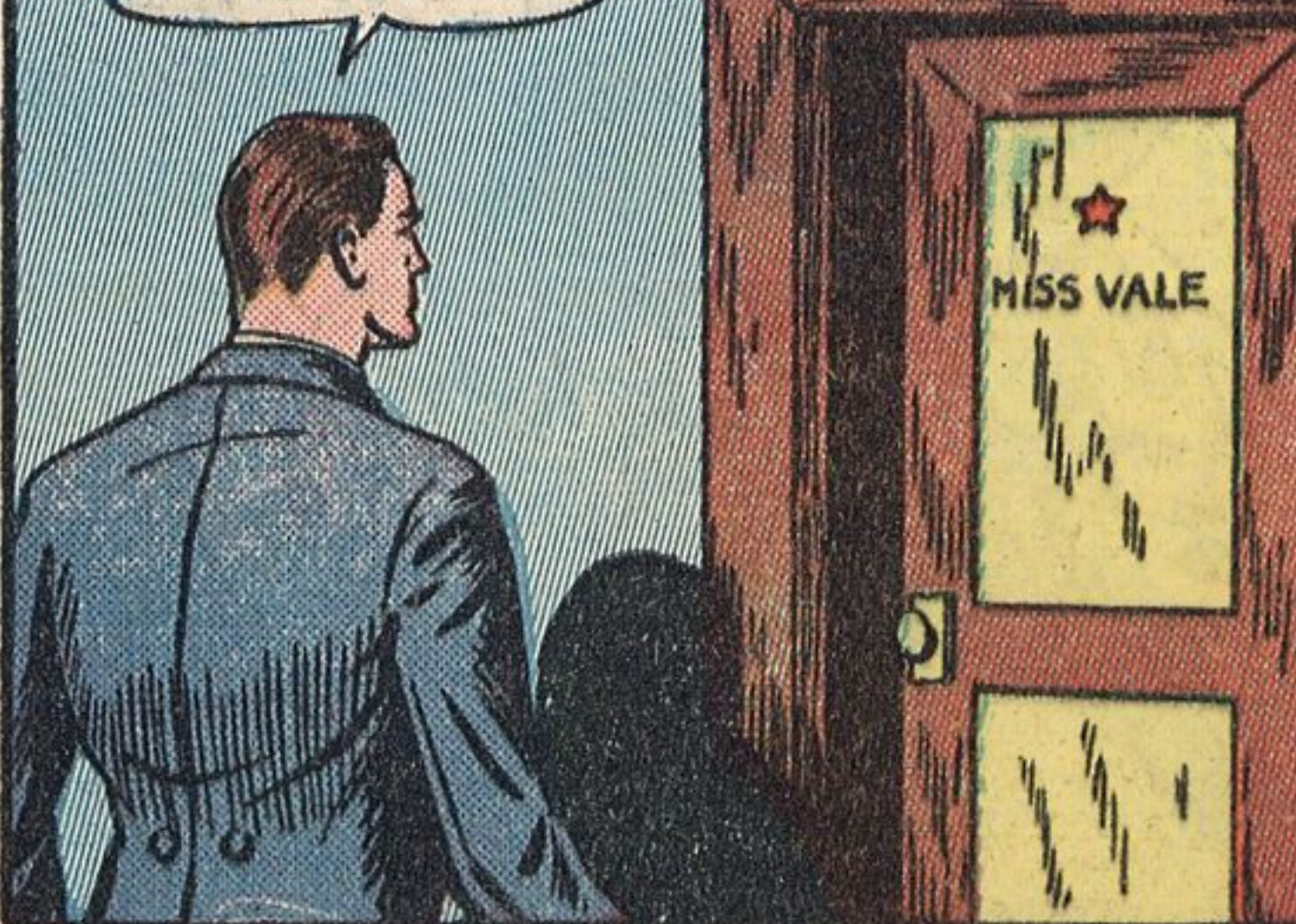
AND NOW, THAT CELEBRATED SINGER OF BLUES - OUR STAR - MISS ELSIE VALE!

THIS LOOKS LIKE THE BEST TIME FOR ME TO DO A LITTLE RESEARCH!



LEN STAFFORD GOES BACKSTAGE--

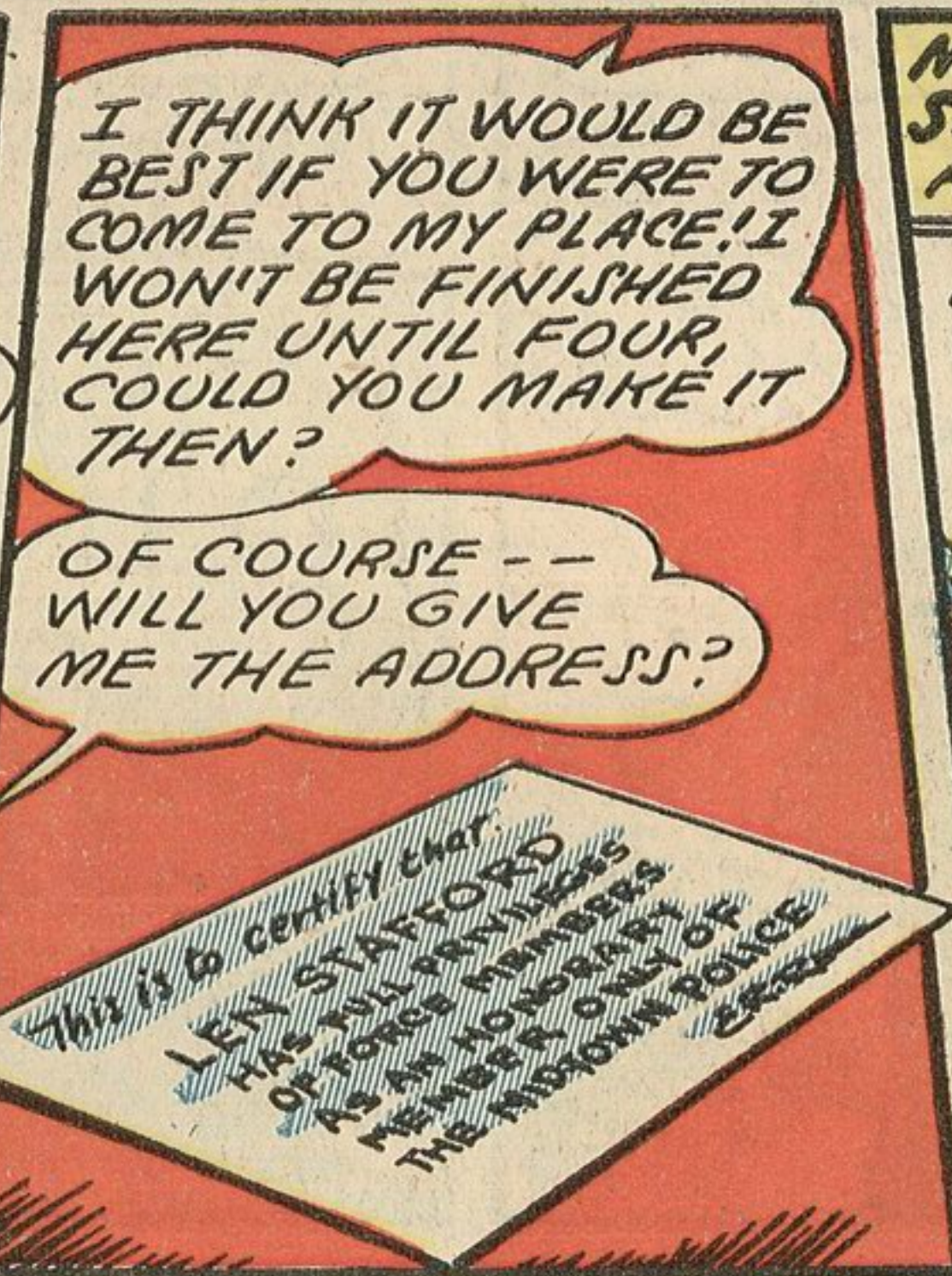
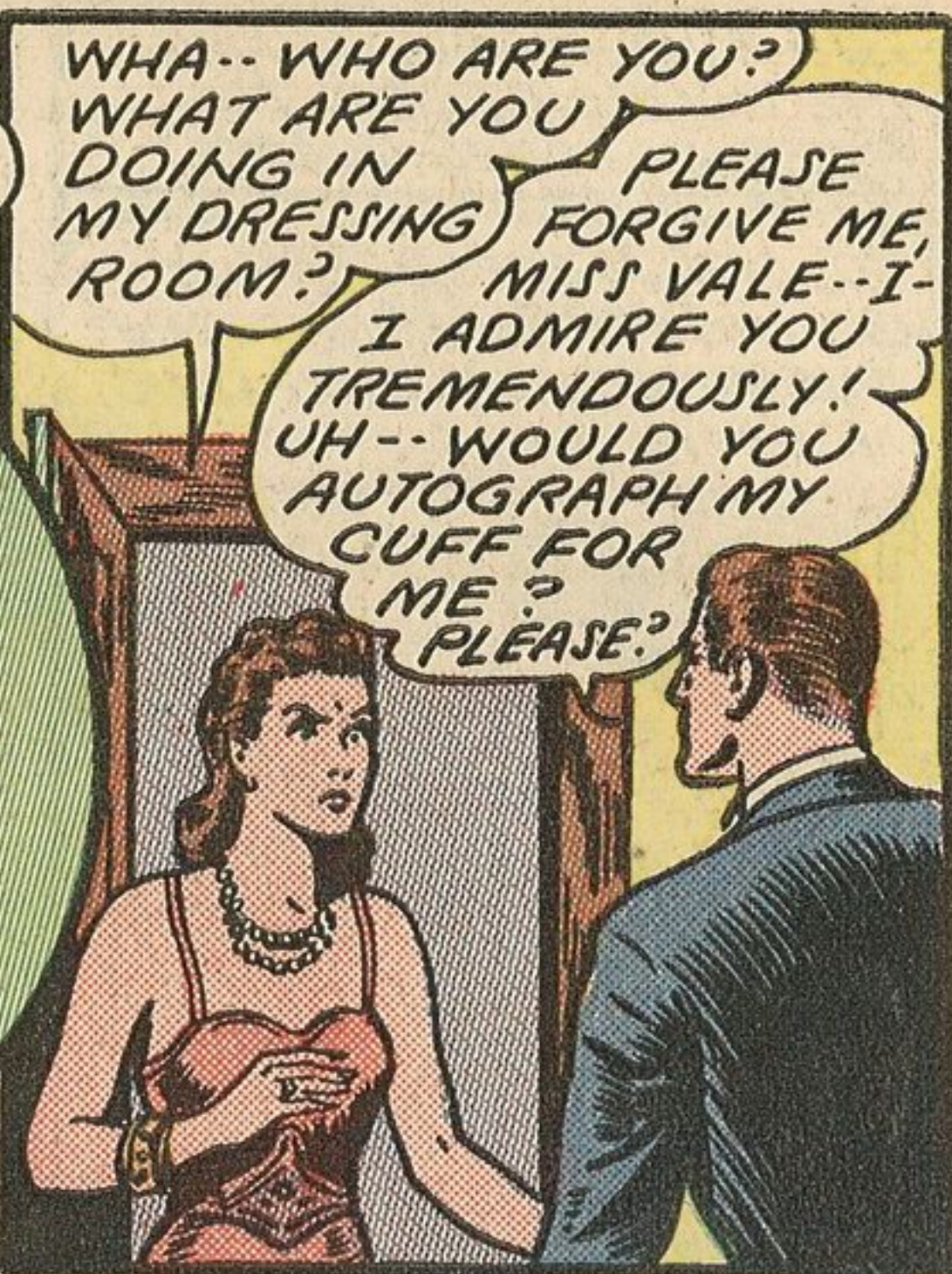
THE DOOR IS OPEN-- I ONLY HOPE ELSIE VALE HASN'T GOT A COUPLE OF BODYGUARDS HANGING AROUND!



INSIDE--

AH, THERE'S THE JACKET! I WONDER IF IT COULD BE JUST COINCIDENCE? THAT WOULD BE PRETTY FAST WORK FOR A FURRIER-- THOSE STOLEN SKINS WEREN'T MADE UP YET!





THE WOULD-BE ATTACKER
RECOVERS AND FLEES...

ONE OF MARTY'S HOODLUMS,
NO DOUBT! I COULD FOLLOW
HIM BUT HE WON'T GO BACK
TO THEIR HIDEOUT FOR
SOME TIME... WONDER
HOW HE CAUGHT
ON TO ME?

A SHORT TIME LATER--

HUH--I DON'T THINK
ELSIE VALE WOULD
BUY CLOTHES IN A
SHABBY PLACE LIKE
THIS...

VOGUE
FURRIERS

YASS? I CAN DO SOME-
THING FOR YOU? YOU
WANT A
COAT,
EH?

I WANT SOME
INFORMATION!
DID ANYONE HAVE
A BLUE FOX JACKET
MADE HERE
RECENTLY?

IT WOULD HAVE
BEEN A RUSH
ORDER-- POSSIBLY
A MAN BROUGHT
IN HIS OWN
SKINS?

YASS-- HE CAME IN
MITT DER SKINS AND
WANTED I SHOULD
MAKE HIM A JACKET
IN A HURRY! HE
PAID ME GOOT FOR
DER JOB! I MAKE
NICE COATS!

I HAVE DER
PAPER STILL
WHAT HE
BROUGHT
DER FUR
IN!

THANKS, MISTER,
YOU'VE BEEN
A BIG HELP!

THREE-STAR
WAREHOUSE

BEFORE THE ASTONISHED EYES OF
THE FURRIER, STAFFORD BECOMES
THE BLUE CIRCLE!

YOU CAN HAVE THE
MONKEY SUIT IF IT'S
ANY GOOD TO YOU!

WHAT IS?
WHERE DID
YOU GET DAT
OUTFIT? WHAT
GIVES. AY!AY!

BLUE CIRCLE TEARS ALONG THE CITY
STREETS TO KEEP AN
APPOINTMENT ---

ALMOST FOUR!
I MUSTN'T
KEEP MISS
VALE
WAITING!

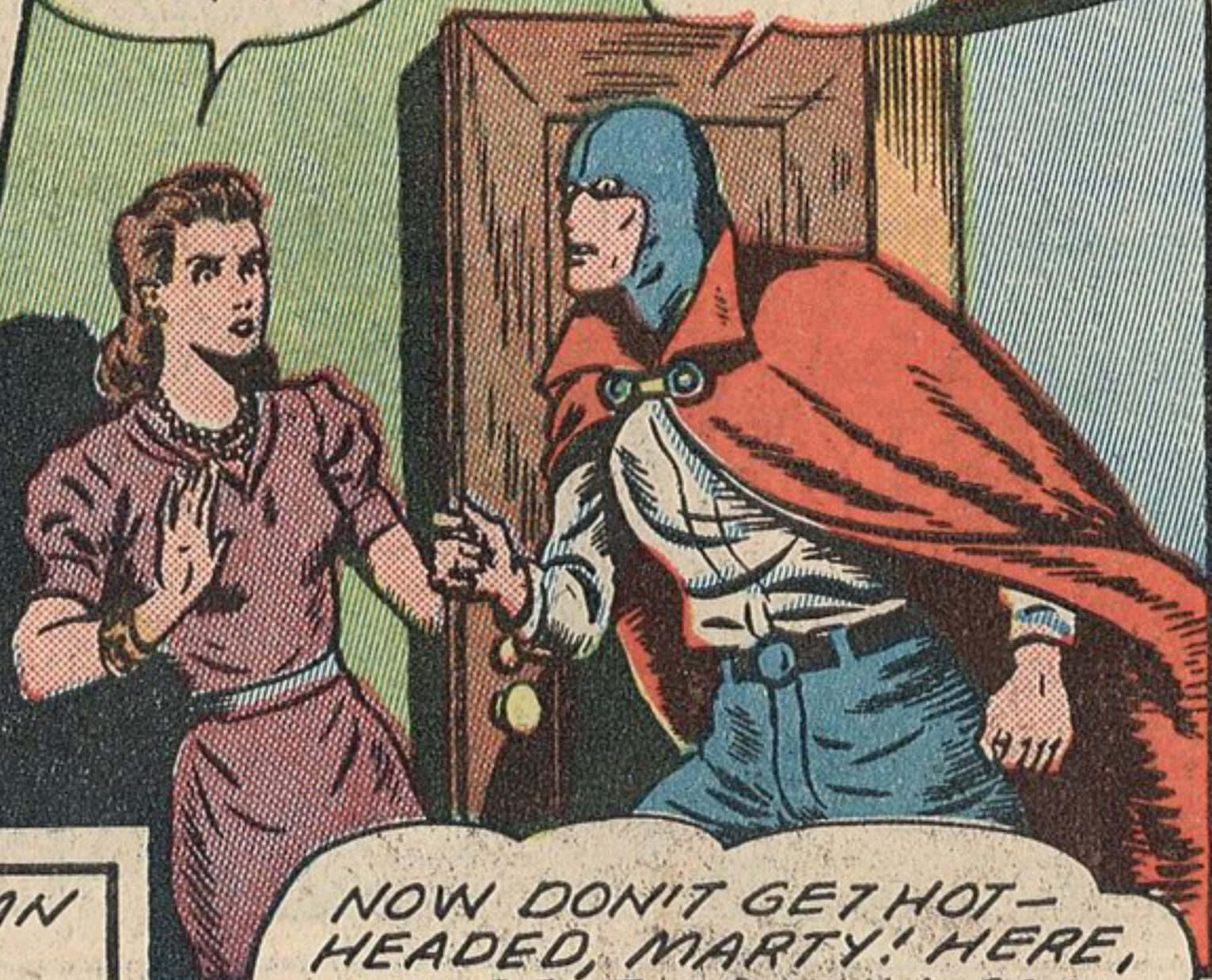
A SHORT TIME LATER--

NOW TO GIVE MISS VALE THE SURPRISE OF HER LIFE!



COME IN, MR. ... OOH!

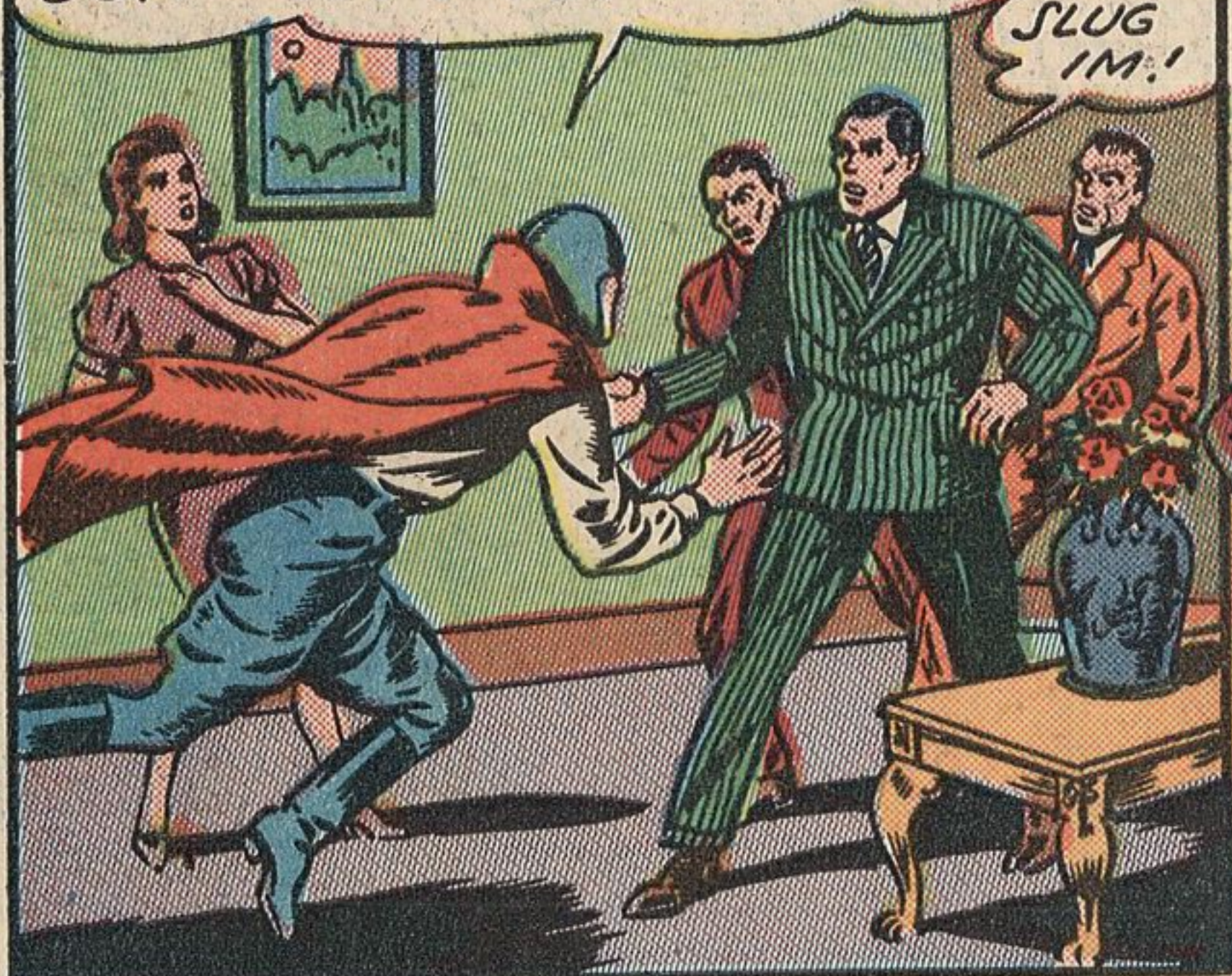
BLUE CIRCLE'S THE NAME, MISS!



NOW DON'T GET HOT-HEADED, MARTY! HERE, MAYBE THIS WILL COOL YOU OFF!

I RATHER THOUGHT THERE'D BE AN AMBUSH FOR POOR MR. STAFFORD SO I CAME INSTEAD! WELL, COME ON, BOYS-- LET'S GET STARTED!

SLUG IM!



I'LL BLOW HIM SKY HIGH!



NOT UNTIL I'VE FINISHED BLOWING OFF SOME STEAM ON YOU CROOKED RACKETEERS! YOU'RE THE BIGGEST BUNCH OF PHONEY AMERICANS ...

UH-OH- MARTY AND HIS SLICK CHICK DECIDED TO BLOW, EH? WELL, THEY CAN'T LOSE ME THAT EASILY--- HERE, TAKE A REST, FRIEND!



BLUE CIRCLE CRASHES BODILY THROUGH THE DOOR --

I CAN'T AFFORD TO LOSE THE BIG RATS NOW!

DISAPPEARED--THEY MOVED FAST! WELL, MY BEST BET IS TO TRY THE WAREHOUSE!

THEY'VE PROBABLY GOT A CAR-- WELL, IT MIGHT BE JUST AS SMART TO LET THEM THINK THEY'VE MANAGED TO LOSE ME!

MEANWHILE, MARTY AND ELSIE SPEED RECKLESSLY THROUGH THE CITY STREETS.

WHERE ARE WE GOING, MARTY?

TO THE WAREHOUSE, HONEY! I'LL GET THE BOYS AND WE'LL CLEAR THE FURS OUT TONIGHT BEFORE THAT BLUE CIRCLE CAN PROVE ANYTHING!

A VIVID STREAK OF BLUE FOLLOWS THE GANGSTER'S CAR IN SWIFT PURSUIT!

HEY-WHAT TH'?! I'LL BE DARNED--MUST BE A CROOK!

FINALLY, AT THE WAREHOUSE --

GET THOSE BARRELS LOADED, PETE! COME ON, YOU MUGS-- THIS LOAD MOVES TONIGHT!

THREE-STAR INSURED CARRIER SERVICE

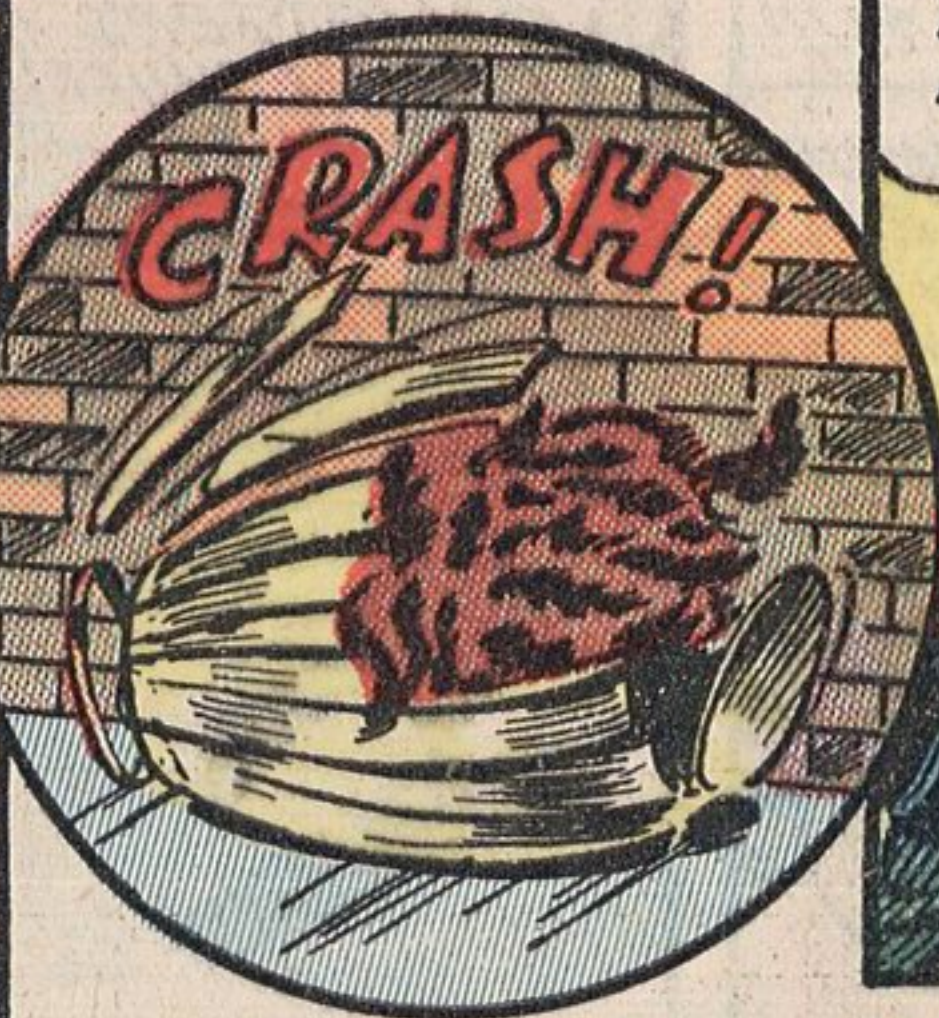
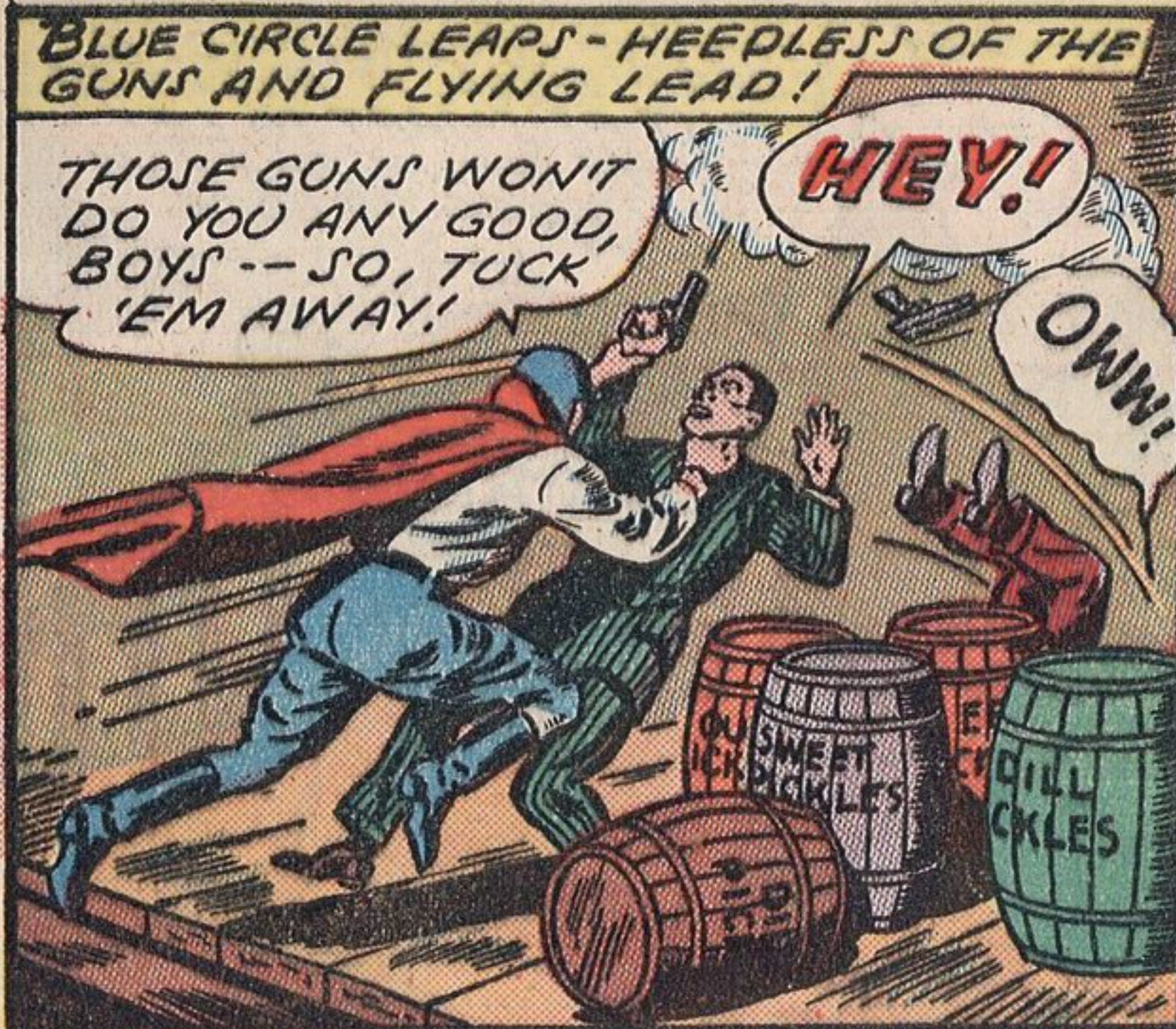
PICKLES?! I DON'T BELIEVE IT!

MARTY-- WATCH OUT! IT'S HIM! IT'S THE BLUE CIRCLE!

SAVE YOUR VOICE FOR SINGING, MISS VALE... BLUE SINGING!

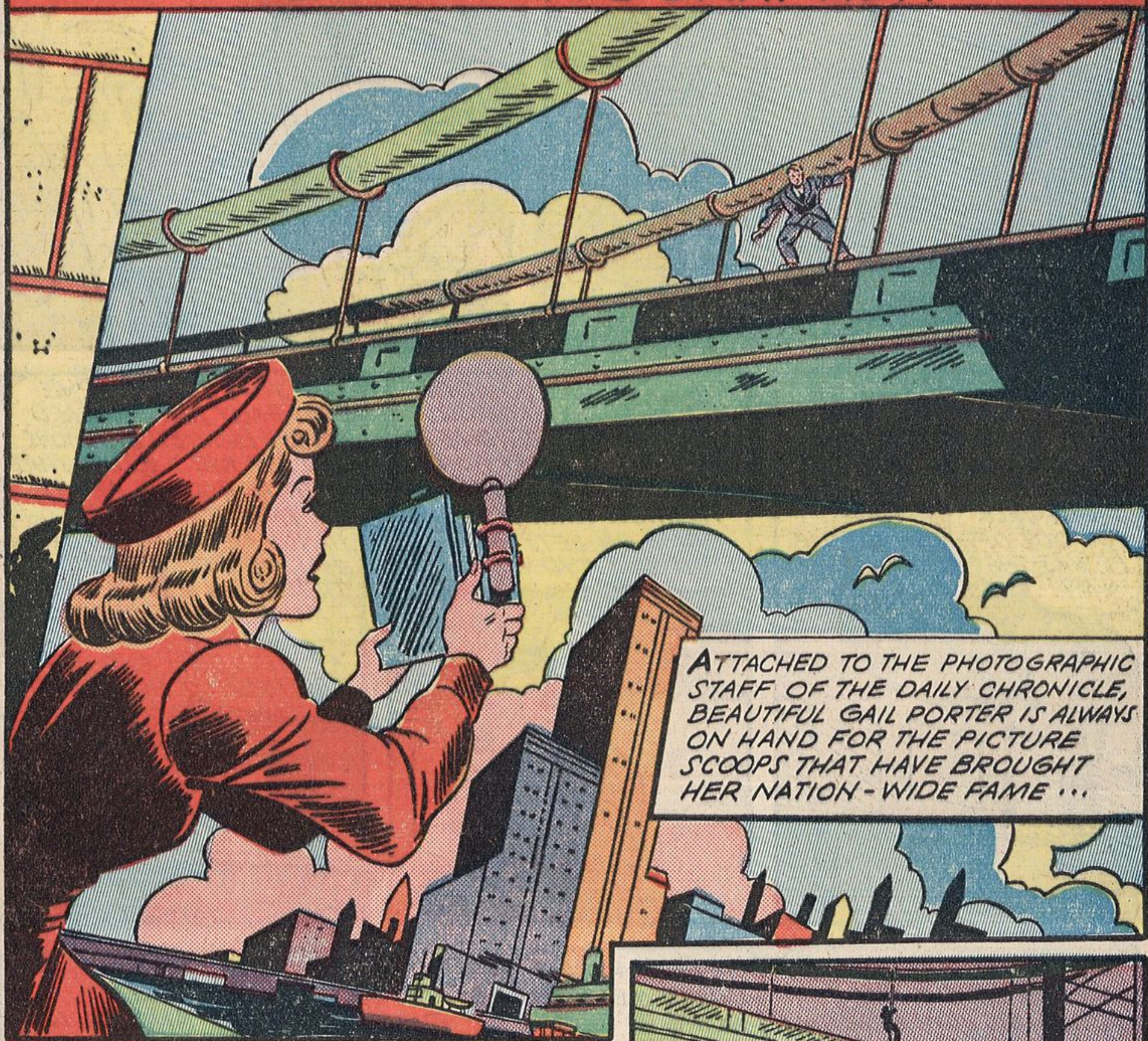
GET YOUR GUNS ON HIM, BOYS!

THREE STAR INSURED CARRIER SERVICE

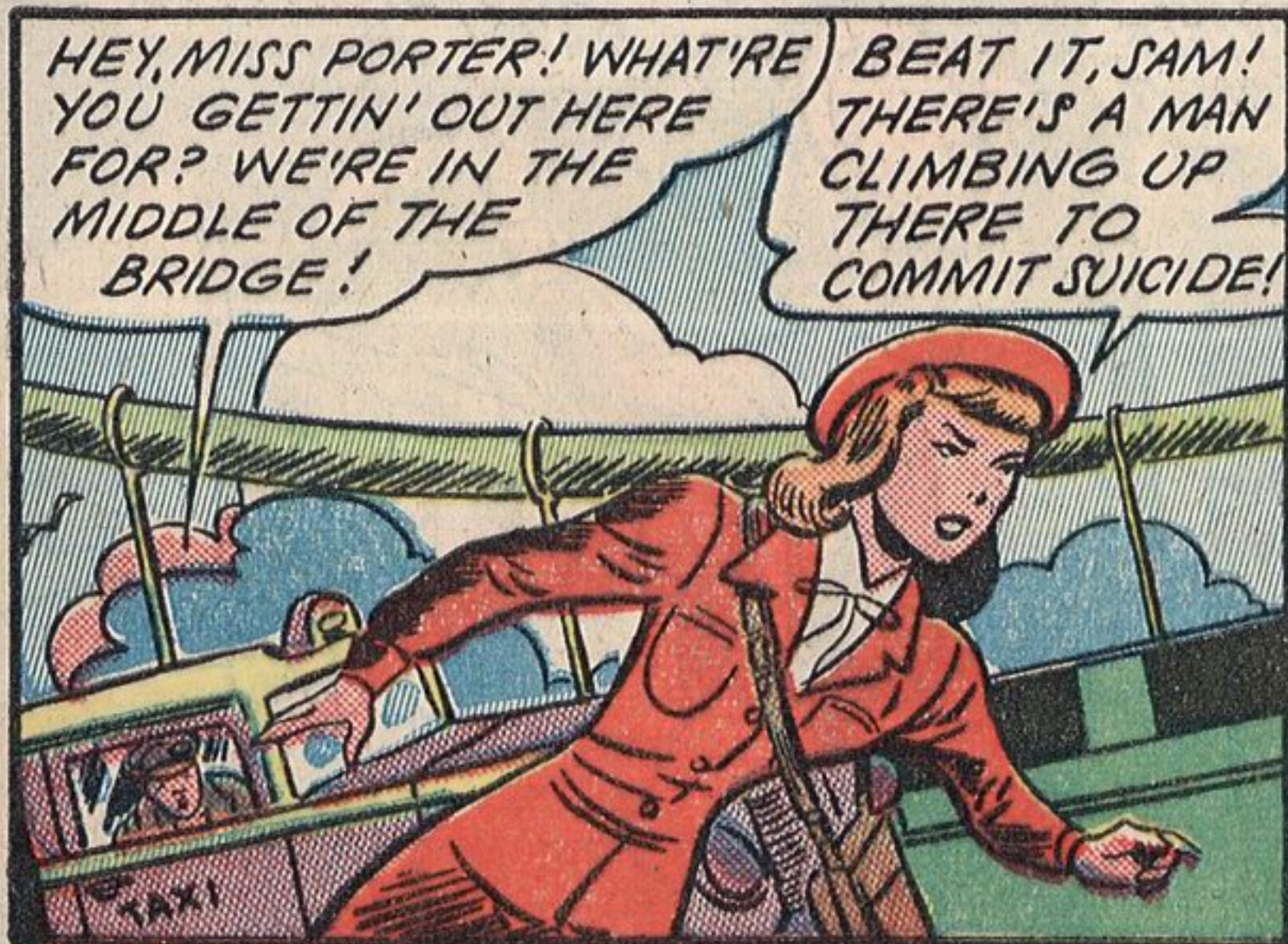


Gail Porter

GIRL PHOTOGRAPHER



ATTACHED TO THE PHOTOGRAPHIC STAFF OF THE DAILY CHRONICLE, BEAUTIFUL GAIL PORTER IS ALWAYS ON HAND FOR THE PICTURE SCOOPS THAT HAVE BROUGHT HER NATION-WIDE FAME ...



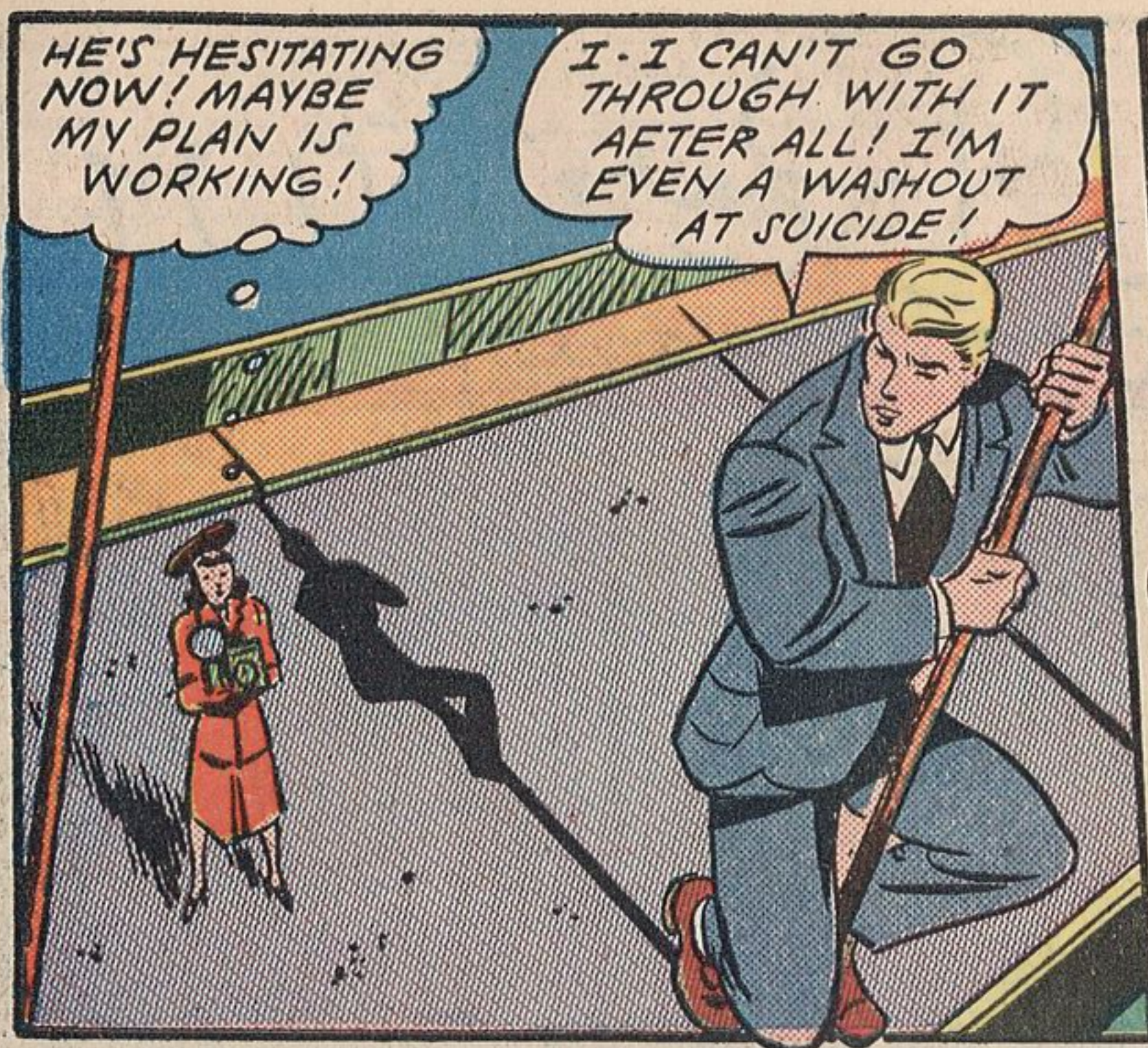
HEY, MISS PORTER! WHAT'RE YOU GETTIN' OUT HERE FOR? WE'RE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE BRIDGE!

BEAT IT, SAM! THERE'S A MAN CLIMBING UP THERE TO COMMIT SUICIDE!



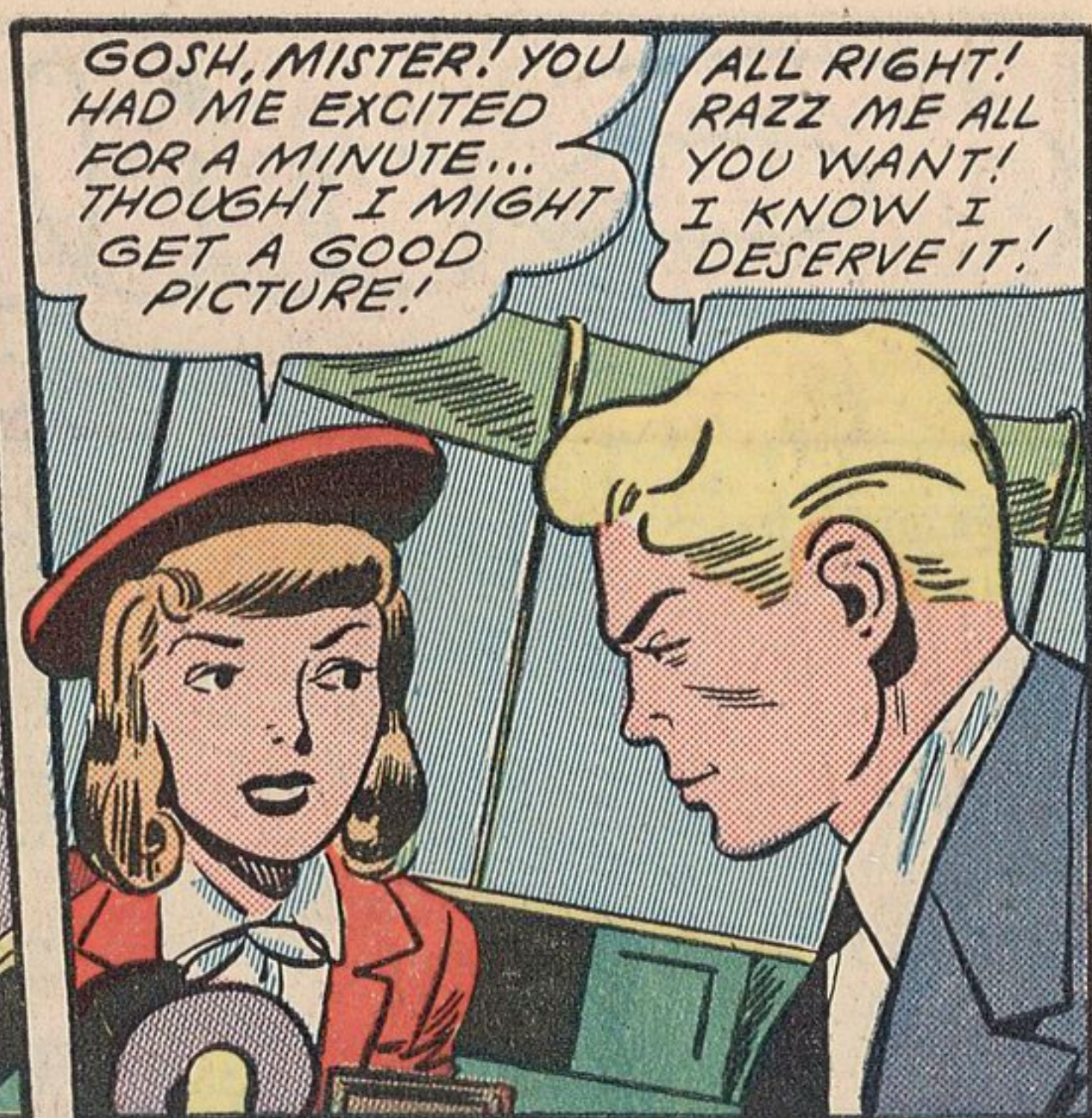
DON'T COME ANY CLOSER OR I'LL JUMP RIGHT NOW!

I DON'T CARE WHEN YOU JUMP. JUST SO YOU LET ME KNOW SO I CAN HAVE MY CAMERA SET! GO ON UP HIGHER - IT'LL MAKE A BETTER SHOT!



HE'S HESITATING NOW! MAYBE MY PLAN IS WORKING!

I-I CAN'T GO THROUGH WITH IT AFTER ALL! I'M EVEN A WASHOUT AT SUICIDE!



GOSH, MISTER! YOU HAD ME EXCITED FOR A MINUTE... THOUGHT I MIGHT GET A GOOD PICTURE!

ALL RIGHT! RAZZ ME ALL YOU WANT! I KNOW I DESERVE IT!



NOW I'LL CONFESS! I DIDN'T WANT YOU TO JUMP AND THE ONLY WAY I THOUGHT I MIGHT TALK YOU OUT OF IT WAS THAT WAY!

I WISH YOU HADN'T DONE IT! I MIGHT HAVE JUMPED IF YOU HADN'T!

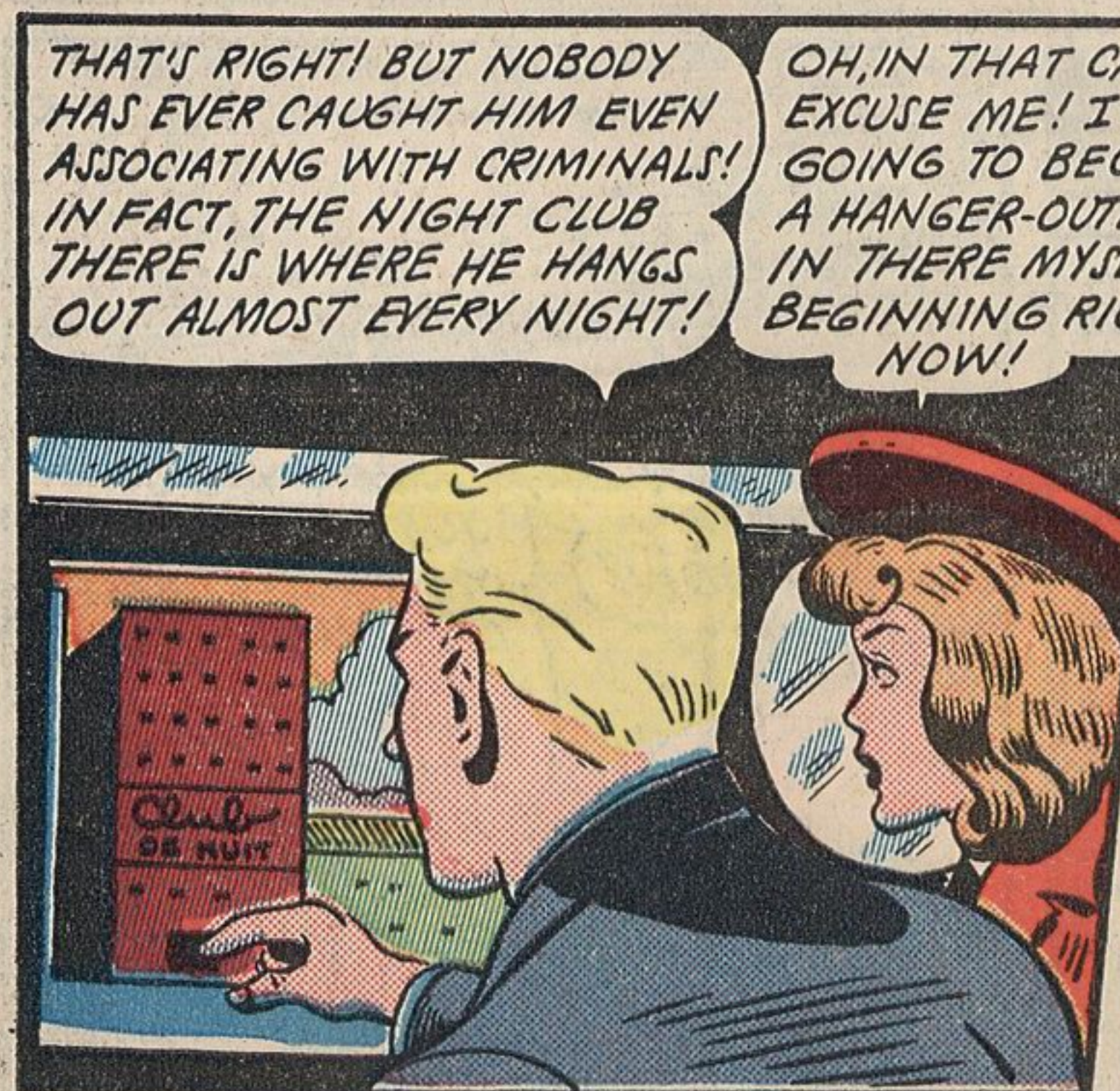


NOW, TELL ME WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT. I PROMISE YOU, THIS HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH A STORY FOR MY PAPER! I JUST WANT TO KNOW WHAT'S WRONG! COME ON, LET'S TAKE THIS CAB AND RELAX!



IT'S JUST THIS! I'M REALLY AN HONEST BUSINESS MAN BUT THE POLITICAL BOSS OF THIS TOWN-HANDY NELSON-HAS ME SO TIED UP IN A FRAME-UP THAT I MIGHT AS WELL QUIT BUSINESS!

I'VE HEARD RUMORS LIKE THAT ABOUT NELSON BEFORE-HEARD THAT HE TAKES OVER A BUSINESS AND PUTS HIS GANGSTER FRIENDS IN TO RUN IT!

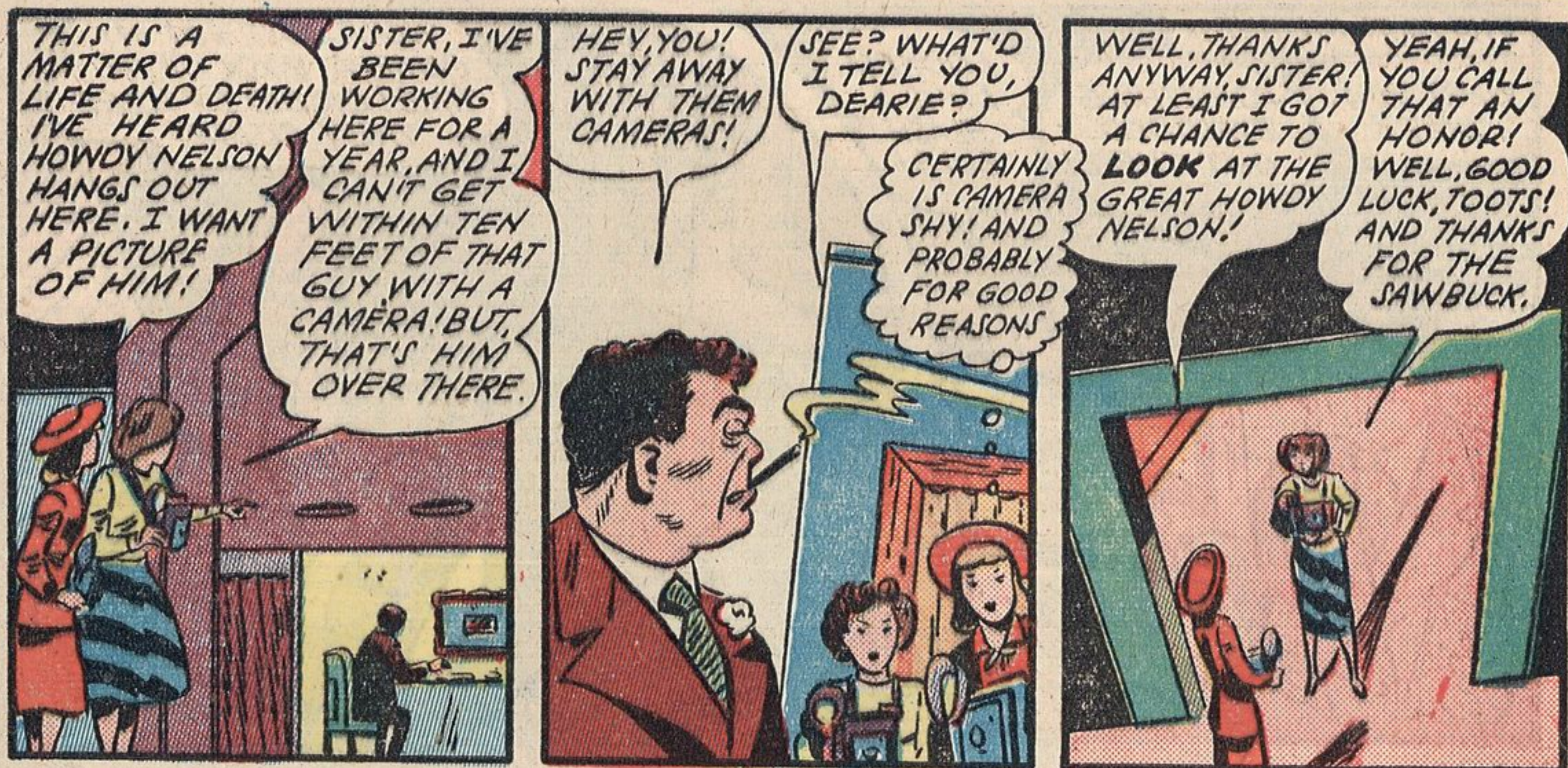
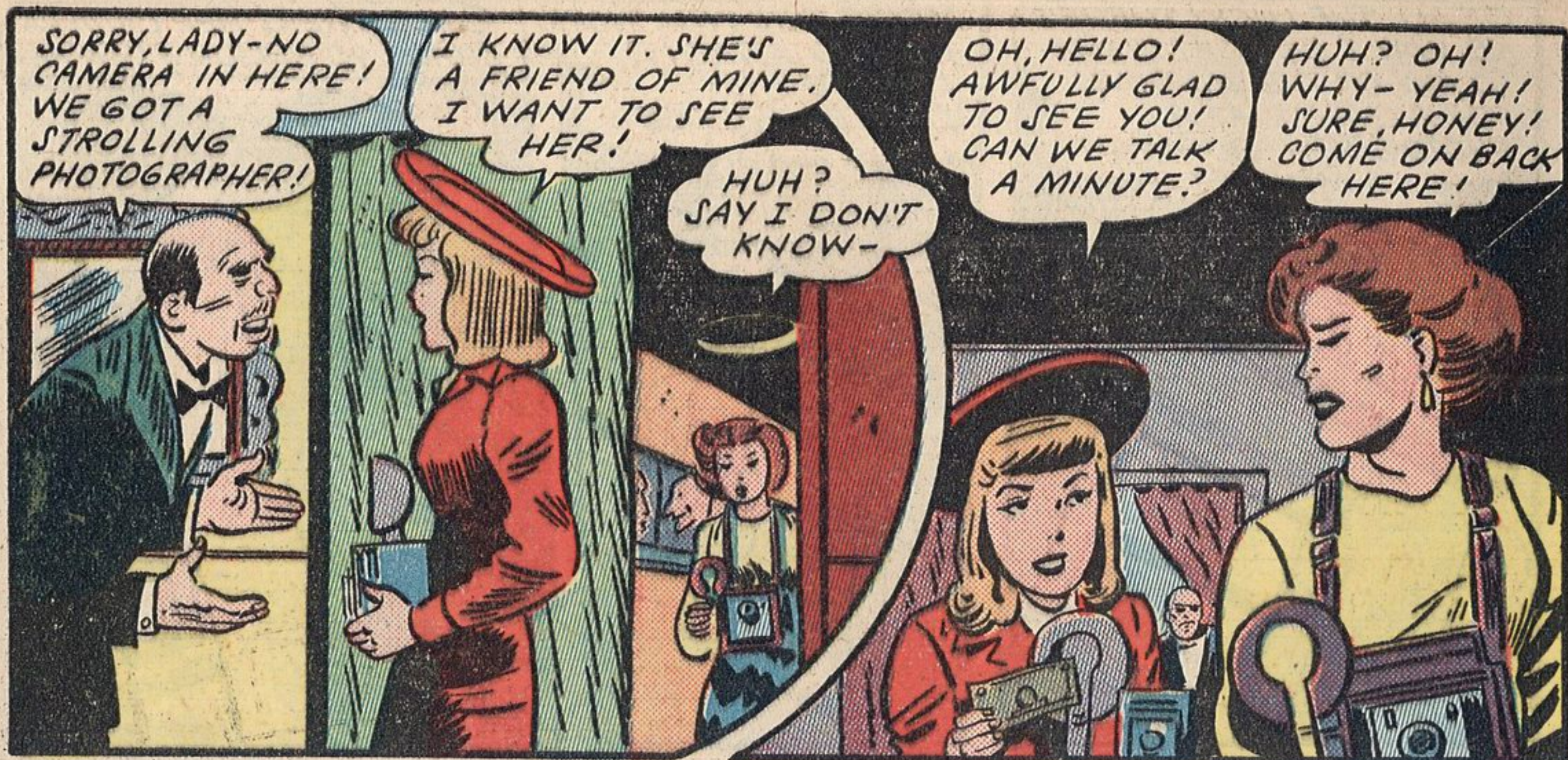


THAT'S RIGHT! BUT NOBODY HAS EVER CAUGHT HIM EVEN ASSOCIATING WITH CRIMINALS! IN FACT, THE NIGHT CLUB THERE IS WHERE HE HANGS OUT ALMOST EVERY NIGHT!

OH, IN THAT CASE, EXCUSE ME! I'M GOING TO BECOME A HANGER-OUTER IN THERE MYSELF... BEGINNING RIGHT NOW!



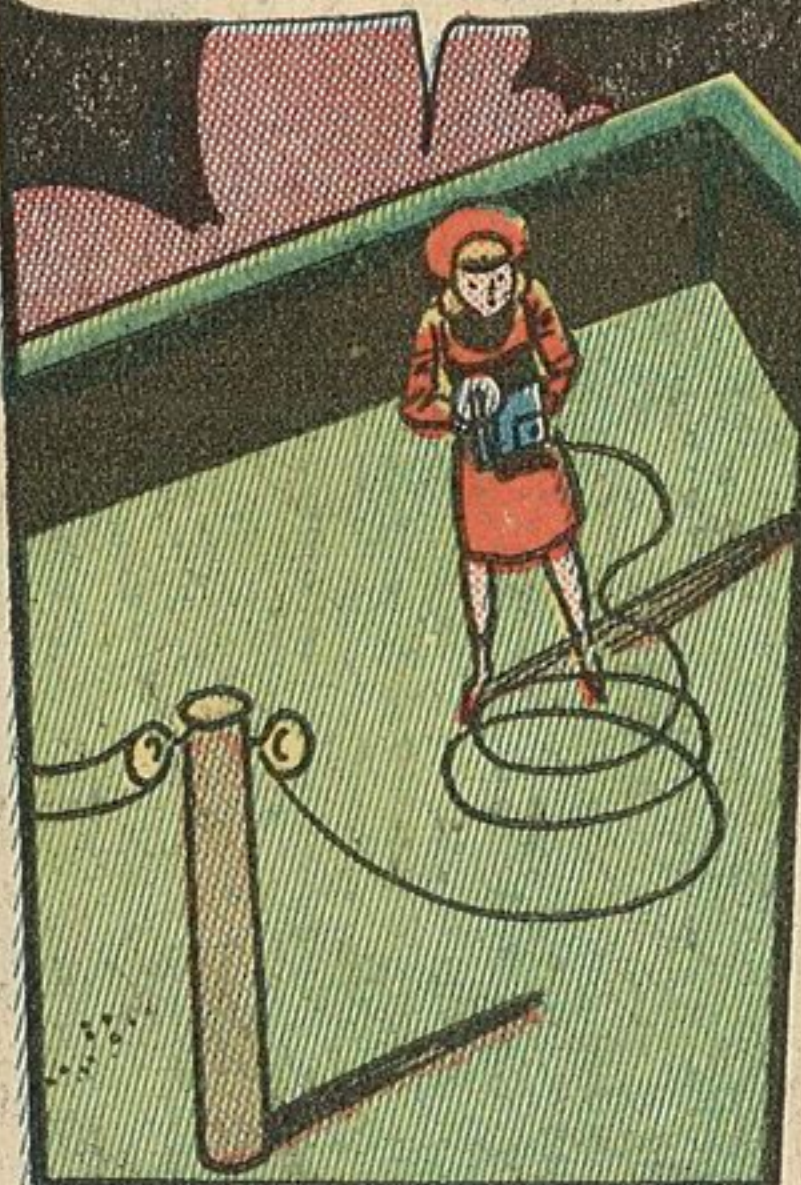
YOU LEAVE THINGS TO ME AND STAY OFF HIGH BRIDGES! YOU MIGHT GET DIZZY AND FALL OFF ONE OF THESE DAYS!



OF ALL THE LUCK! THERE'S NO WAY I CAN GET CLOSE TO ANY OF THE WINDOWS FOR A CHANCE AT A PHOTOGRAPH! BUT-WAIT A MINUTE!



MAYBE THIS WILL WORK! NOW TO ATTACH A CORD TO THE SHUTTER RELEASE...



GAIL LOWERS HER CAMERA SLOWLY TO NELSON'S WINDOW.

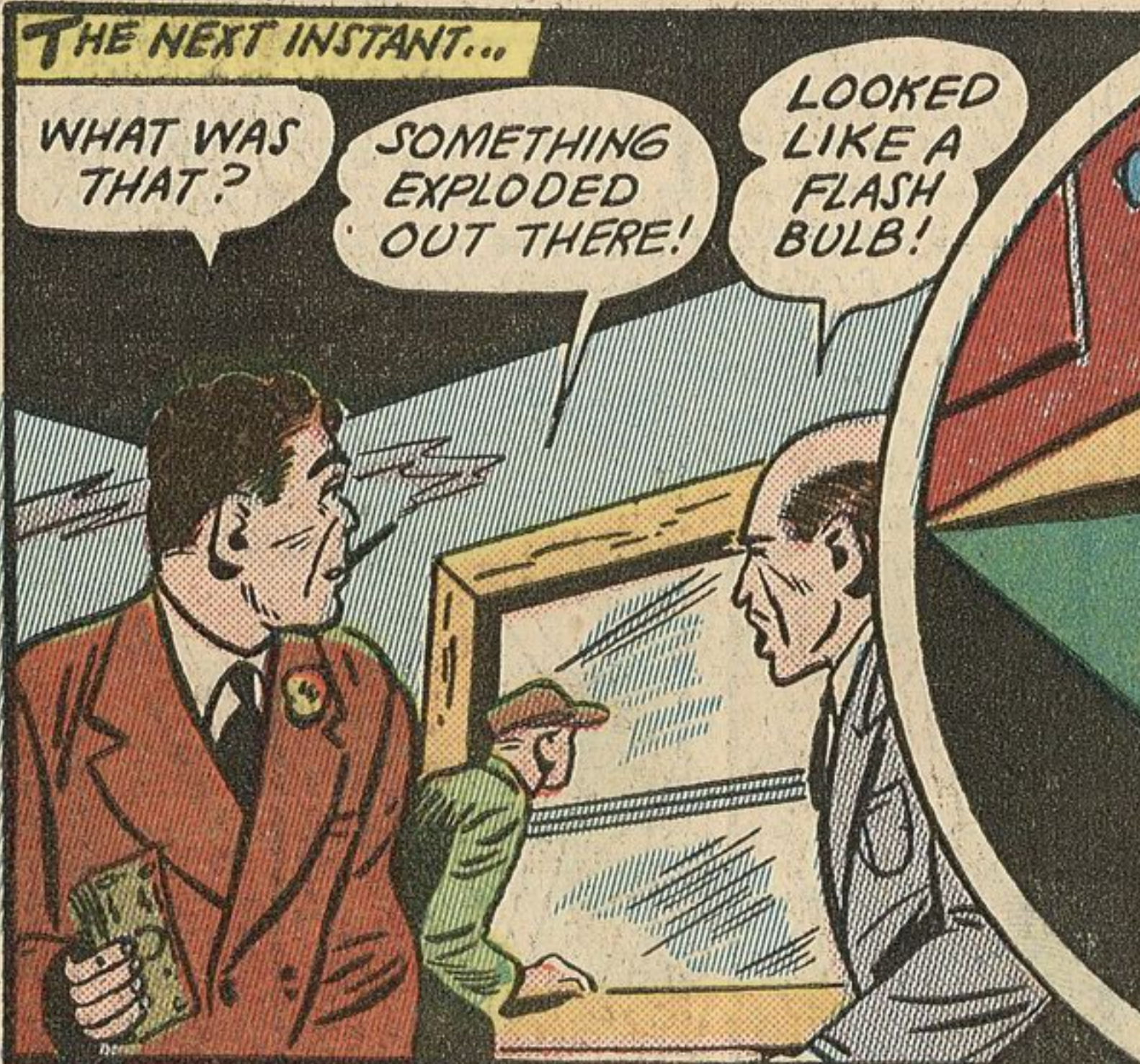


THE NEXT INSTANT...

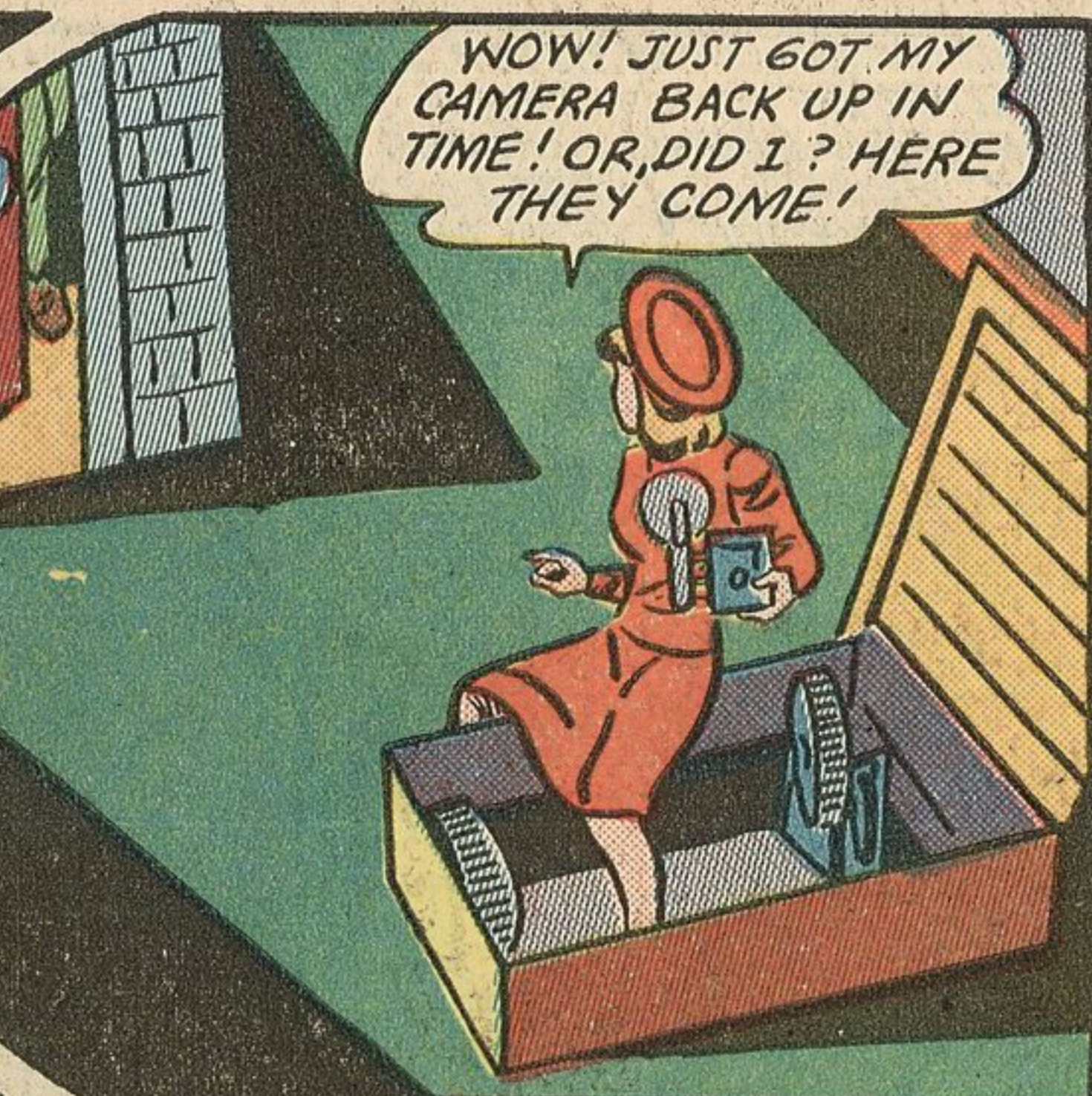
WHAT WAS THAT?

SOMETHING EXPLODED OUT THERE!

LOOKED LIKE A FLASH BULB!



WOW! JUST GOT MY CAMERA BACK UP IN TIME! OR, DID I? HERE THEY COME!



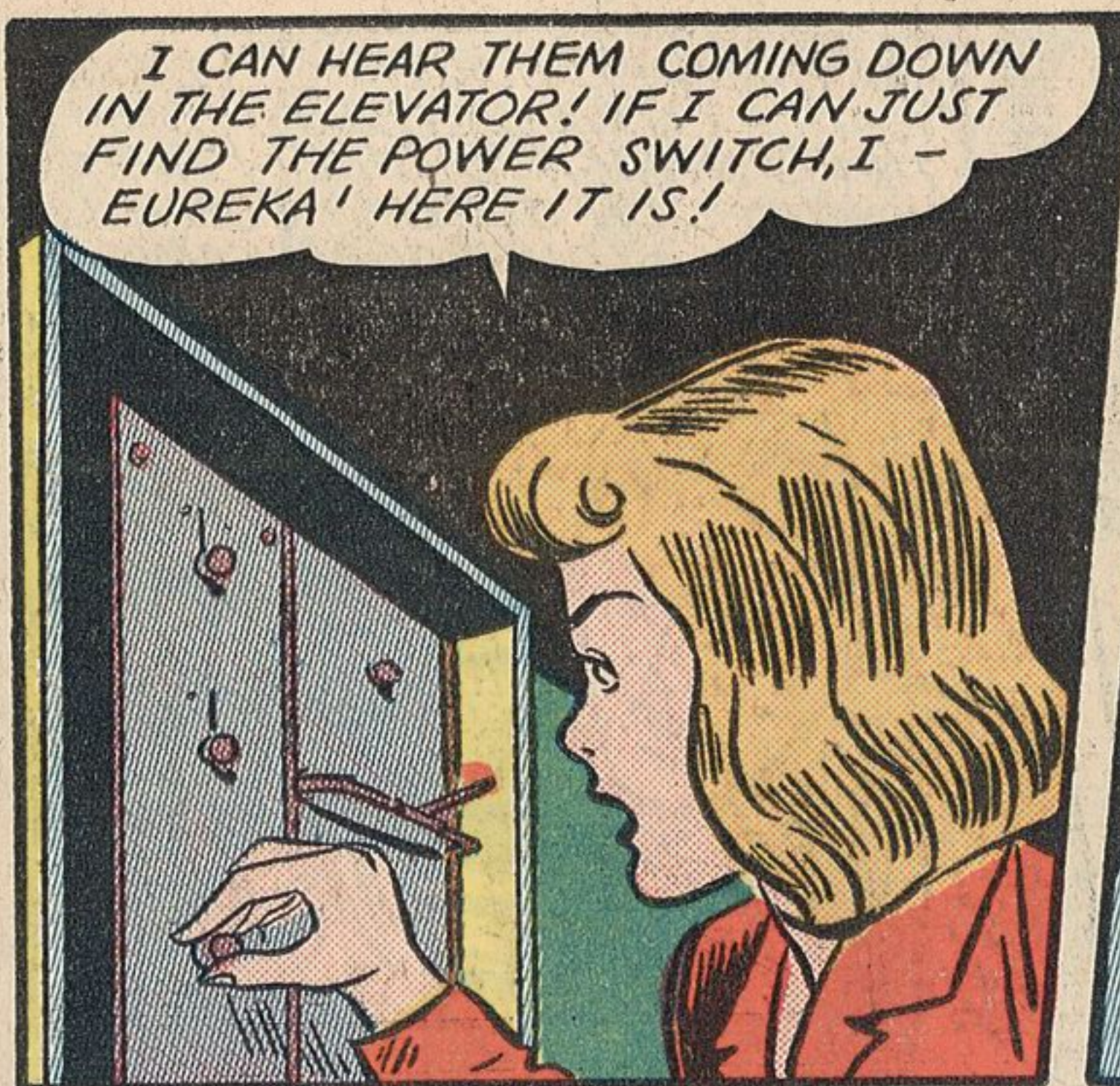
I'VE BEEN SERVED BY A LOT OF 'DUMBWAITERS' IN MY DAY - BUT THANK HEAVEN FOR THIS ONE! IN A MINUTE I'LL BE IN THE BASEMENT!

WHOEVER IT WAS, THEY GOT AWAY DOWN HERE!

IF ANYBODY GETS AWAY WITH A PICTURE OF US, OUR GOOSE IS COOKED!

COME ON! TAKE THE ELEVATOR TO THE BASEMENT!





I CAN HEAR THEM COMING DOWN IN THE ELEVATOR! IF I CAN JUST FIND THE POWER SWITCH, I - EUREKA! HERE IT IS!



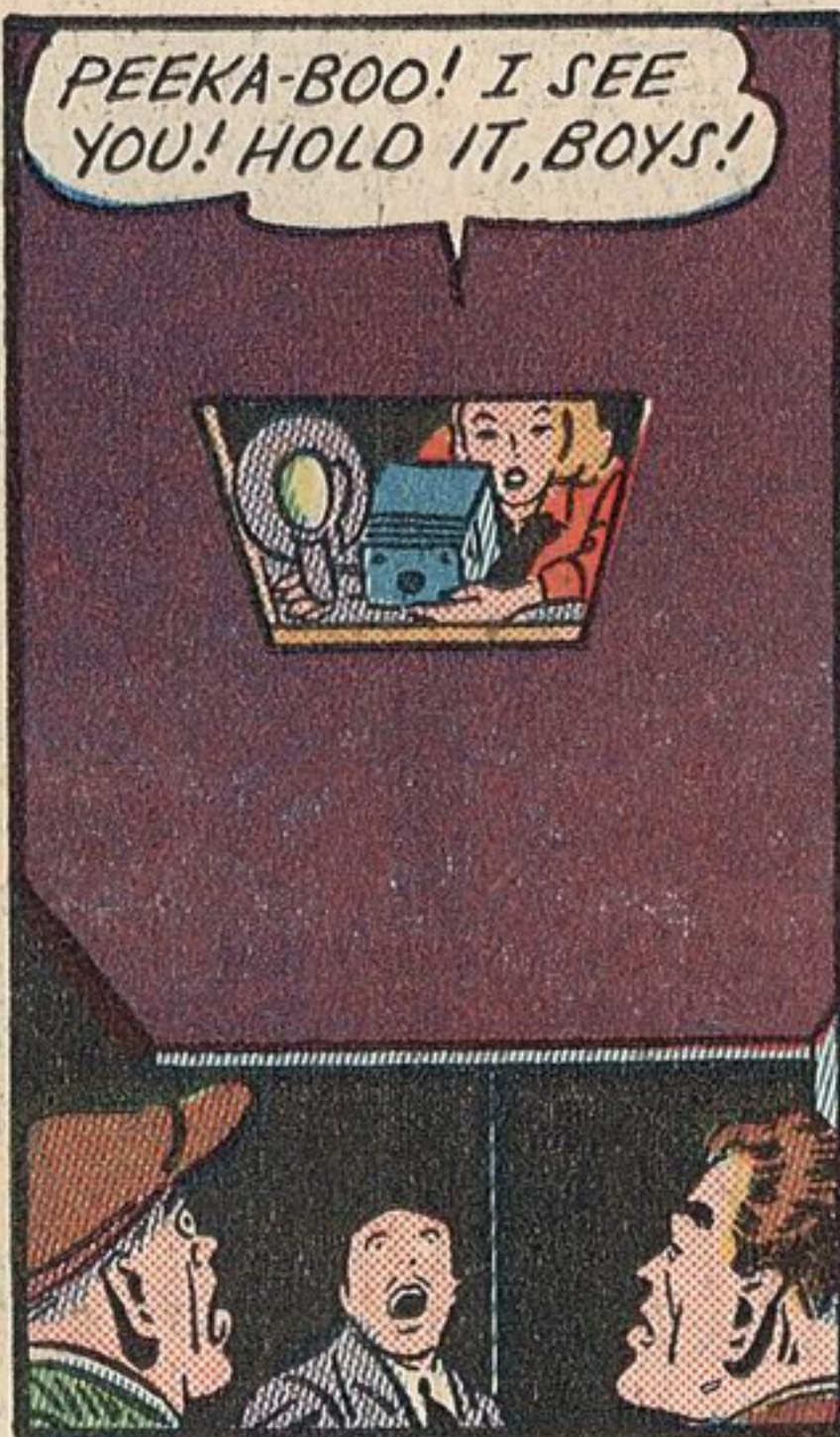
HEY! WHAT HAPPENED? THIS THING IS STOPPED!

LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

WE CAN'T - WE'RE STUCK BETWEEN FLOORS!



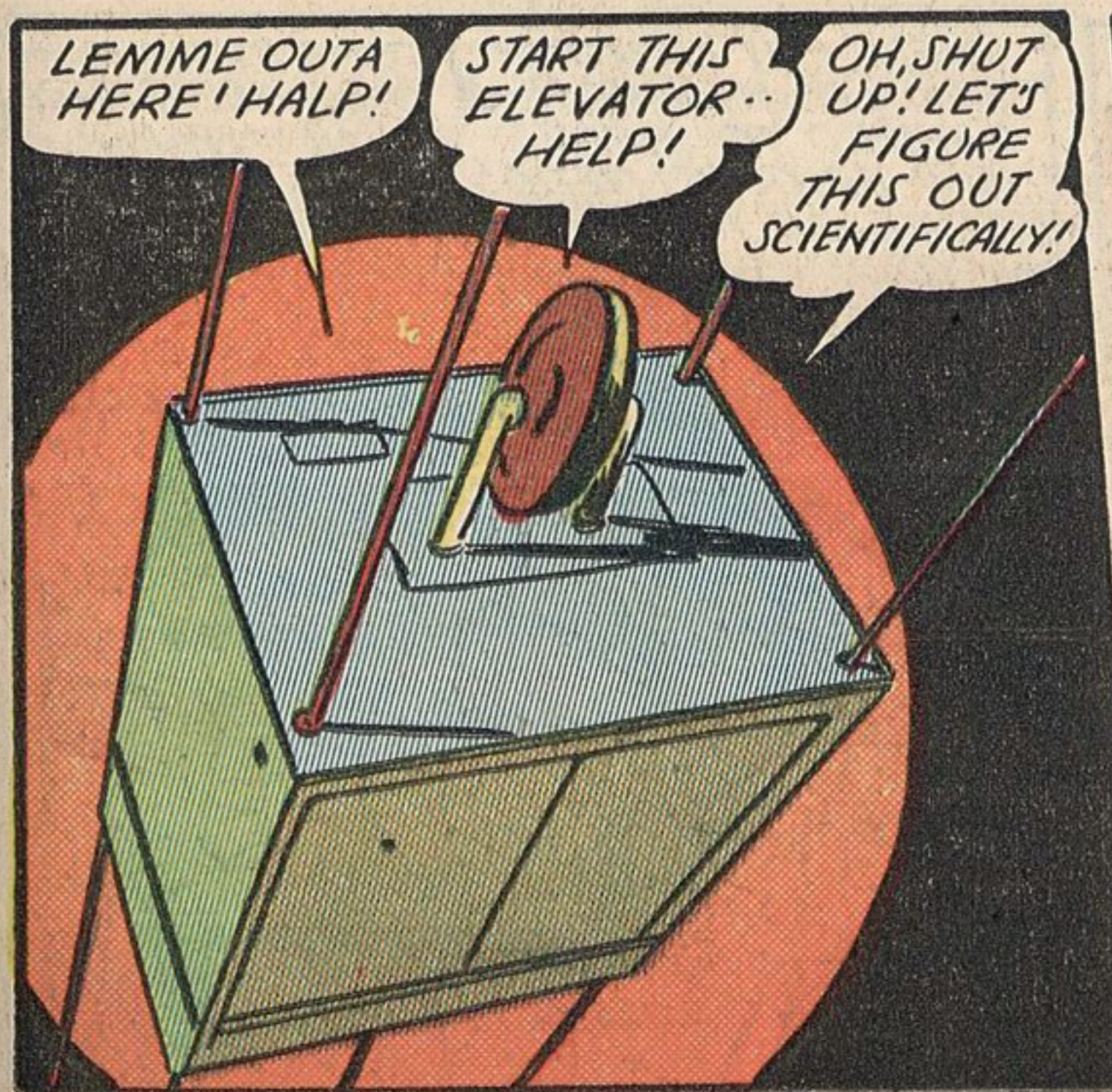
AS I RECALL IT, ALL THESE ELEVATOR CAGES HAVE LITTLE TRAP DOORS - NOW, WHERE THE HECK IS THIS ONE? OH, HERE WE ARE! GET MY CAMERA ALL SET AND -



PEEKA-BOO! I SEE YOU! HOLD IT, BOYS!



THAT'S IT. THANK YOU FOR THE SWELL PHOTO!



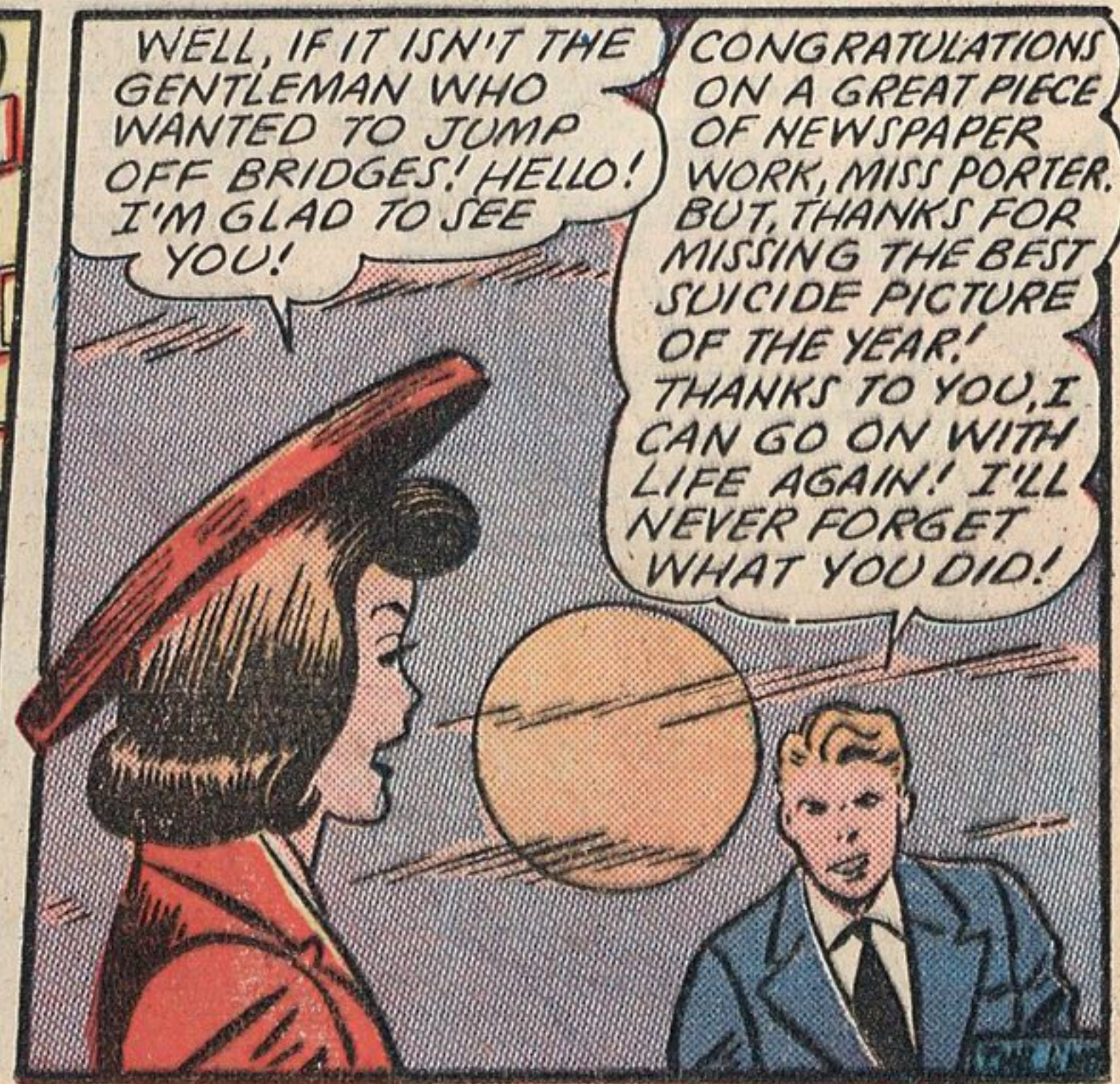
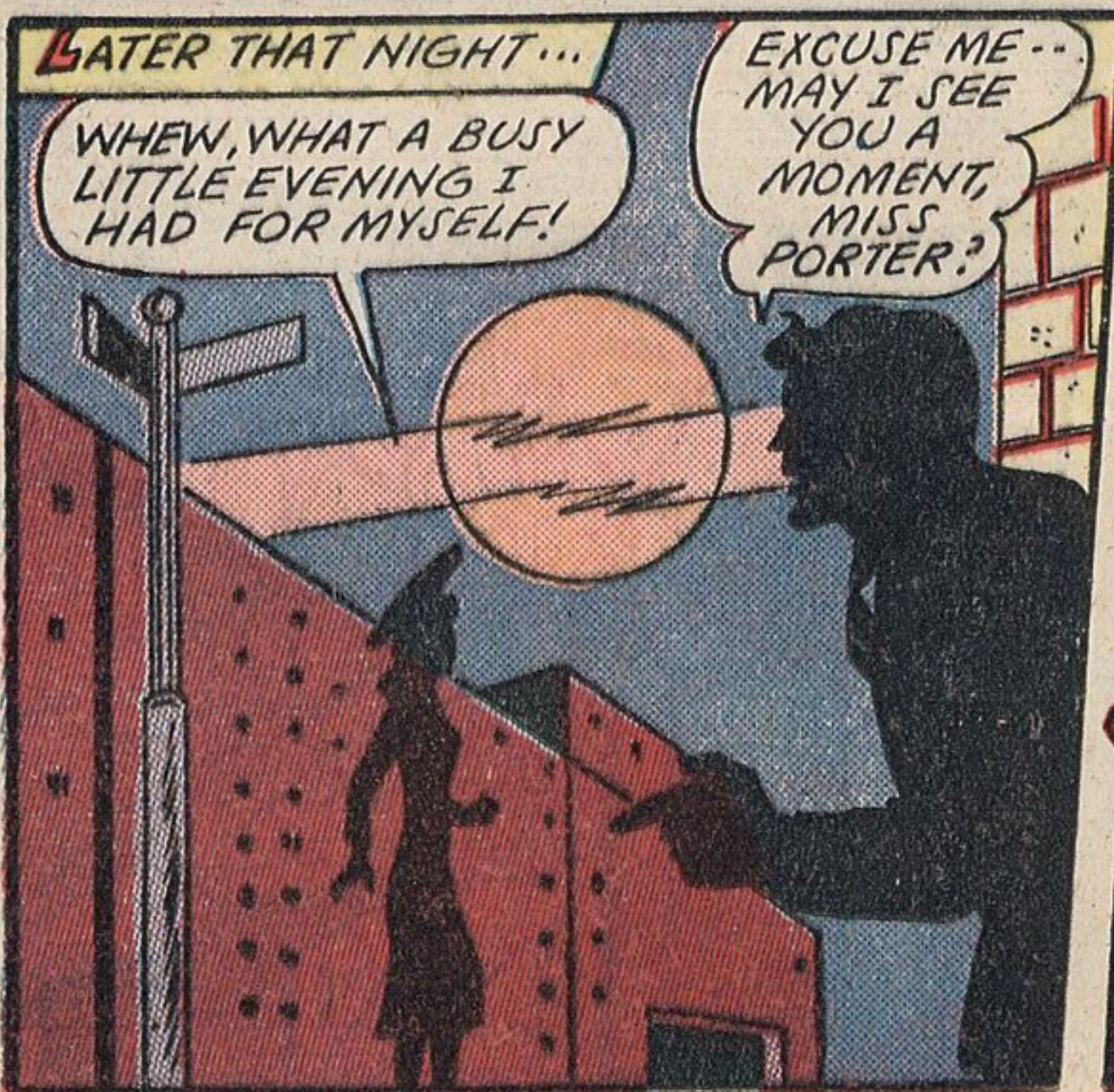
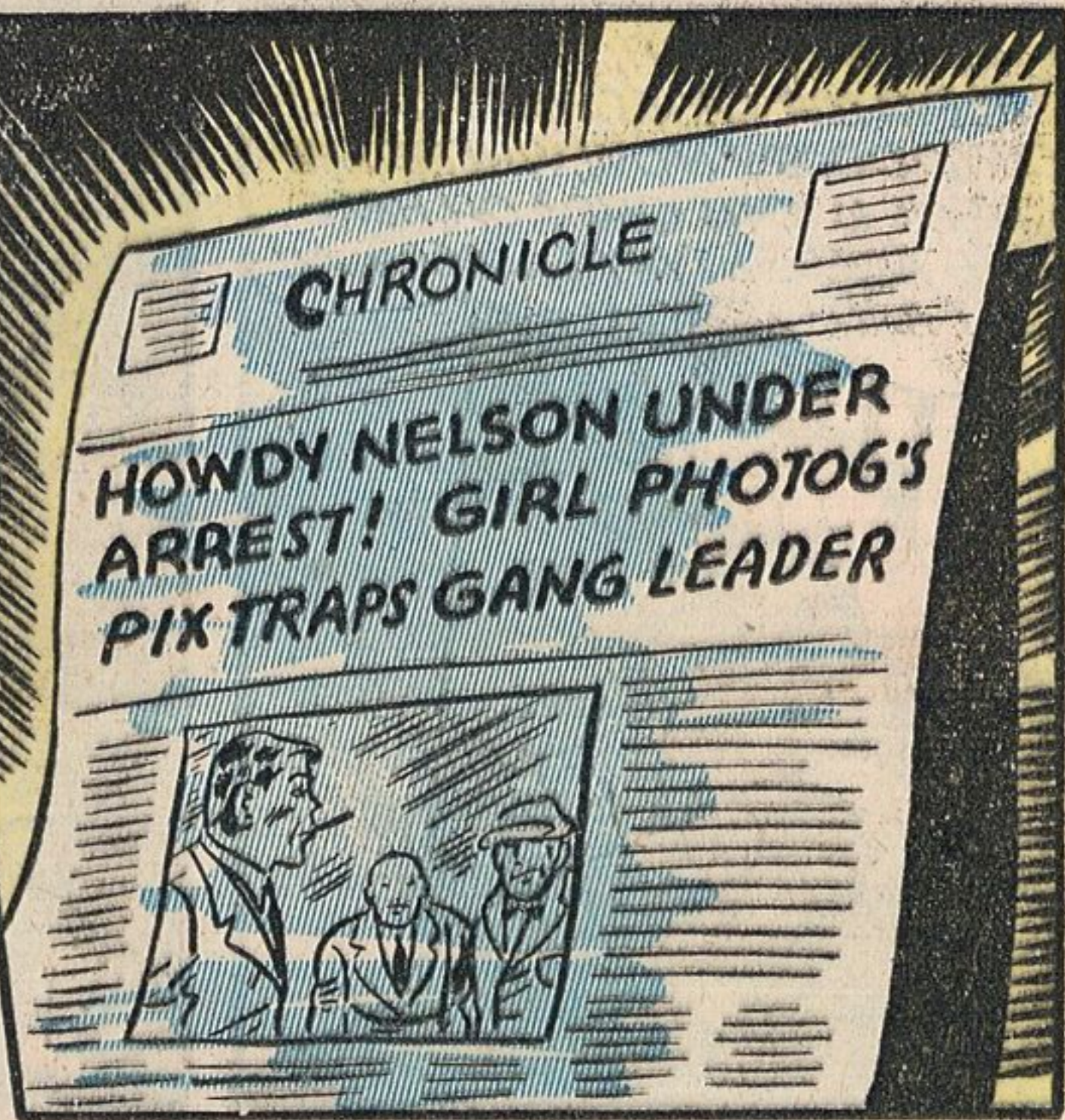
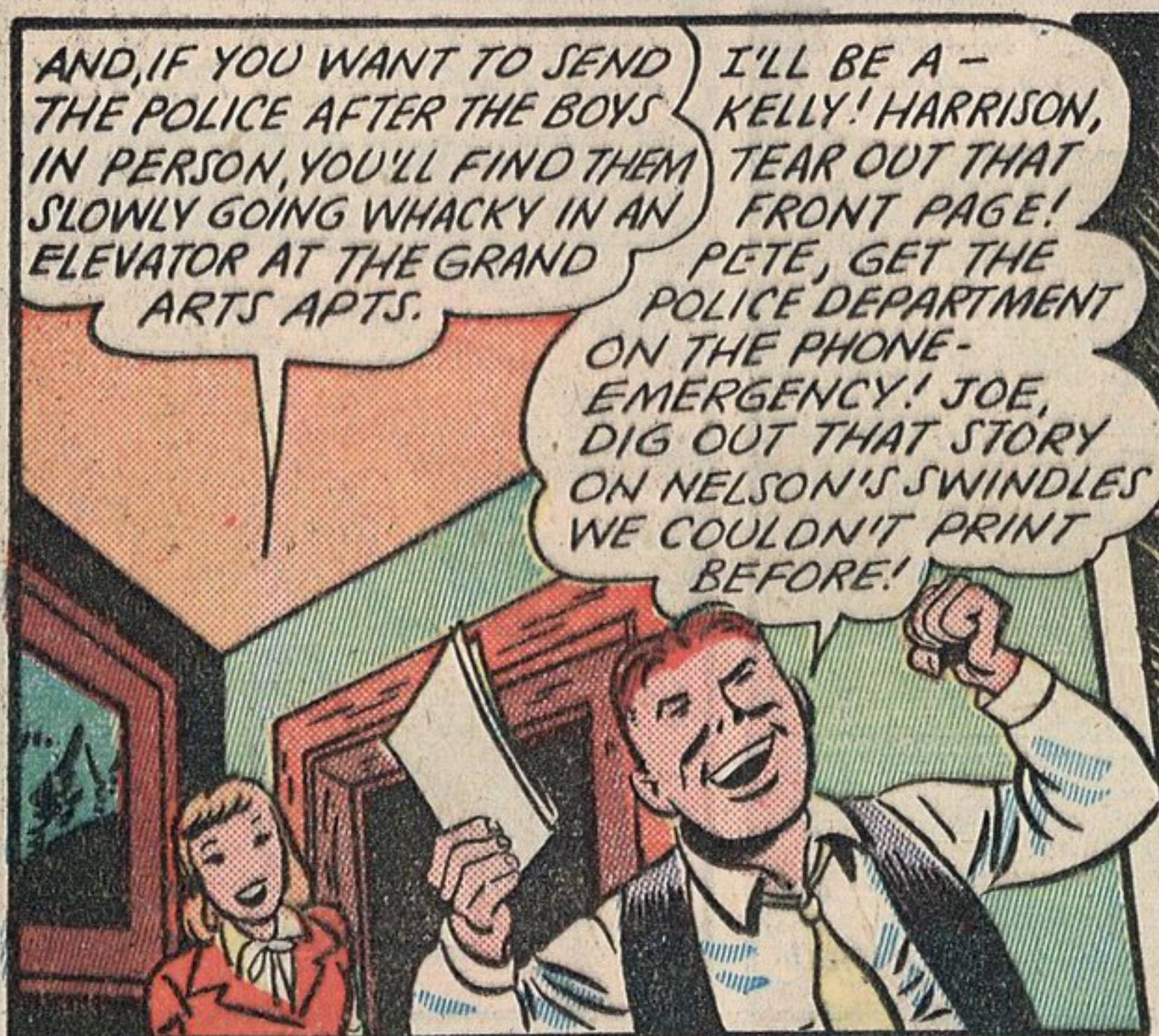
LEMME OUTA HERE! HALP!

START THIS ELEVATOR - HELP!

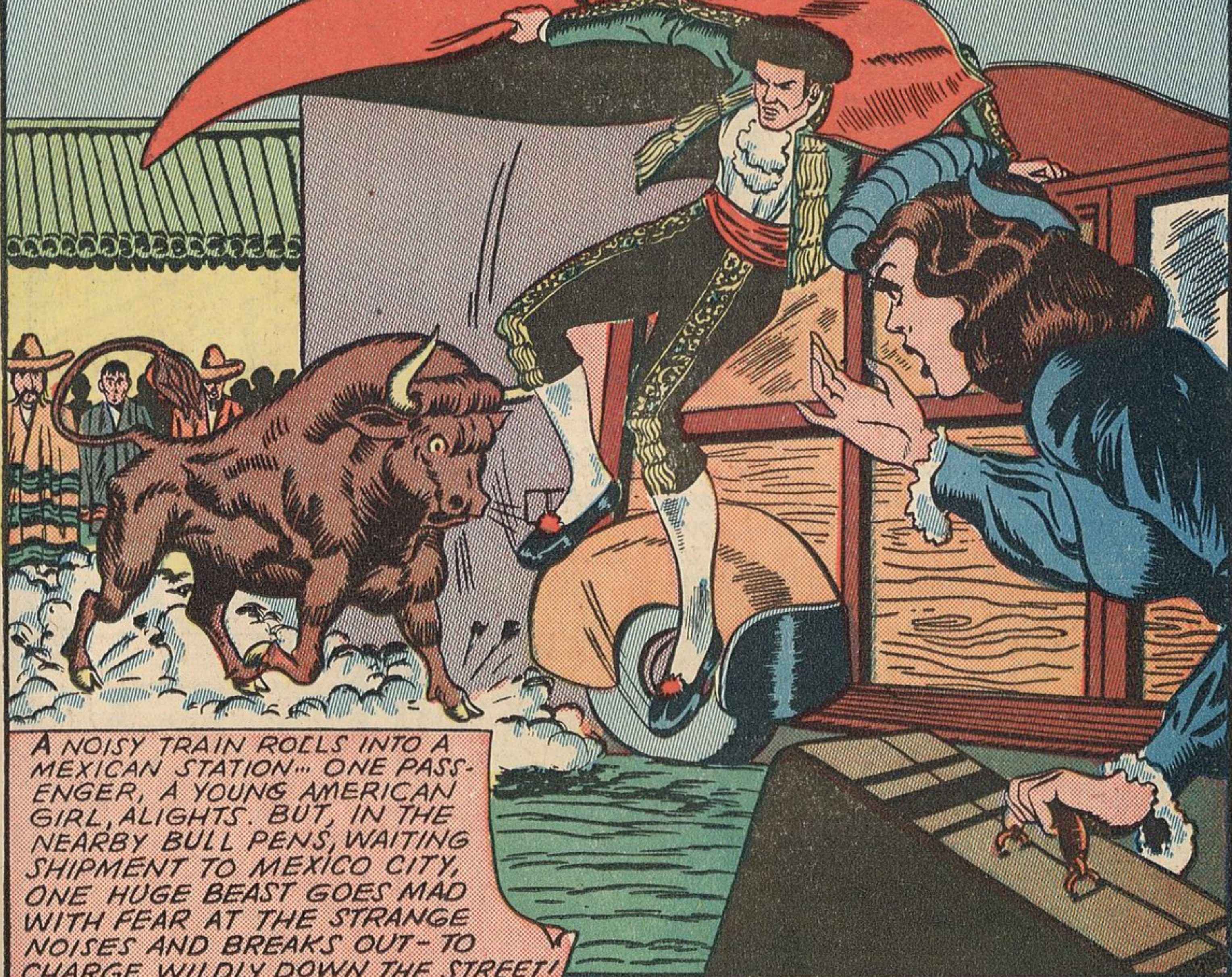
OH, SHUT UP! LET'S FIGURE THIS OUT SCIENTIFICALLY!



I HOPE I CAN GET THESE SHOTS DEVELOPED IN A HURRY! ON TO THE CHRONICLE OFFICE - AND DON'T SPARE THE GAMS!



The Toreador



A NOISY TRAIN ROLLS INTO A MEXICAN STATION... ONE PASSENGER, A YOUNG AMERICAN GIRL, ALIGHTS. BUT, IN THE NEARBY BULL PENS, WAITING SHIPMENT TO MEXICO CITY, ONE HUGE BEAST GOES MAD WITH FEAR AT THE STRANGE NOISES AND BREAKS OUT - TO CHARGE WILDLY DOWN THE STREET!

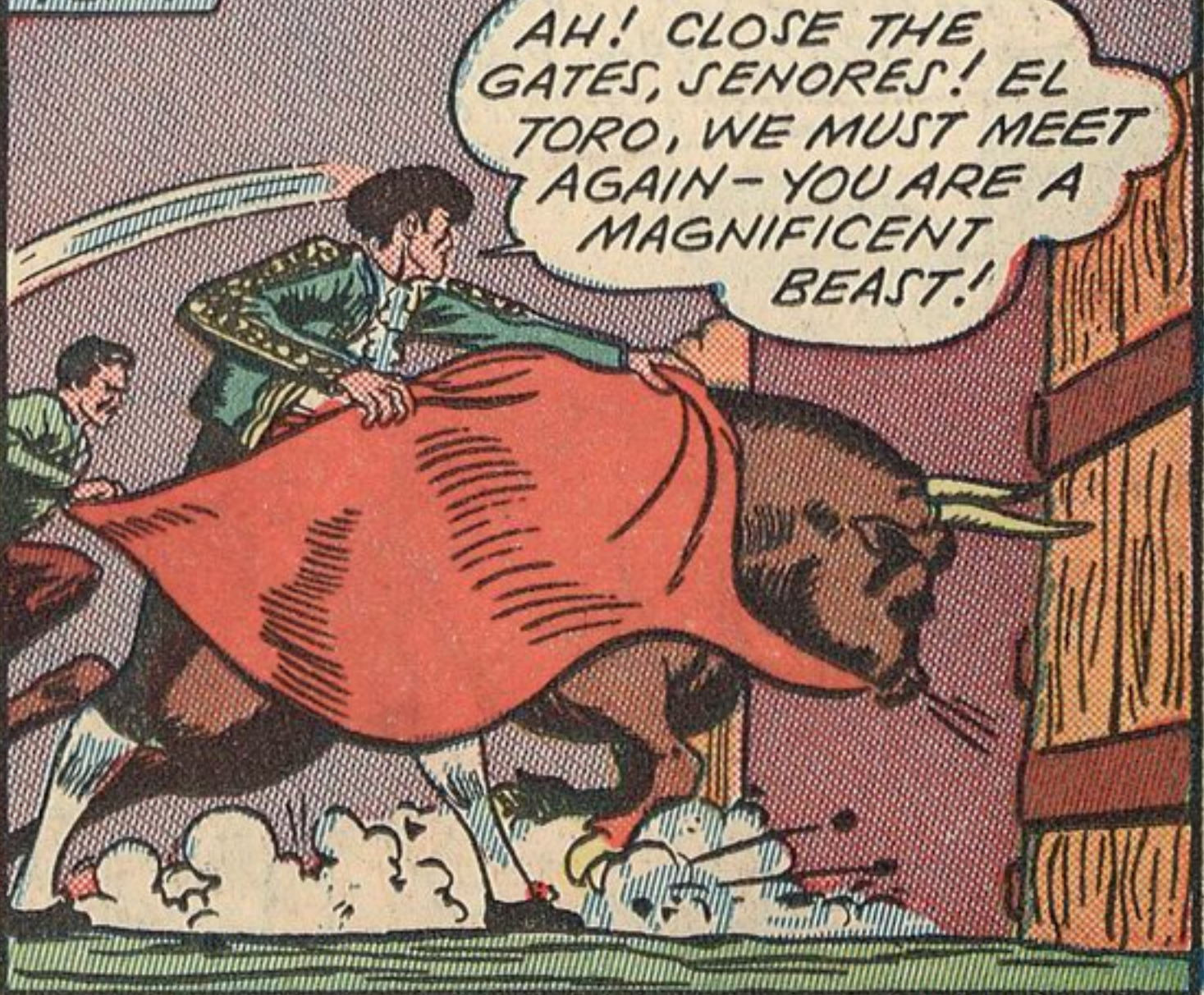
SUDDENLY A MAN BLOCKS HIS PATH--THE IDOL OF ALL MEXICO...



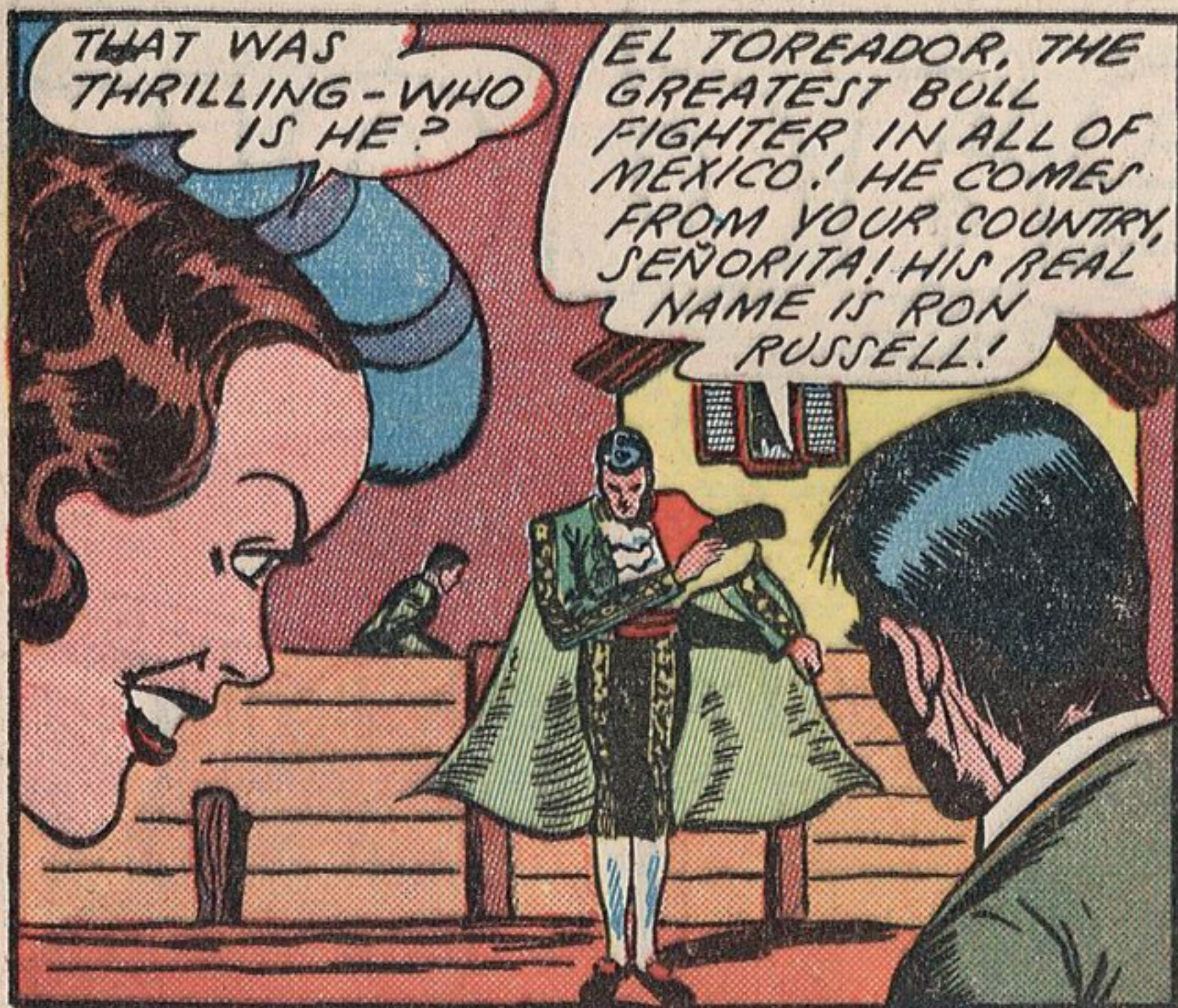
EL TOREADOR!

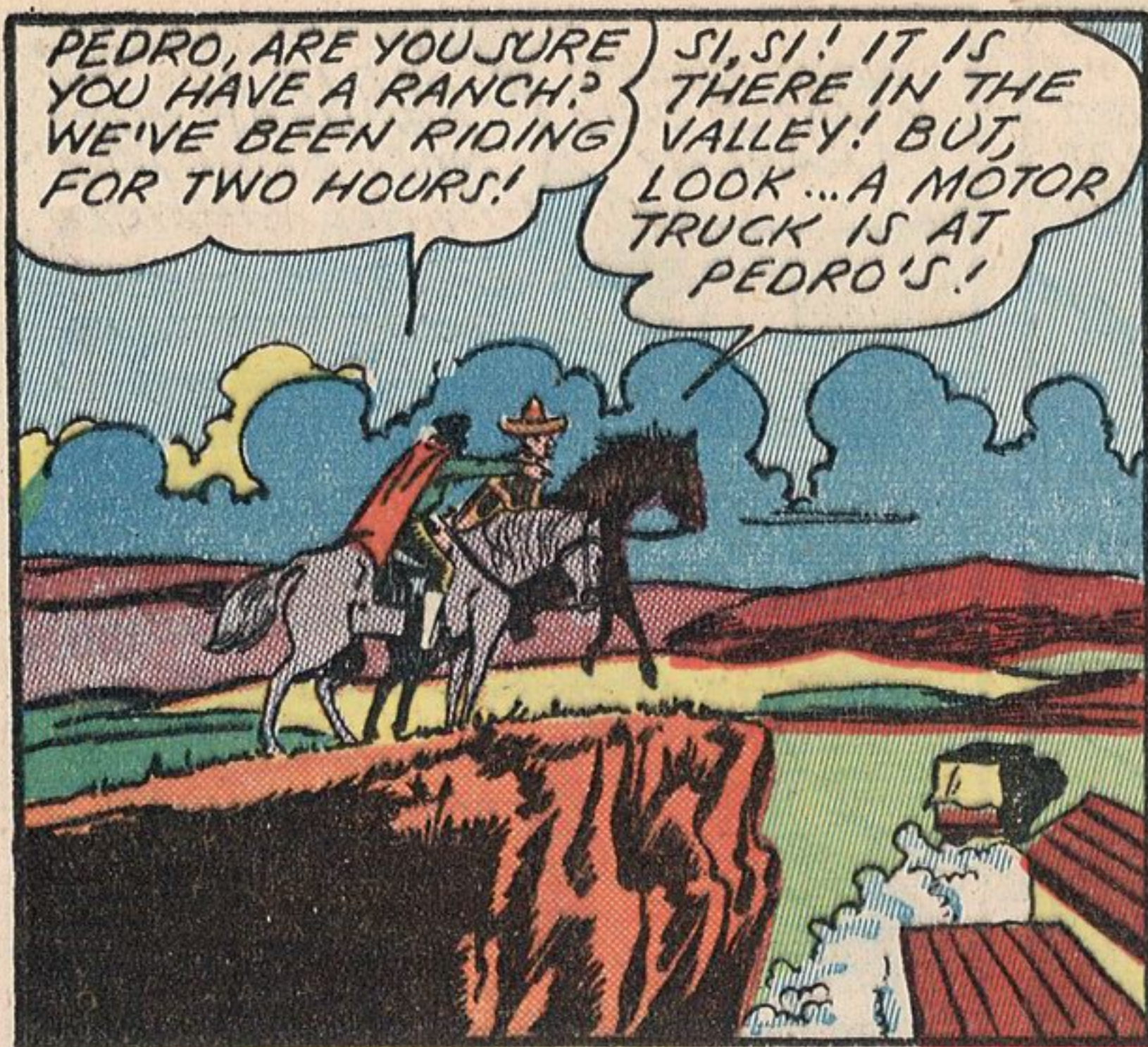
WHY, EL TORO, SUCH IMPATIENCE... COULD YOU NOT WAIT FOR THE BULL RING?

SWIFT, SURE MOVEMENTS--EXPERT CAPE WORK AND EL TOREADOR MANEUVERS THE BEAST BACK TO HIS PEN!



AH! CLOSE THE GATES, SENORES! EL TORO, WE MUST MEET AGAIN--YOU ARE A MAGNIFICENT BEAST!





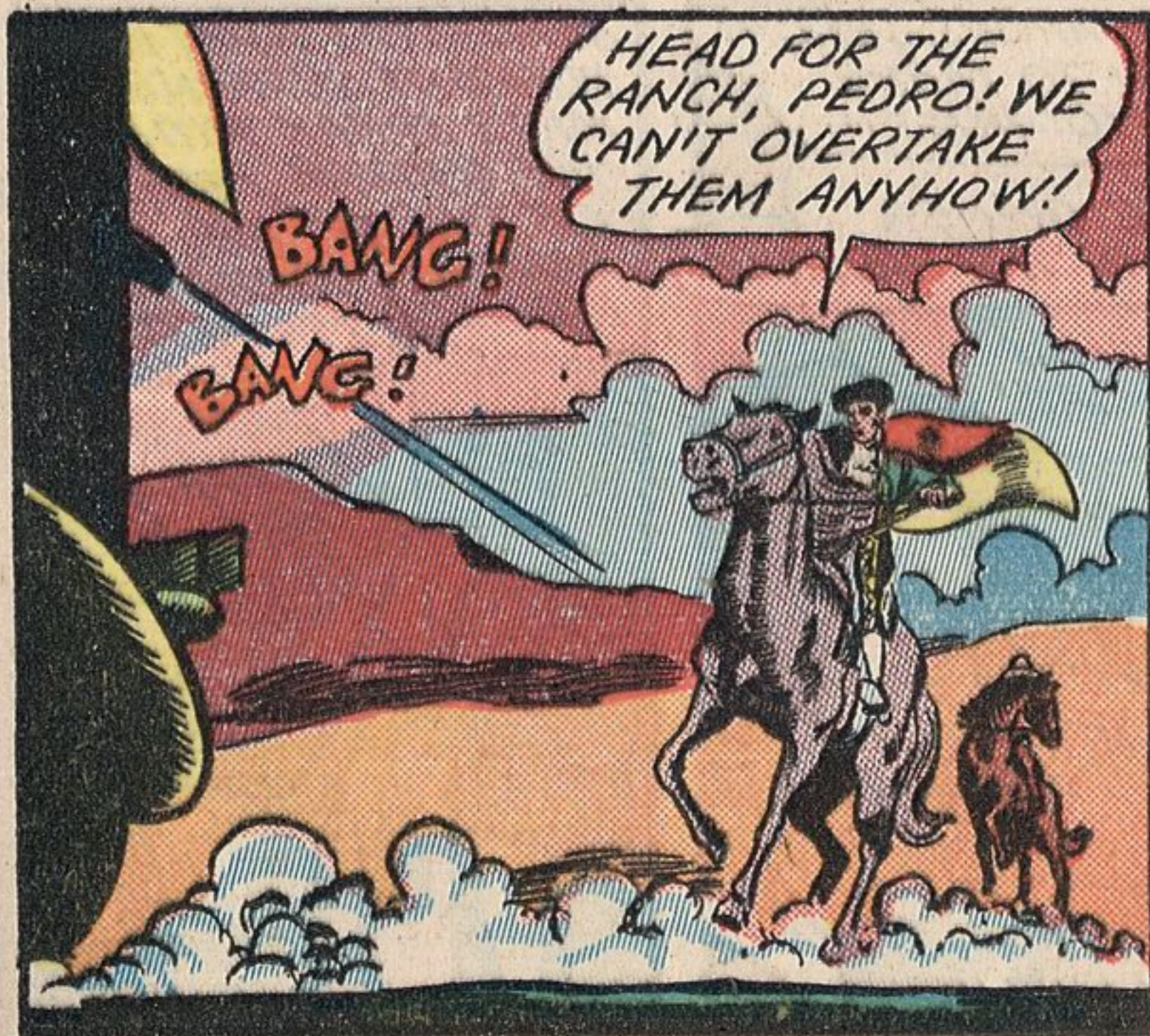
PEDRO, ARE YOU SURE YOU HAVE A RANCH? WE'VE BEEN RIDING FOR TWO HOURS!

SI, SI! IT IS THERE IN THE VALLEY! BUT, LOOK... A MOTOR TRUCK IS AT PEDRO'S!



HURRY-- THEY ARE LEAVING ON A GET-AWAY!

LOOK OUT, PEDRO! THAT HOMBRE IN FRONT HAS A GUN!



BANG!
BANG!

HEAD FOR THE RANCH, PEDRO! WE CAN'T OVERTAKE THEM ANYHOW!



NOW, LET'S SEE WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!

MADRE DE DIOS! THE STABLE DOOR IS OPEN! MY BULL...



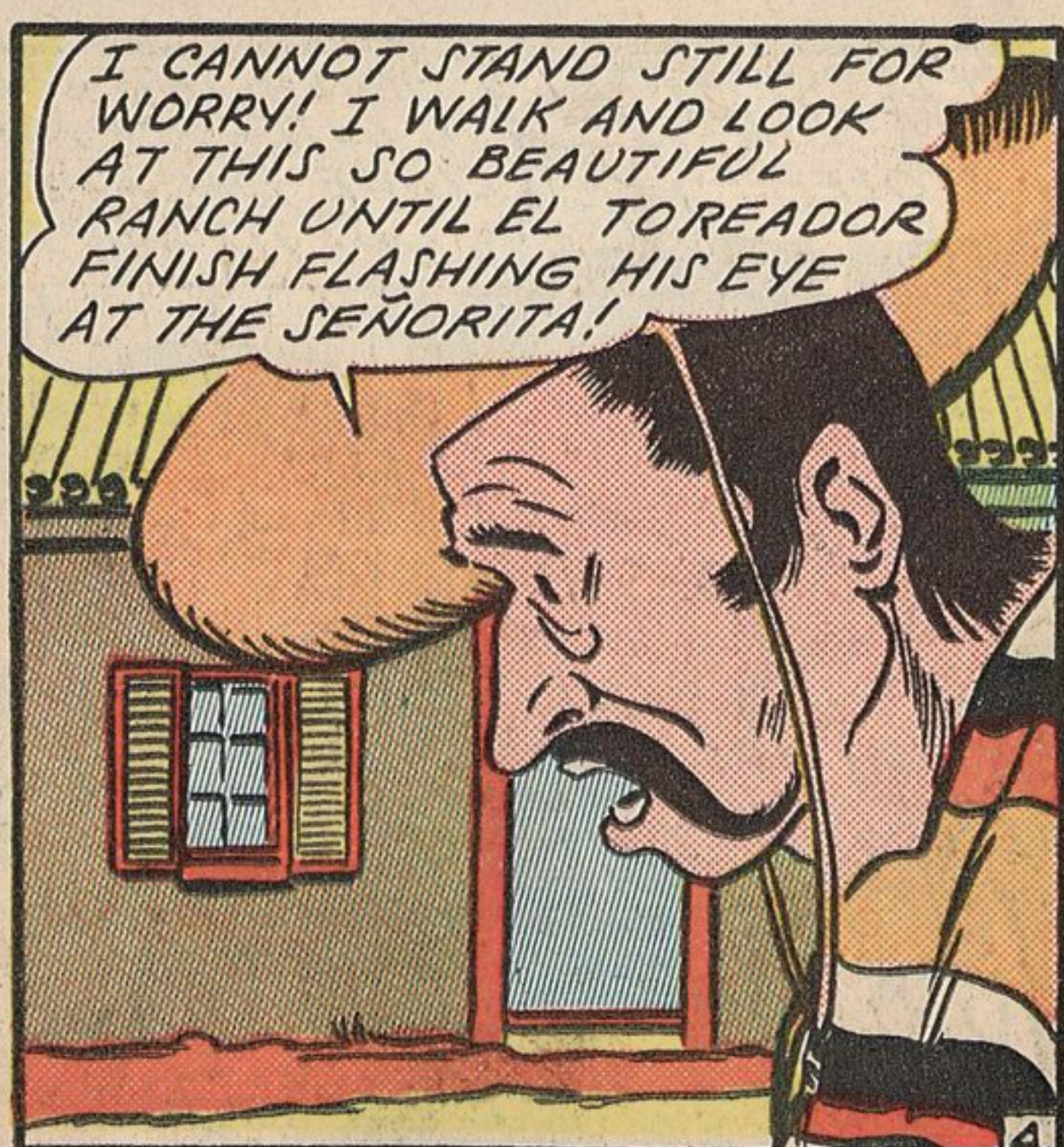
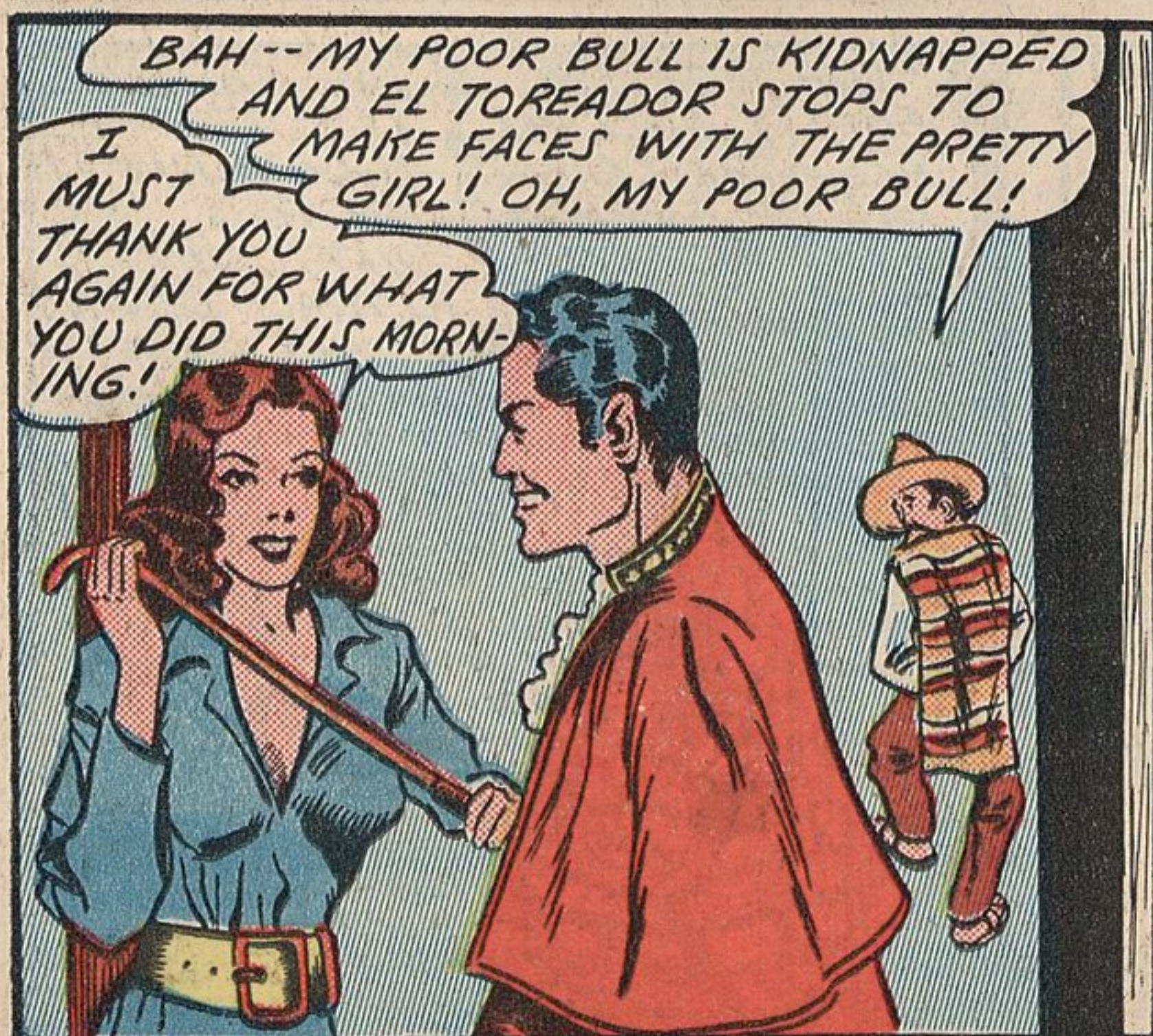
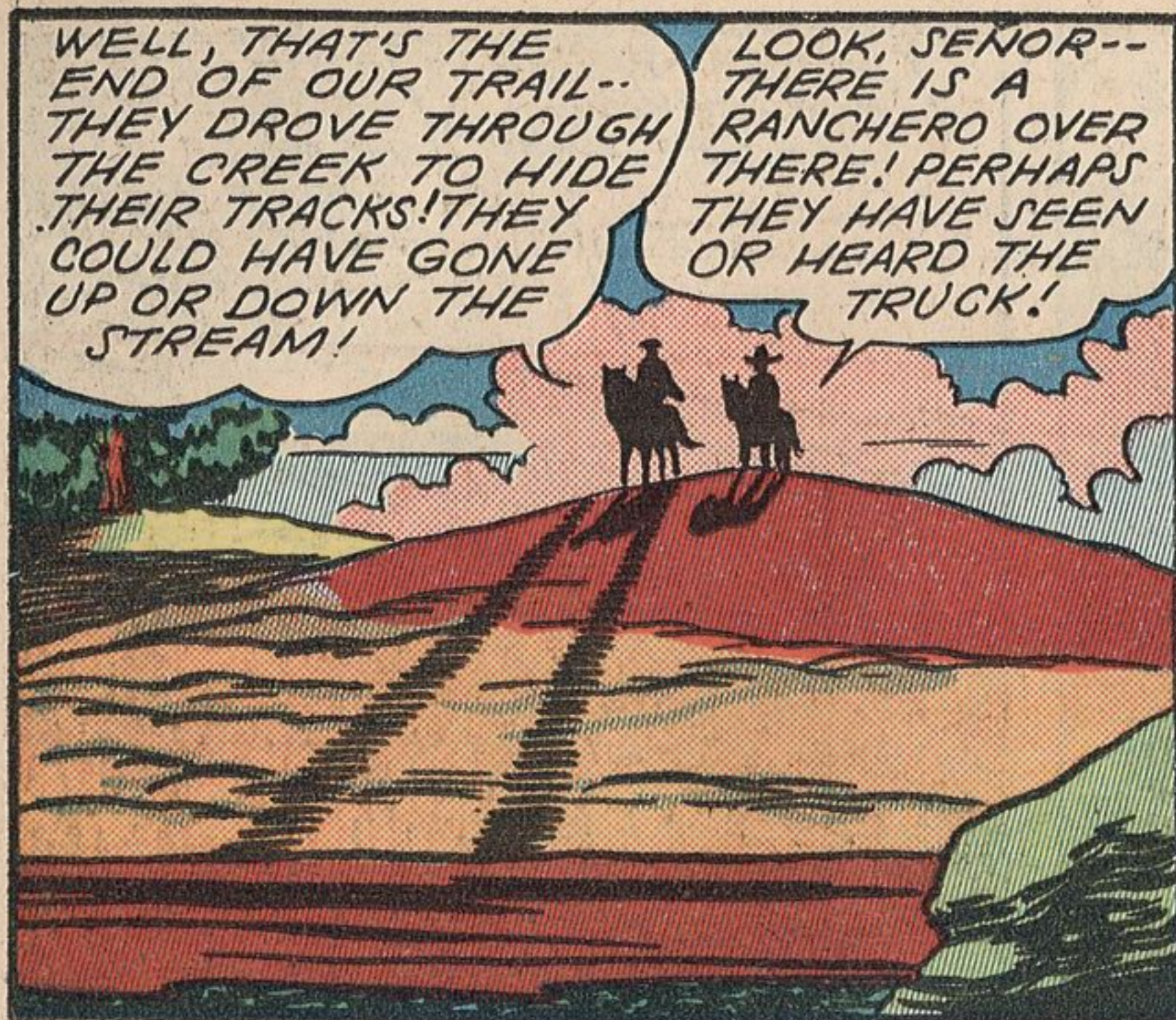
MY BEE-OO-TIFUL BULL! SHE IS STOLEN!

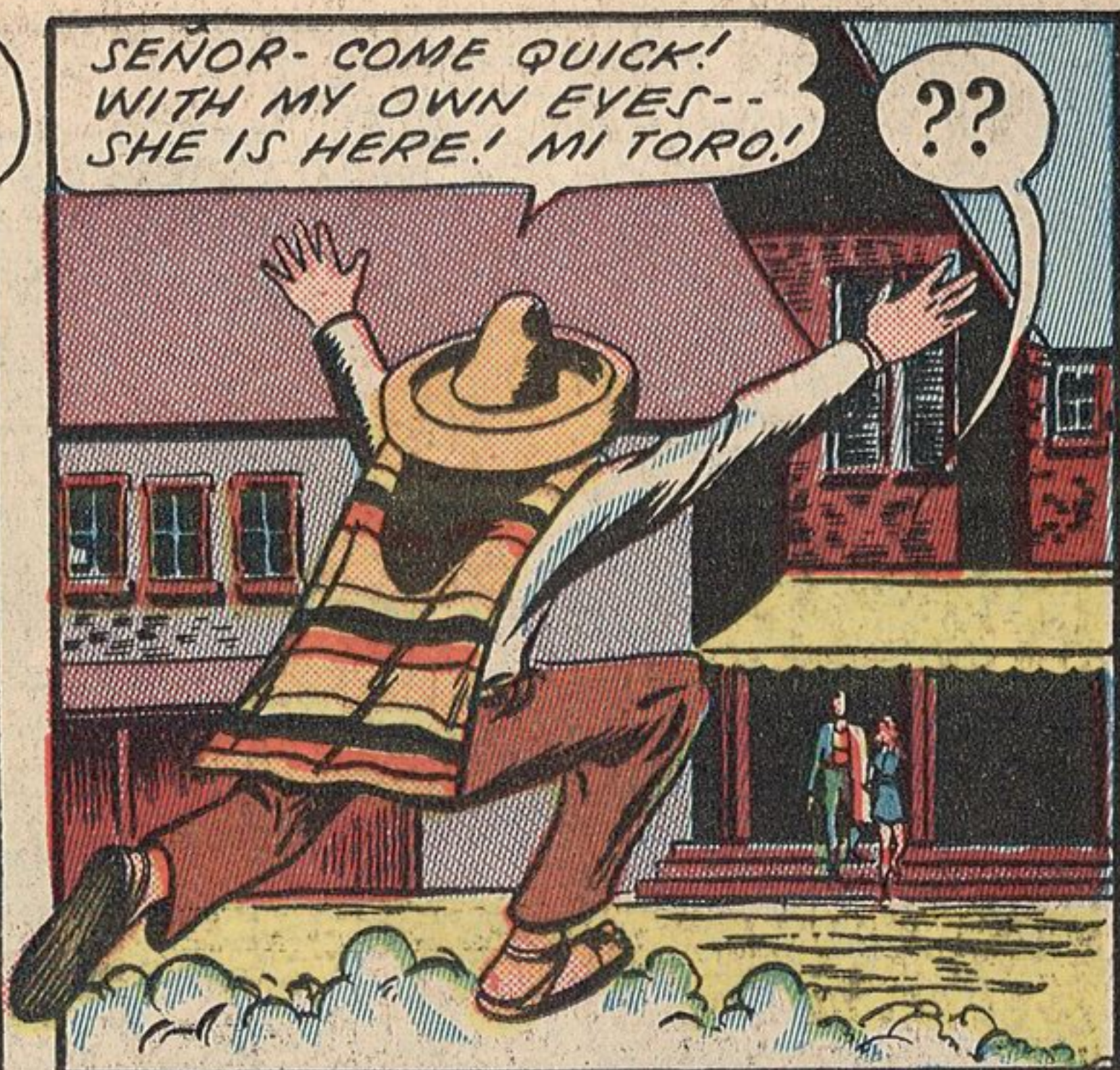
MMM-- THIS BEGINS TO INTEREST ME! COME ON, PEDRO-- OUT TO THE ROAD!



SHE WAS THE FINEST BULL IN ALL MEXICO -- MAYBE EVEN IN THE WORLD!

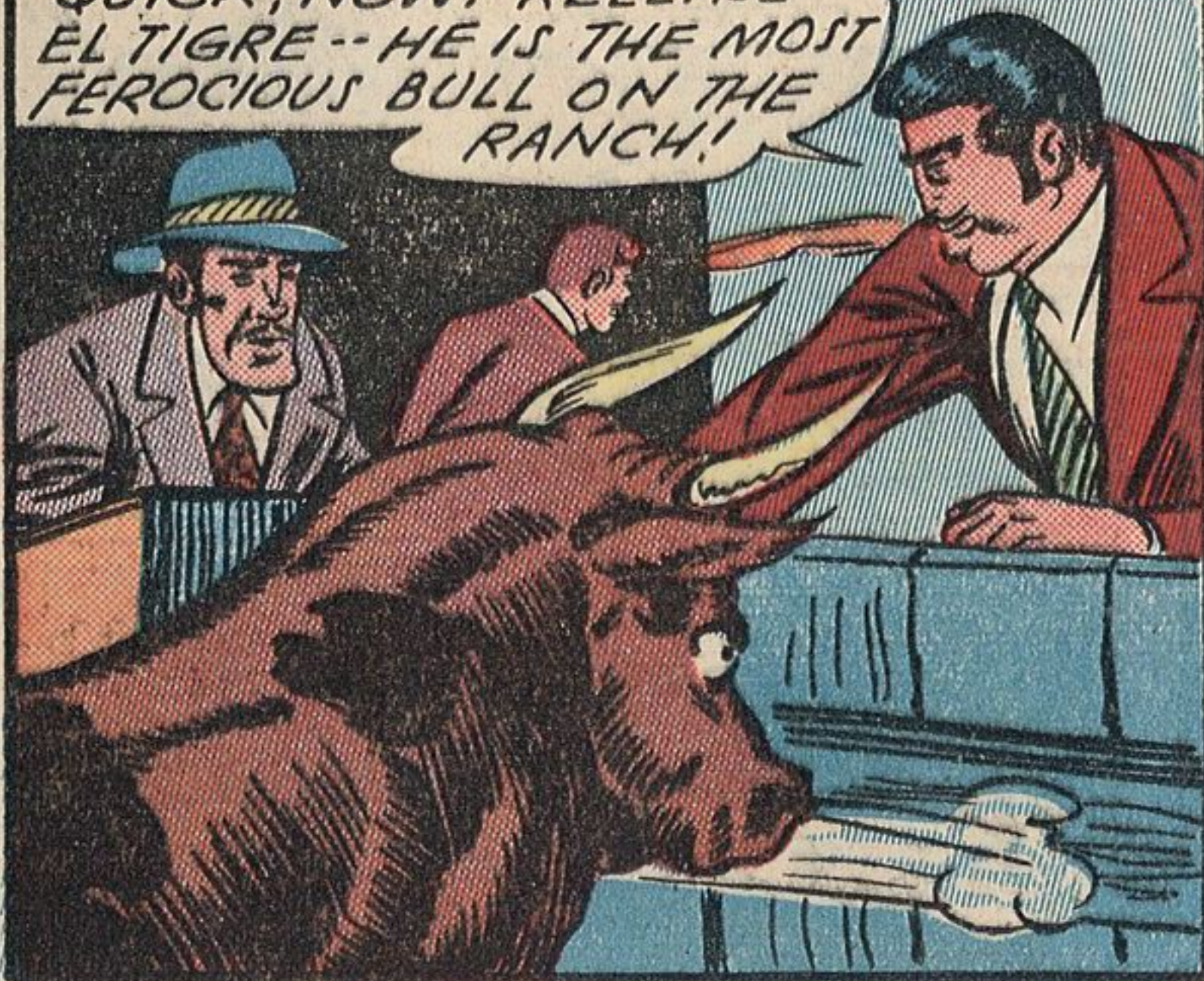
THE EARTH IS SOFT-- IT SHOULDN'T BE TOO DIFFICULT TO TRACK DOWN THAT TRUCK!





AT THE SAME TIME --

QUICK, NOW! RELEASE EL TIGRE -- HE IS THE MOST FEROCIOUS BULL ON THE RANCH!

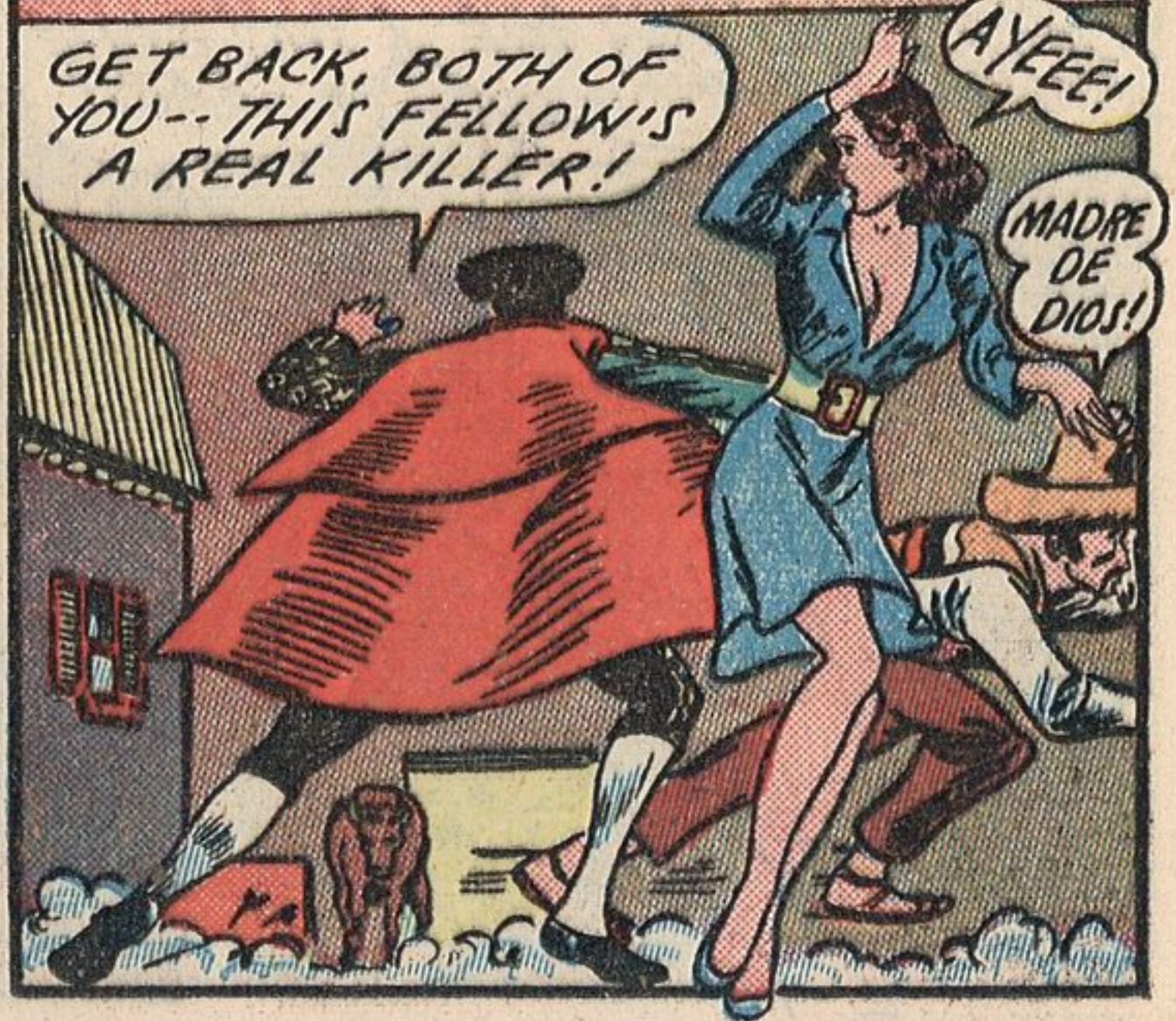


EL TOREADOR HEARS THE FAMILIAR SOUND OF RUSHING HOOVES AND SWINGS AROUND TO FACE --

GET BACK, BOTH OF YOU -- THIS FELLOW'S A REAL KILLER!

AYEE!

MADRE DE DIOS!

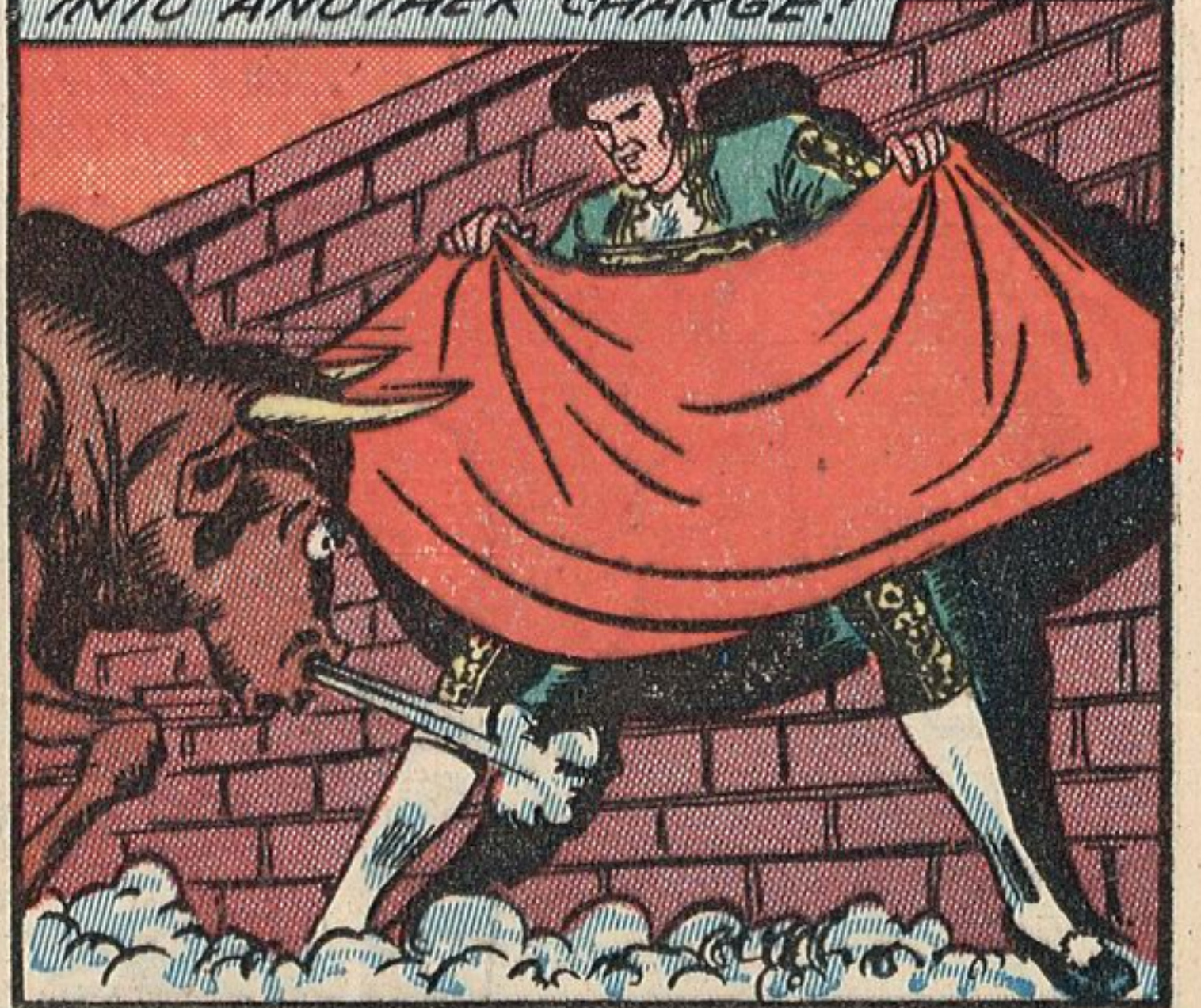


WITH A SWIFT FLOURISH OF HIS CAPE, TOREADOR TURNS THE BULL ASIDE!

HURRY -- GET BACK INTO THE BARN!



UNARMED, TOREADOR PLANS A NEAT STRATEGY AND COAXES THE BULL INTO ANOTHER CHARGE!



SORRY, OLD FELLOW, BUT YOUR HEAD IS HARD -- YOU'LL COME OUT OF IT IN A COUPLE OF HOURS!

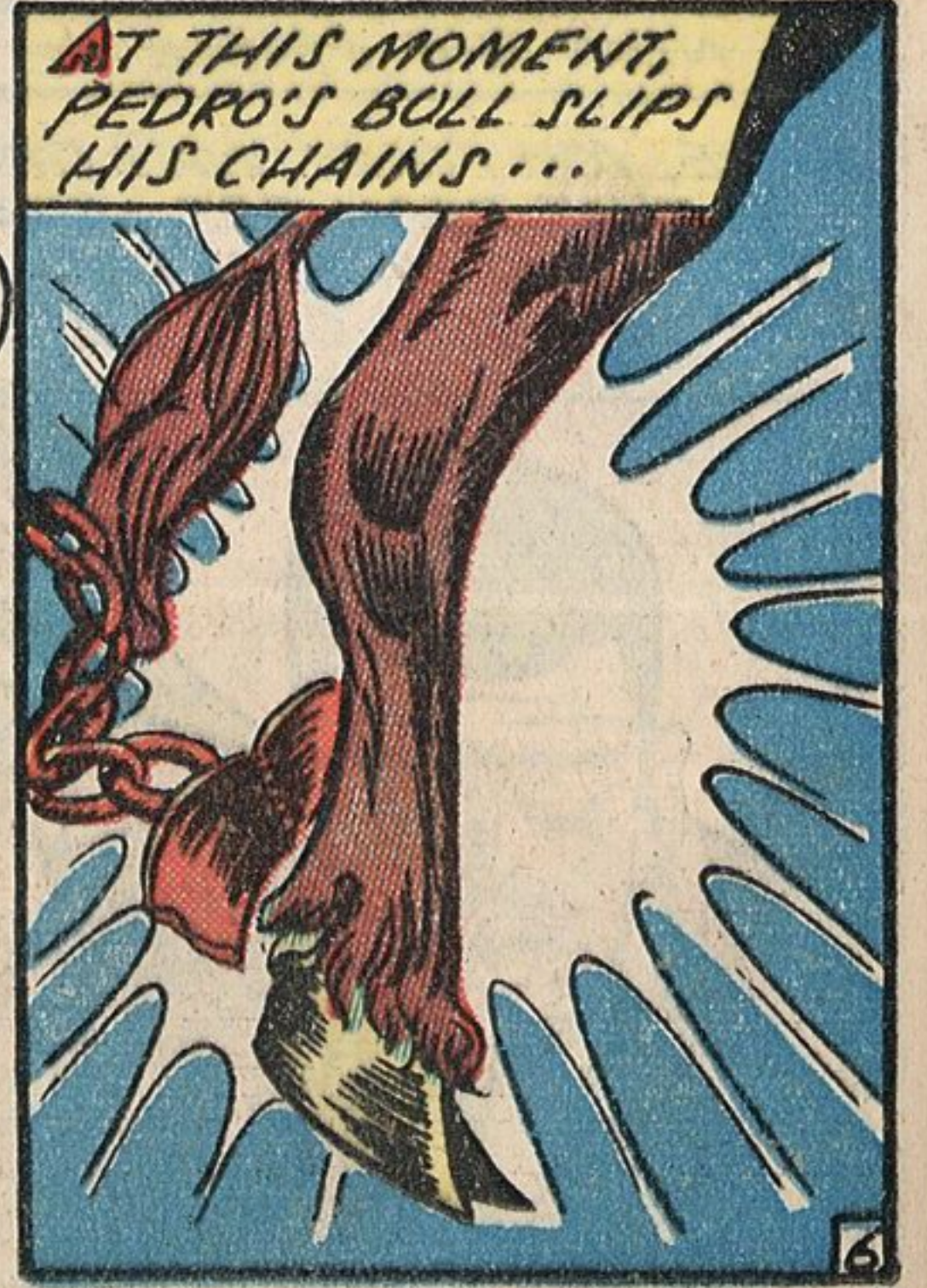


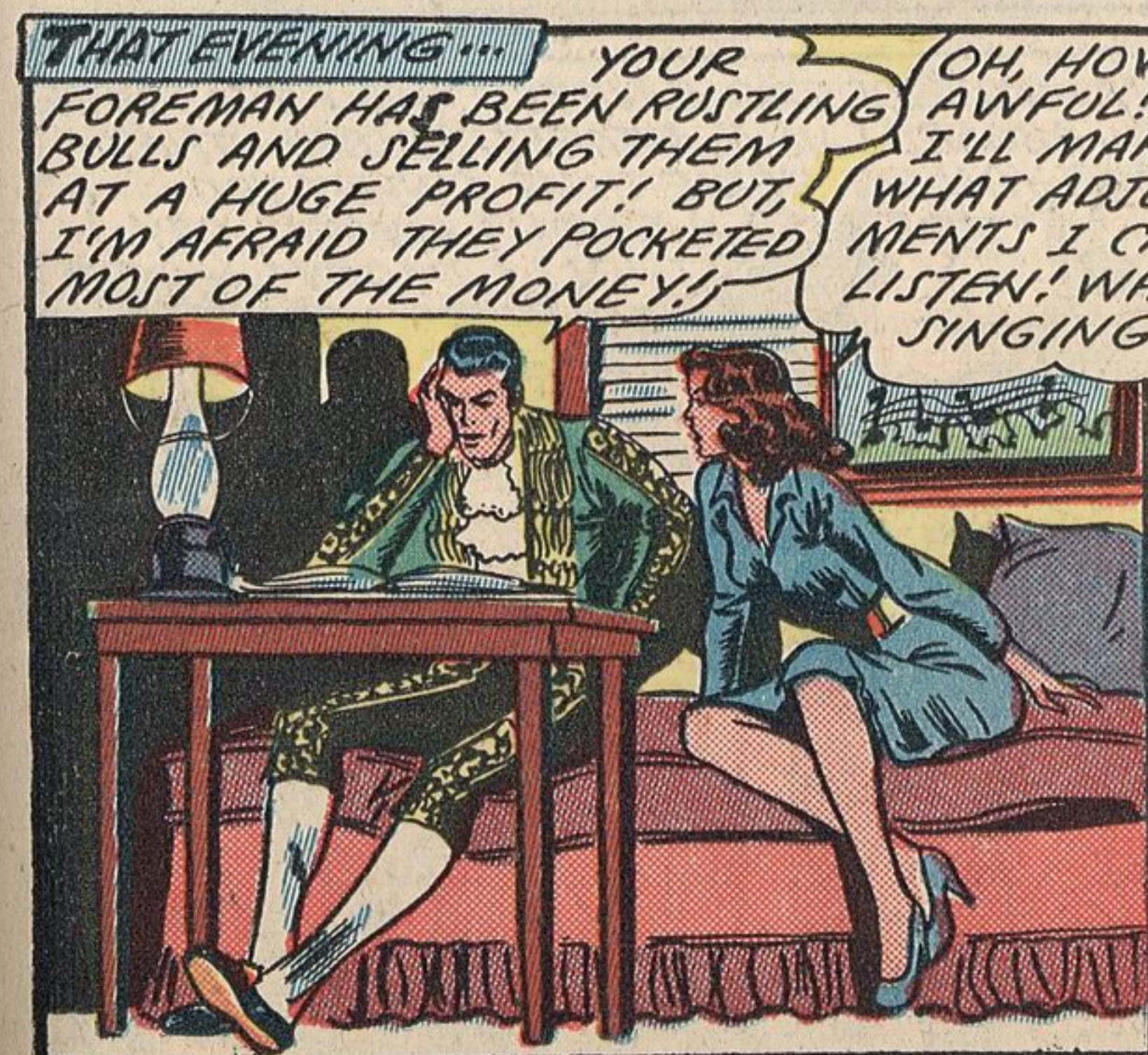
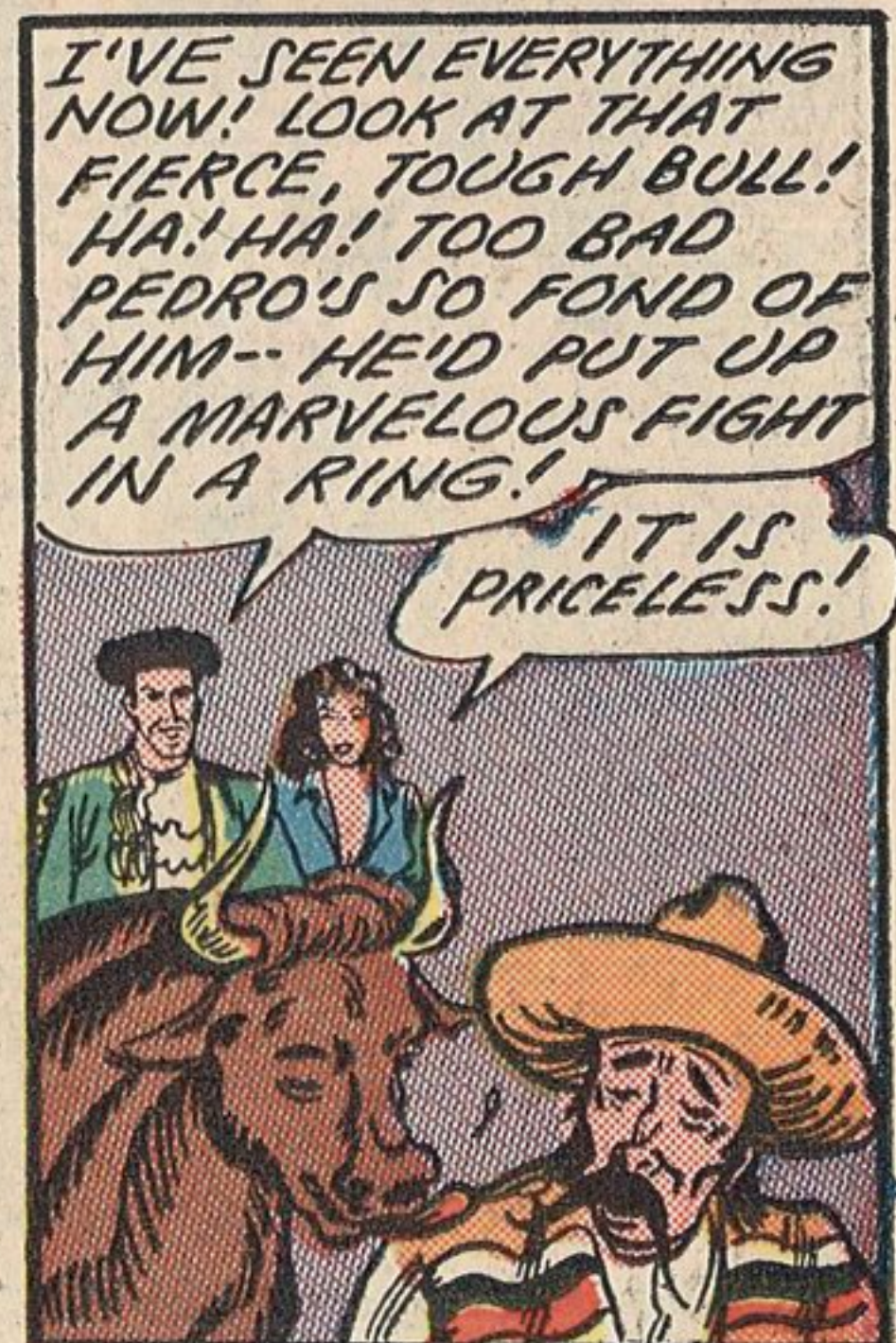
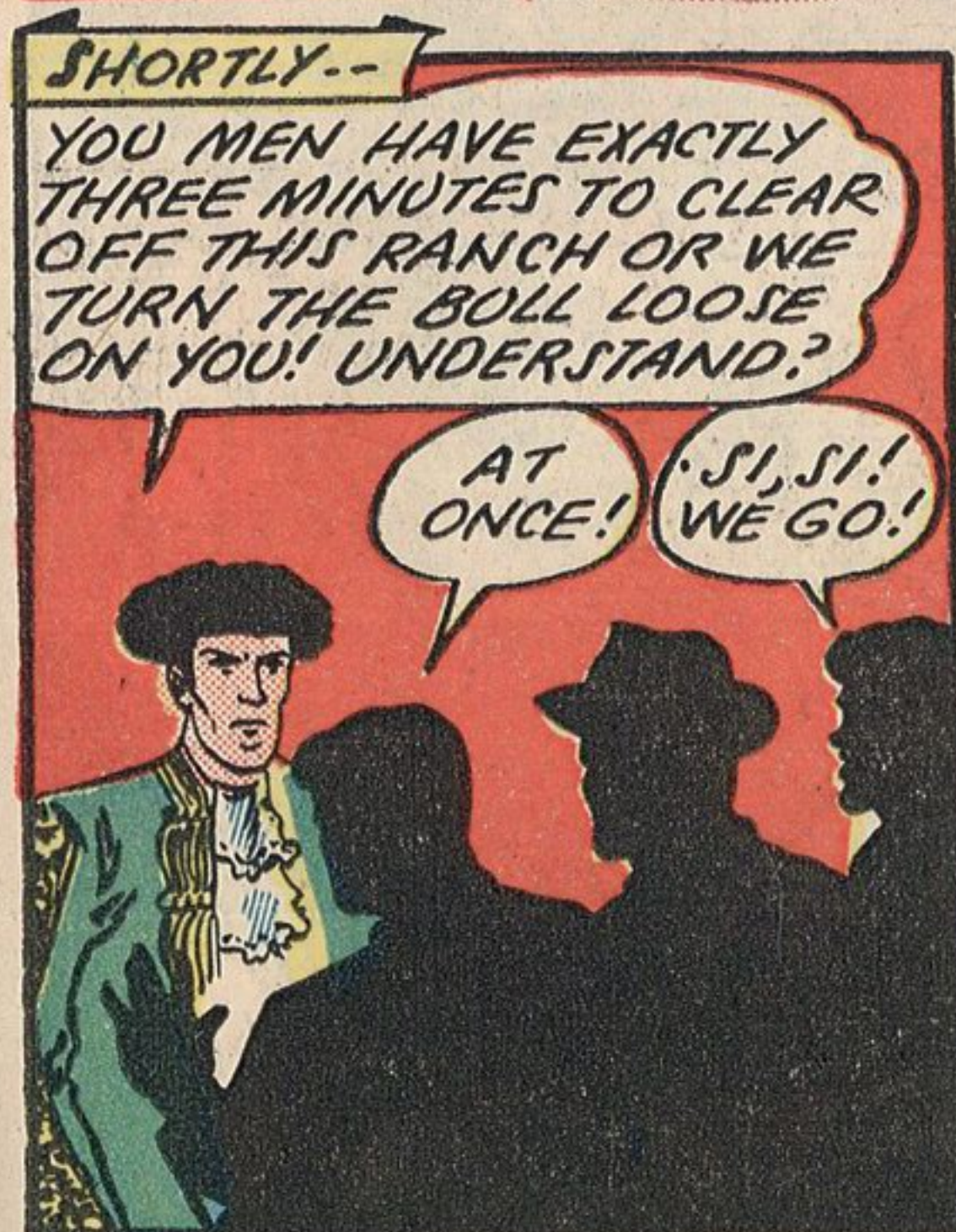
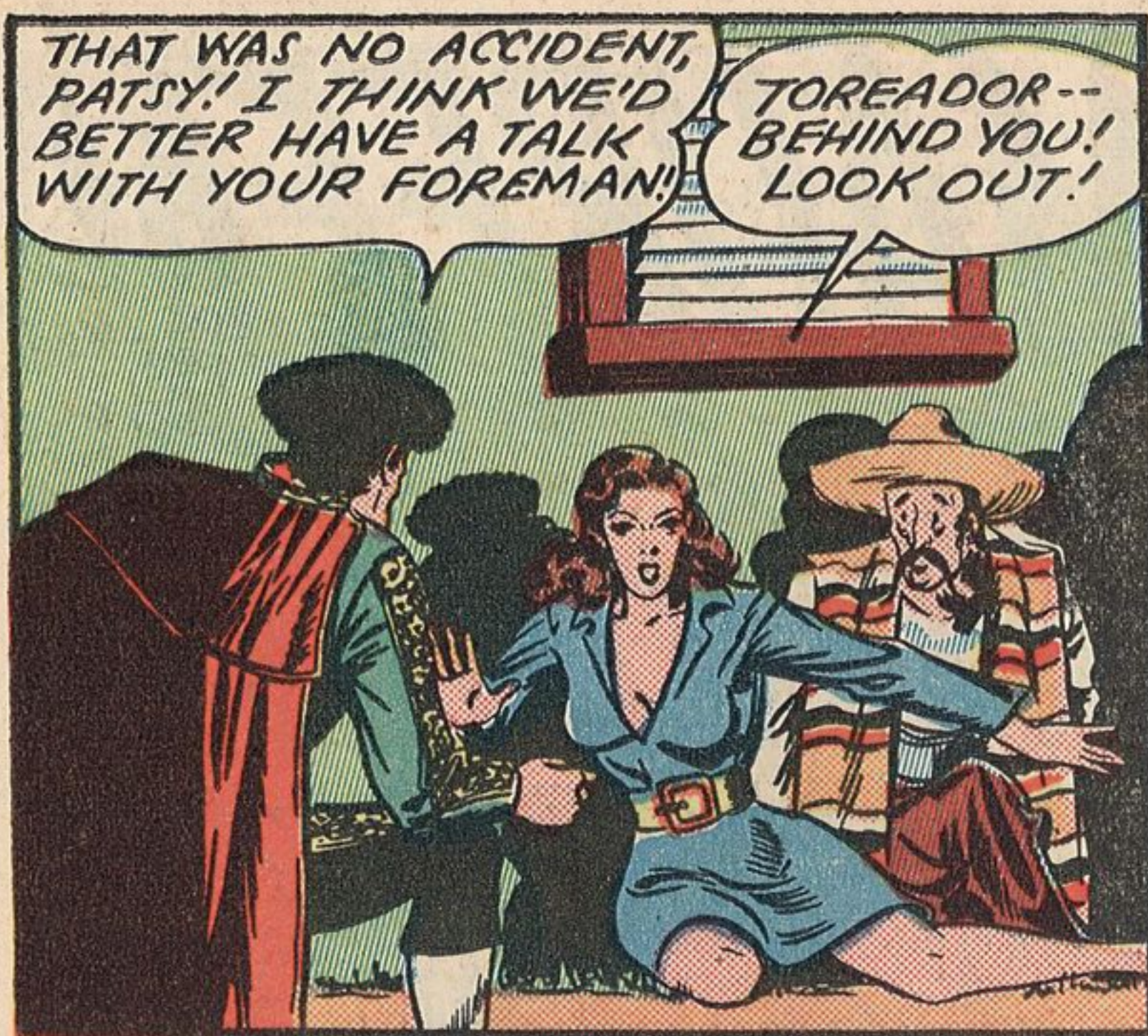
LOOK -- HE HAS OVERCOME EL TIGRE! WE MUST KILL THEM!

SI -- WE SHOOT THEM NOW!



AT THIS MOMENT, PEDRO'S BULL SLIPS HIS CHAINS...





MAUREEN MARINE



WHO CAN KNOW WHAT UNFATHOMABLE MYSTERIES ARE LOCKED IN THE REGIONS THAT LIE DEEP BENEATH THE CHURNING OCEAN WAVES? IT IS DESTINED THAT ONE GIRL - A HUMAN CHILD - SHALL PENETRATE THIS RIDDLE OF THE AGES...
MAUREEN MARINE!

ON A GLOUCESTER FISHING WHARF--

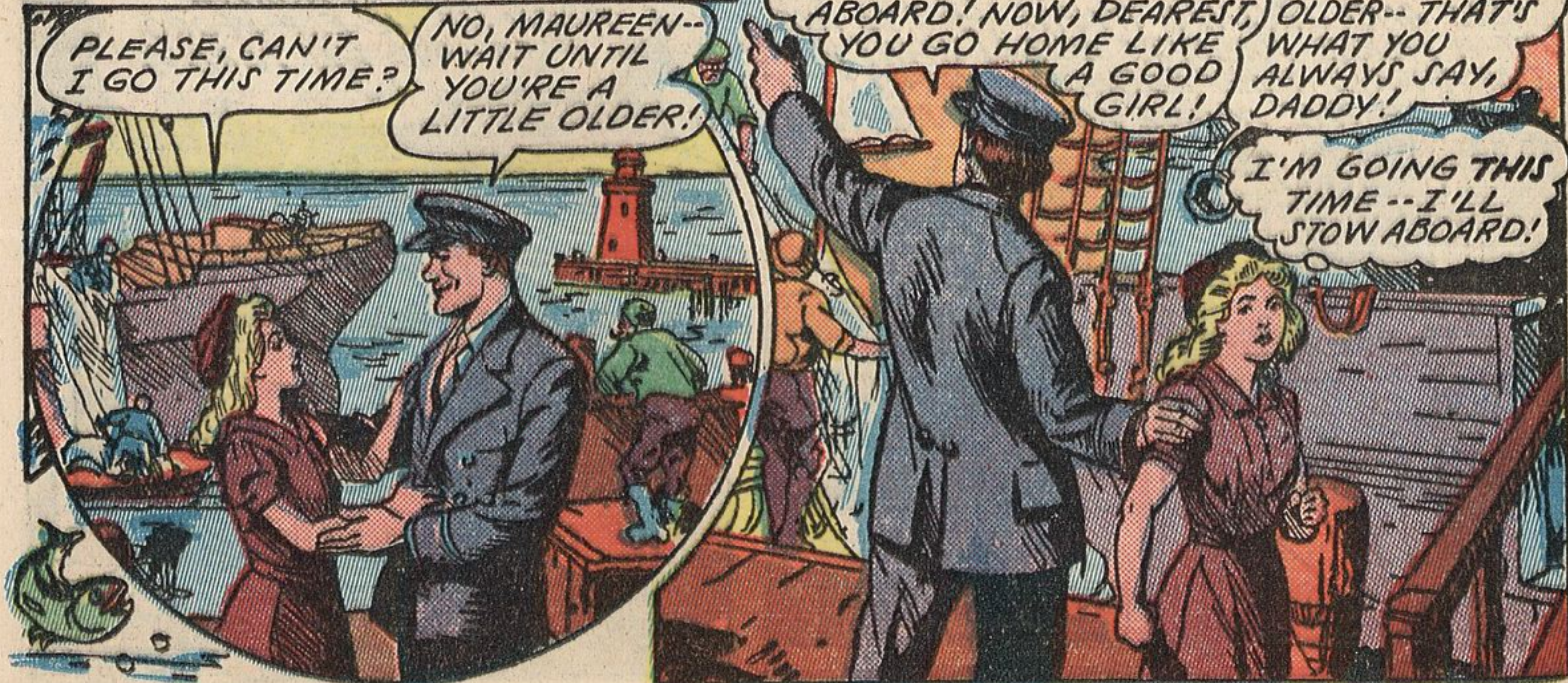
PLEASE, CAN'T I GO THIS TIME?

NO, MAUREEN-- WAIT UNTIL YOU'RE A LITTLE OLDER!

AHOY, GET THOSE NETS ABOARD! NOW, DEAREST, YOU GO HOME LIKE A GOOD GIRL!

WAIT TILL YOU'RE OLDER-- THAT'S WHAT YOU ALWAYS SAY, DADDY!

I'M GOING THIS TIME -- I'LL STOW ABOARD!



SHORTLY AFTER -- --

THEY WON'T COME DOWN HERE UNTIL AFTER THEY HAUL IN THE CATCH -- THIS IS A GOOD PLACE TO HIDE!

SO, THE FISHING SMACK SETS SAIL! THE START OF A STRANGE NEW LIFE FOR THE LITTLE STOWAWAY!

A GOOD HAUL FOR THE FIRST TRY, EH, MEN?

AY, CAP'IN!

THEN...

CAPTAIN MARINE, LOOK! A NAZI SUB!

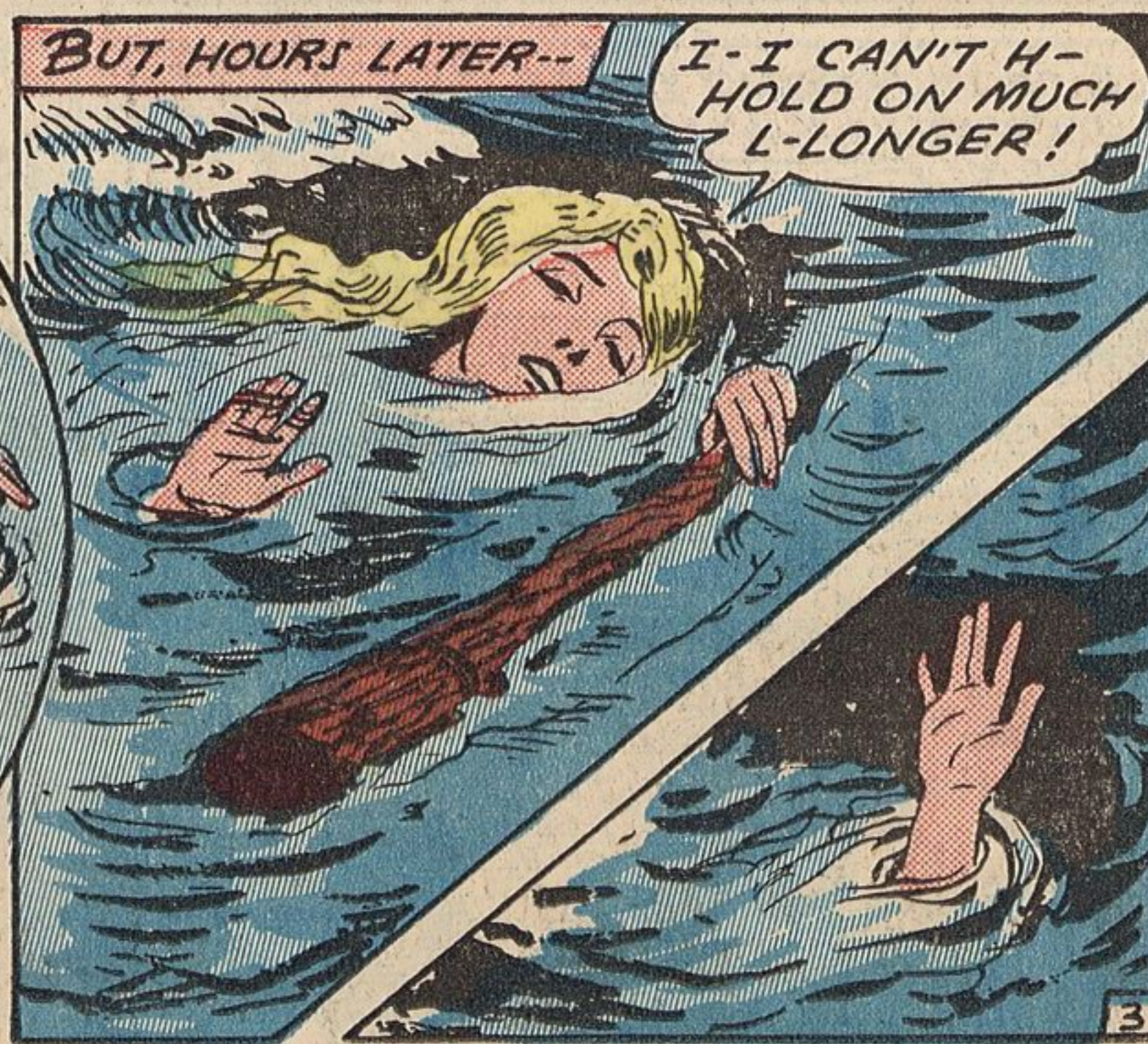
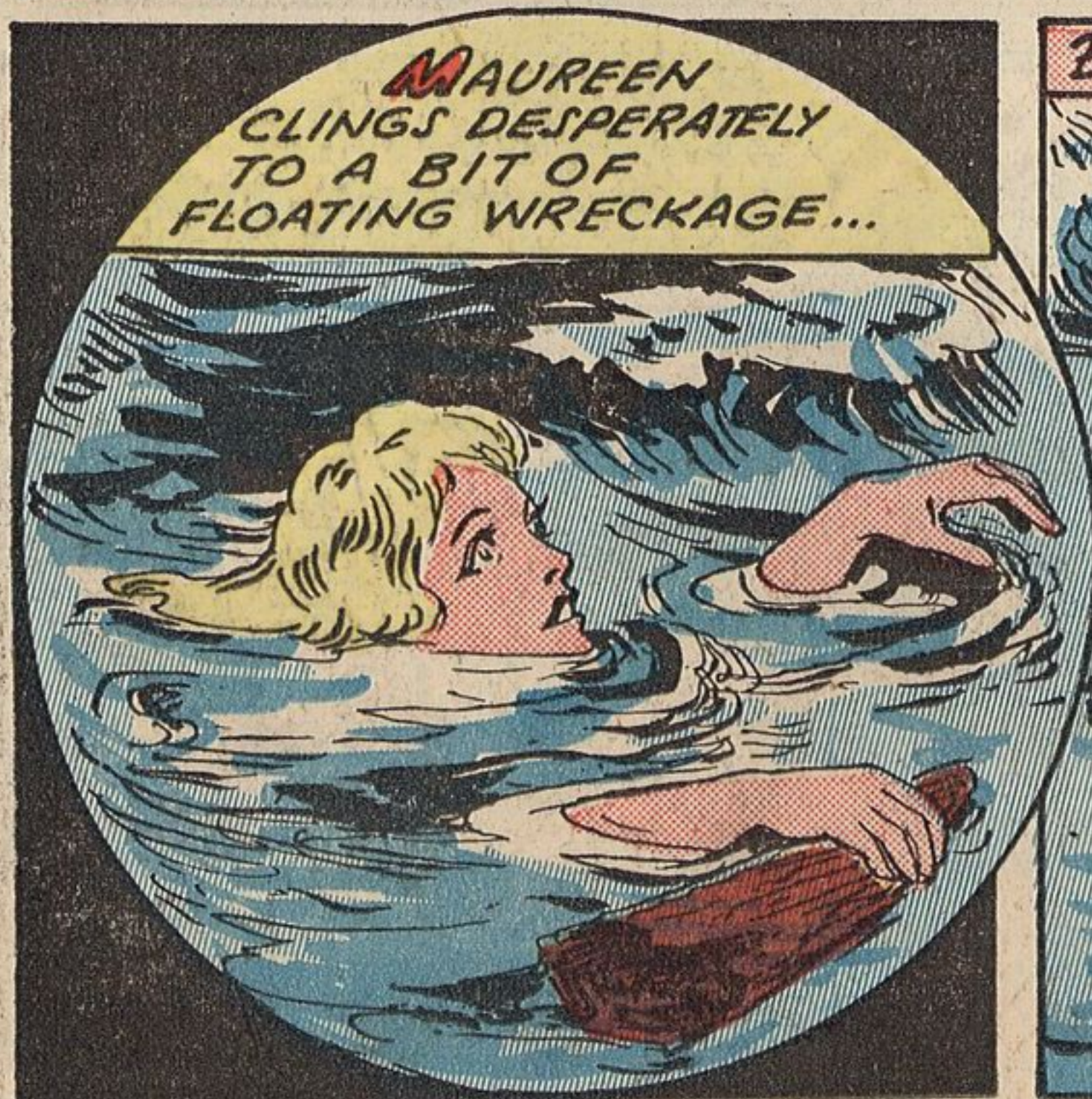
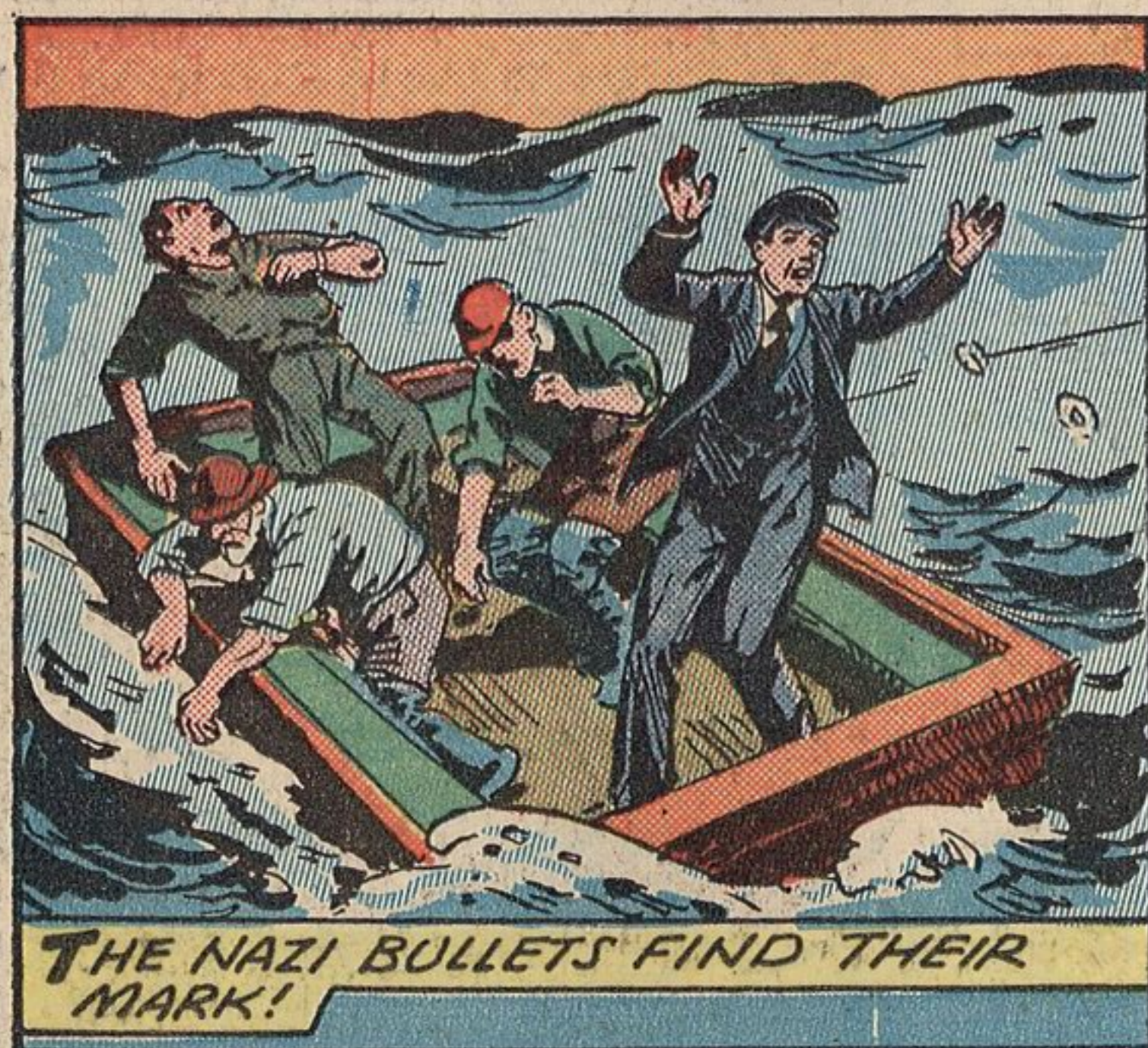
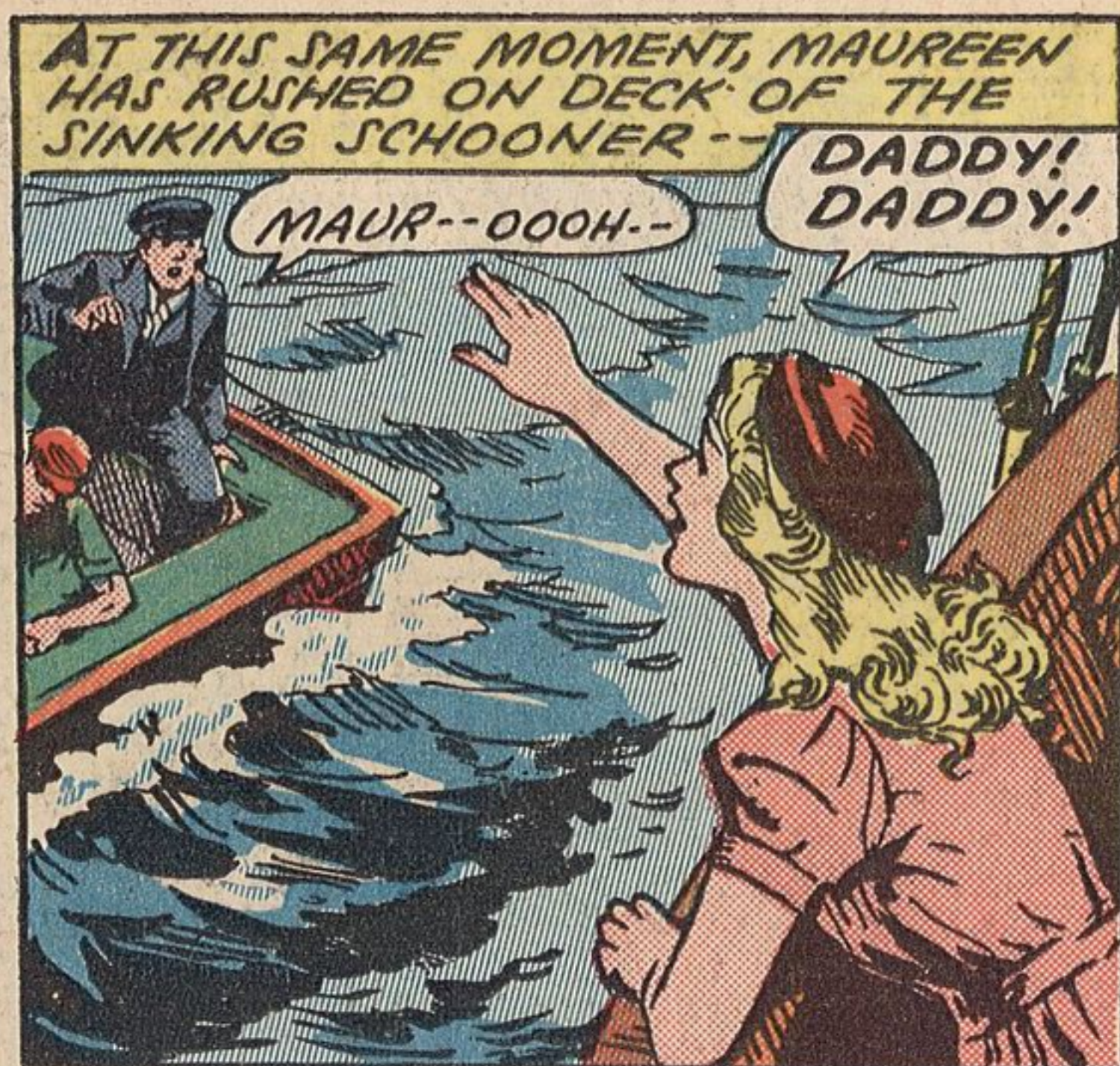
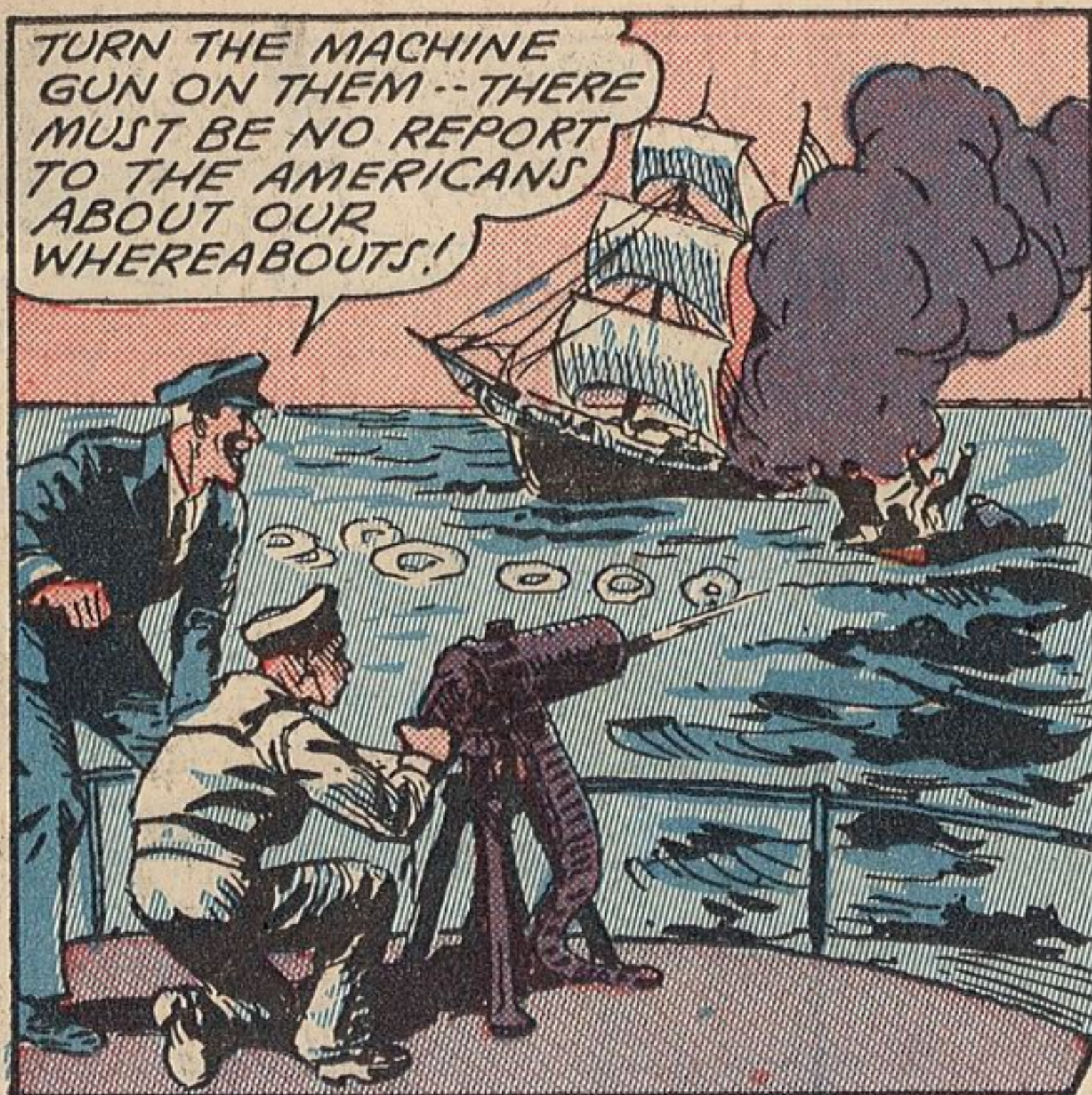
GET TO THE RADIO-- WARN THE COAST GUARD!

BUT--

A YANKEE FISHING BOAT! HMM, MANY OF THEM HAVE RADIO EQUIPMENT -- WE CAN TAKE NO CHANCES! LET THEM HAVE A SALVO AT THE WATER LINE!

A SPLIT SECOND LATER, THE U-BOAT'S DECK GUN FINDS ITS MARK!

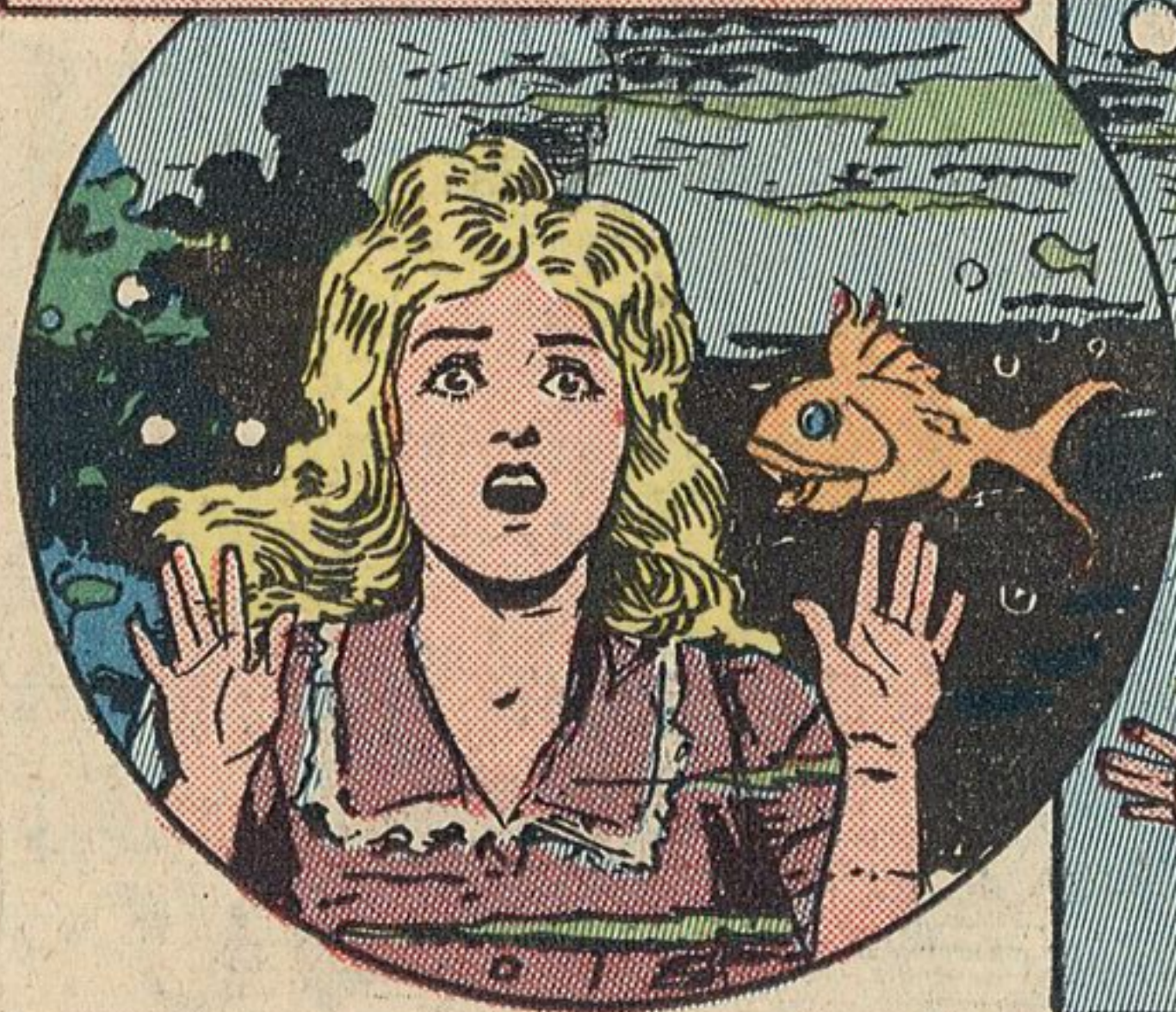
MAN THE LIFEBOATS!



FAR DOWN, IN THE DEPTHS OF THE SEA, AN AMAZING THING HAPPENS... MAUREEN BREATHES - HER EYES OPEN!

W-WHERE AM I? IS THIS HEAVEN?

NO, MY CHILD. THIS IS THE UNDERSEA KINGDOM!



BUT--I DON'T UNDERSTAND!

I WILL EXPLAIN--I AM FATHER NEPTUNE! I HAVE GIVEN YOU THE POWER TO BREATHE AND LIVE IN THE WATER!

YOU SEE, THE QUEEN OF ATLANTIS IS DYING AND, AS KING OF THE ENTIRE WATER KINGDOM, I MUST CHOOSE HER SUCCESSOR!

COME NOW, WE WILL RIDE DEETS--MY FAVORITE MOUNT--TO ATLANTIS!



MY GOODNESS BUT HE'S BIG!

AND SWIFT! DEETS IS ONLY 200 YEARS OLD!

WHAT IS WRONG WITH THE QUEEN OF ATLANTIS?

UH--WELL, I'D BEST TELL YOU! SHE HAS BEEN POISONED!

BY THE MIRO MEN! IT IS IMPORTANT THAT I GET YOU INTO THE SAFETY OF ATLANTIS BEFORE THEY DISCOVER YOU ARE HERE!



NOT FAR AWAY, LYING IN AMBUSH, IS A MIROMAN RAIDING PARTY...

NEPTUNE HAS FOUND A NEW QUEEN!

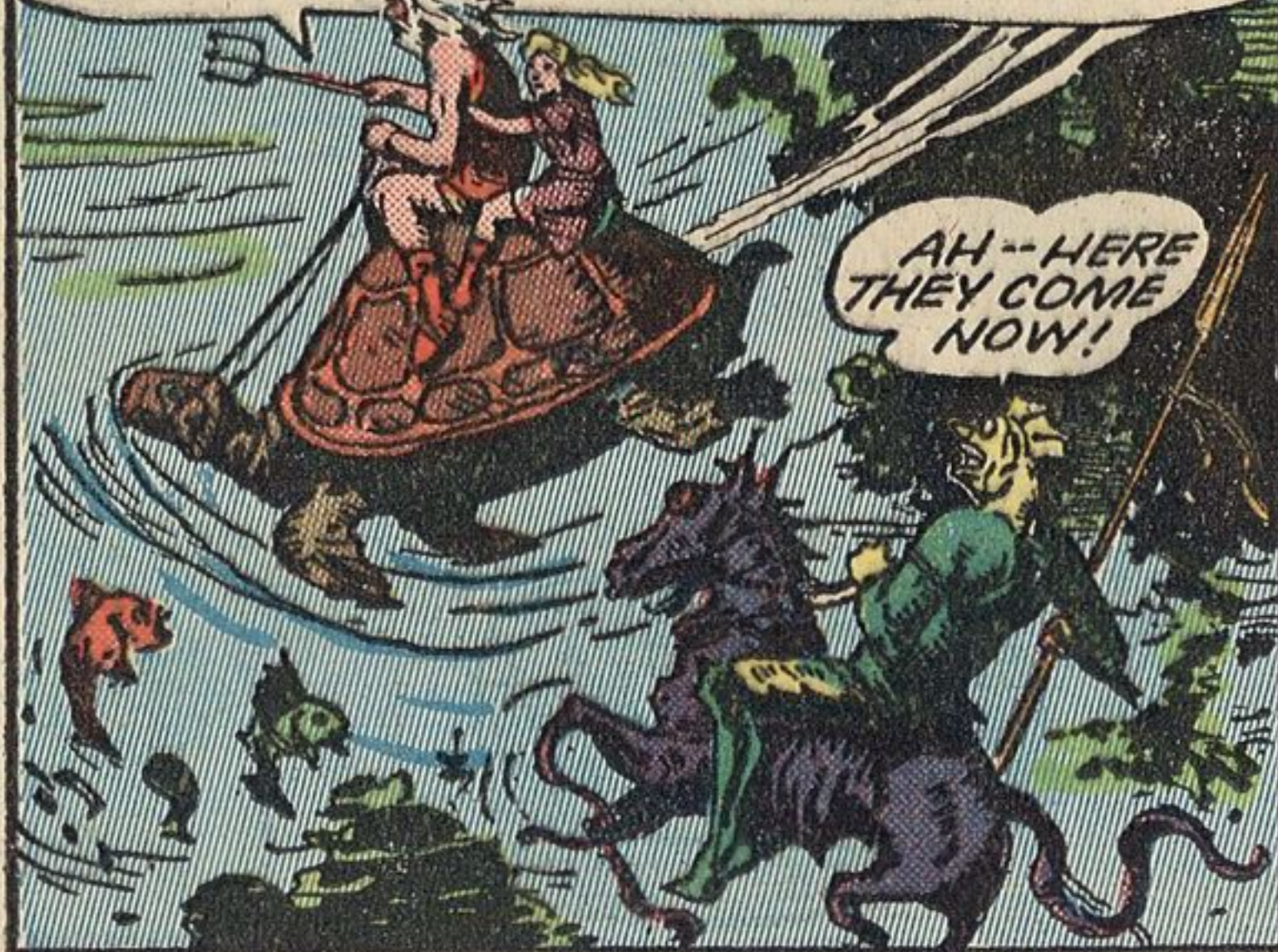
KEEP WELL HIDDEN! WE SHALL SEE SHE IS NEVER CROWNED!



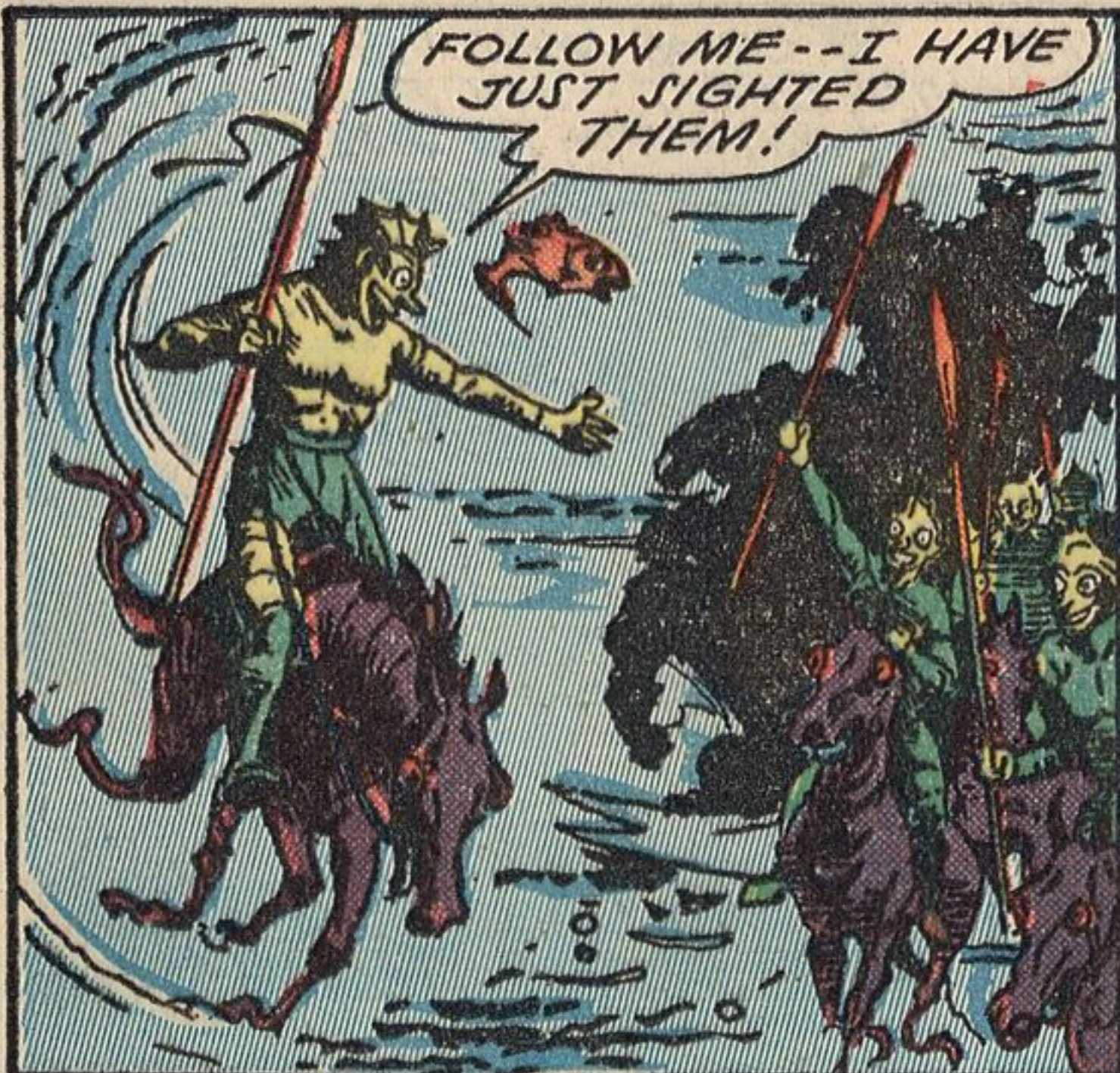
AT THAT SAME MOMENT...

IF THE MIROMEN CAN CAPTURE ME, THEY CAN FORCE THE SURRENDER OF ATLANTIS -- THOUGH THEY CAN NEVER HARM ME PERSONALLY!

AH -- HERE THEY COME NOW!



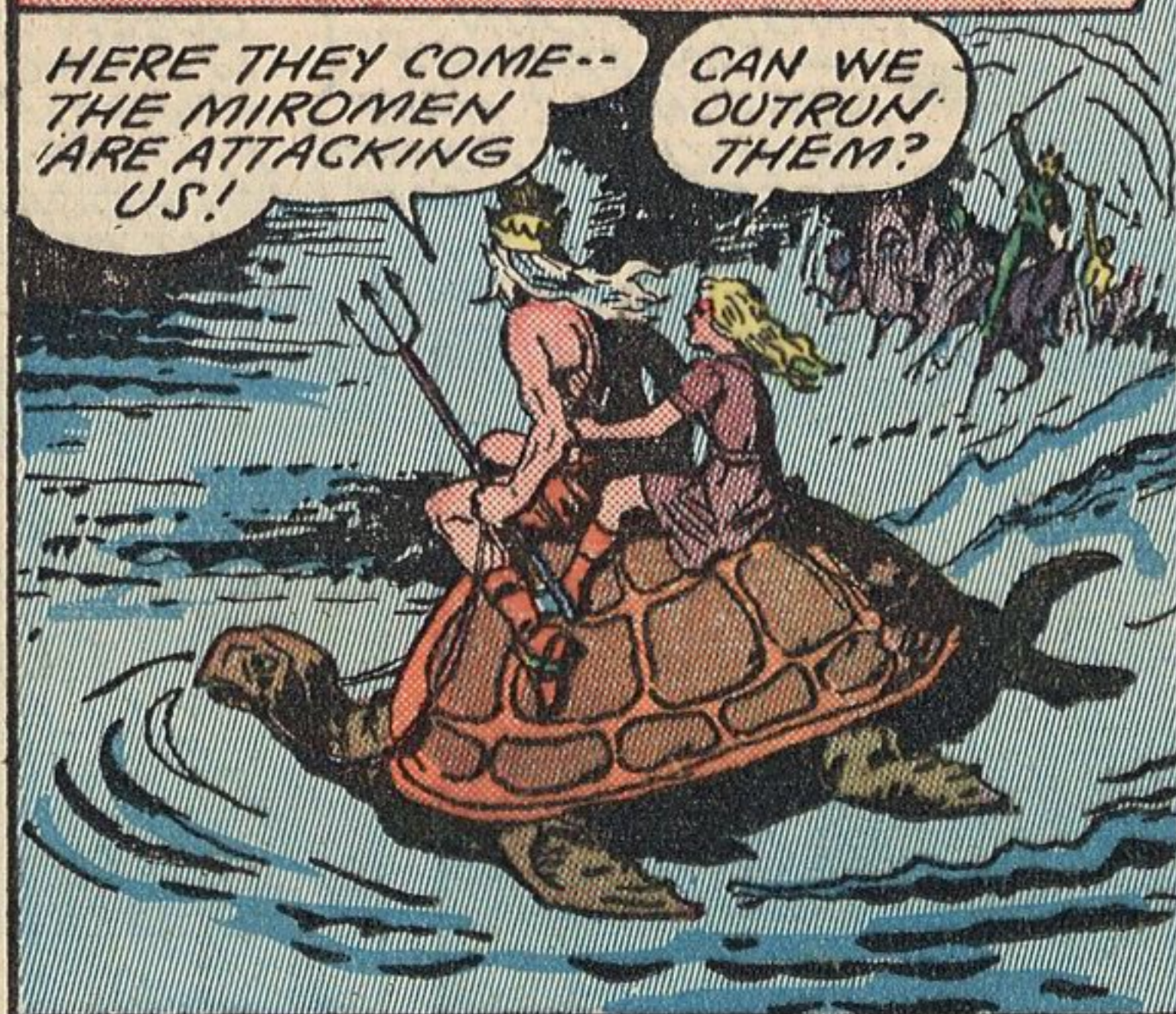
FOLLOW ME -- I HAVE JUST SIGHTED THEM!



AS THE RAIDERS GALLOP FORWARD...

HERE THEY COME -- THE MIROMEN ARE ATTACKING US!

CAN WE OUTRUN THEM?

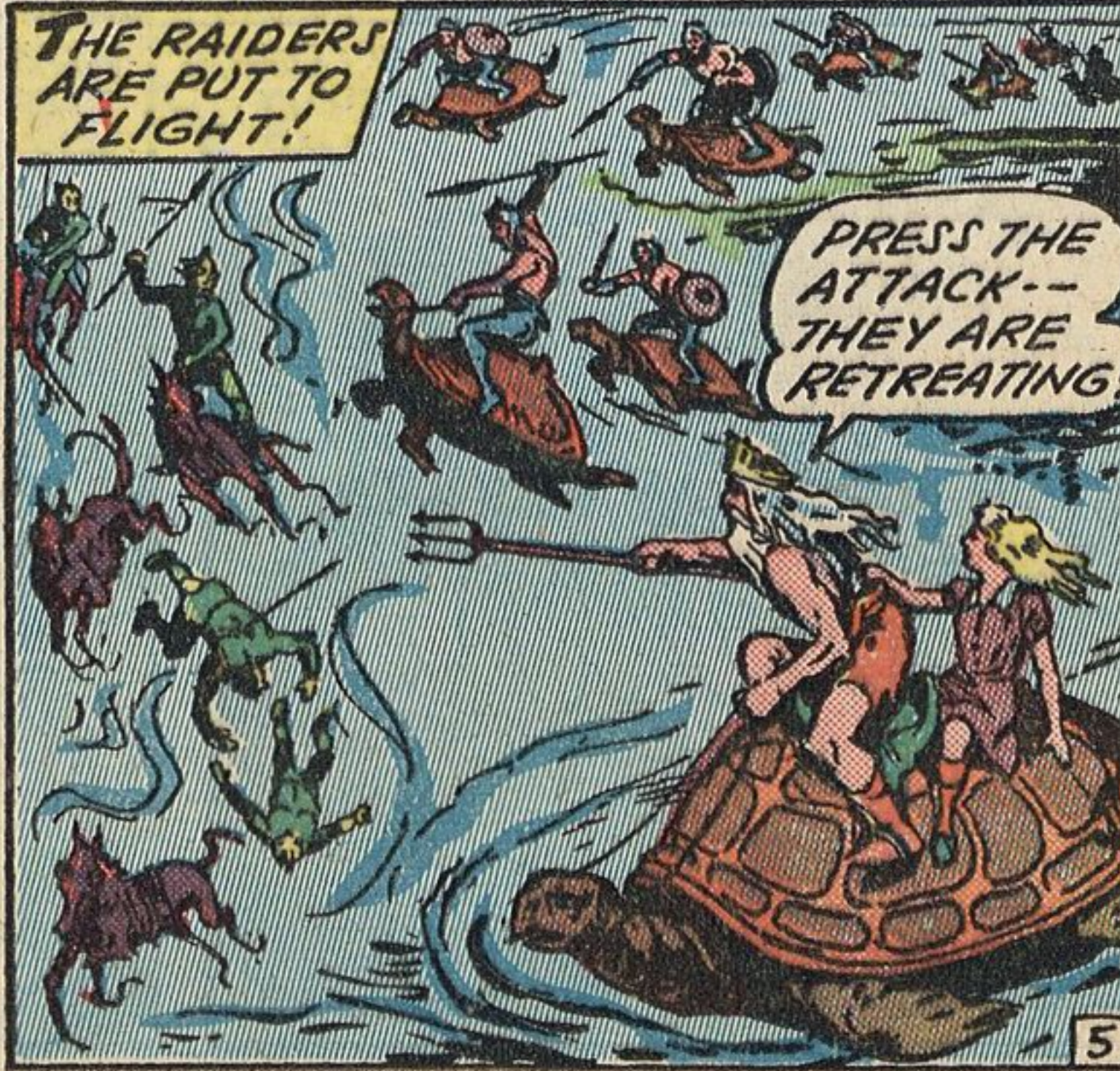


BUT, FROM OUT OF THE SWIRLING WATERS, NEPTUNE'S UNDERSEA GUARD SUDDENLY APPEARS!



THE RAIDERS ARE PUT TO FLIGHT!

PRESS THE ATTACK -- THEY ARE RETREATING!



WITH THE MIROMEN THOROUGHLY ROUTED...

ON TO ATLANTIS!



SOON...

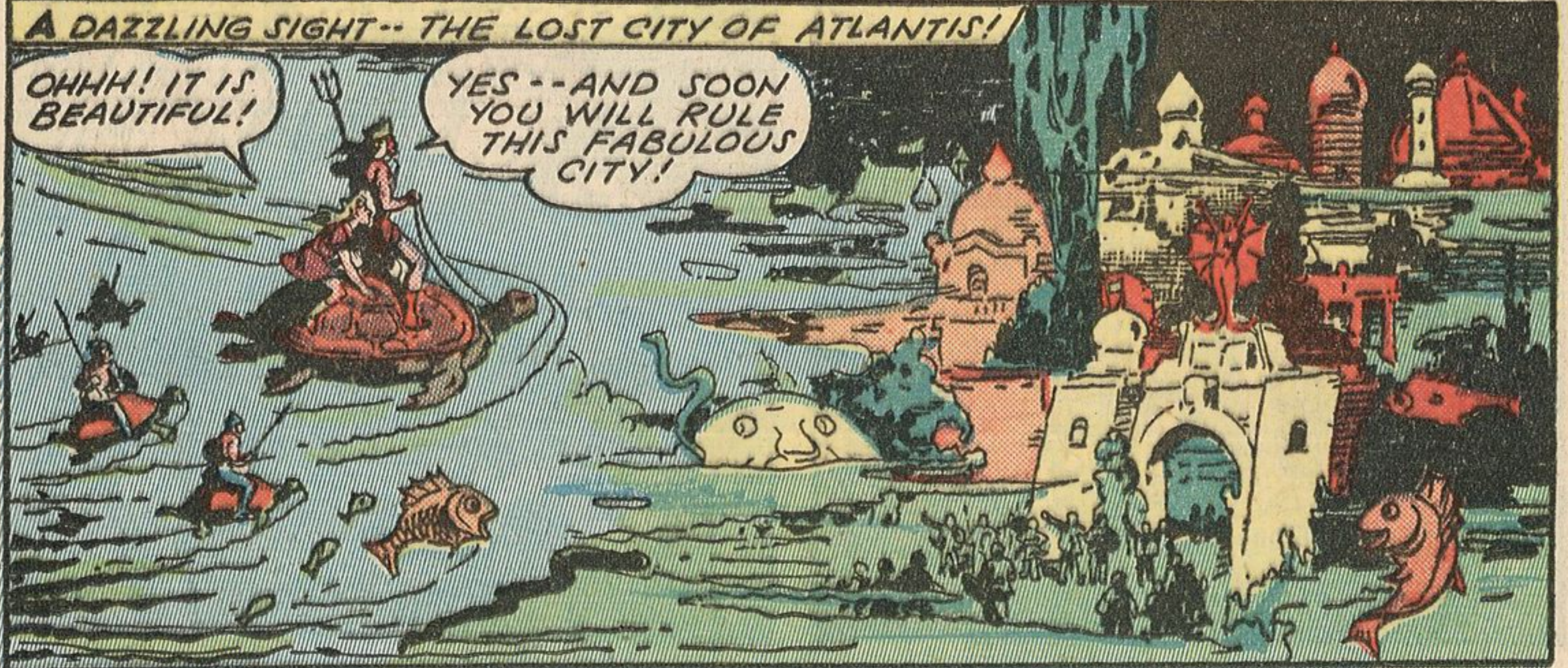
THAT BRILLIANT GLOW
AHEAD, MAUREEN IS
ATLANTIS! IT IS MADE
OF PURE GOLD!



A DAZZLING SIGHT-- THE LOST CITY OF ATLANTIS!

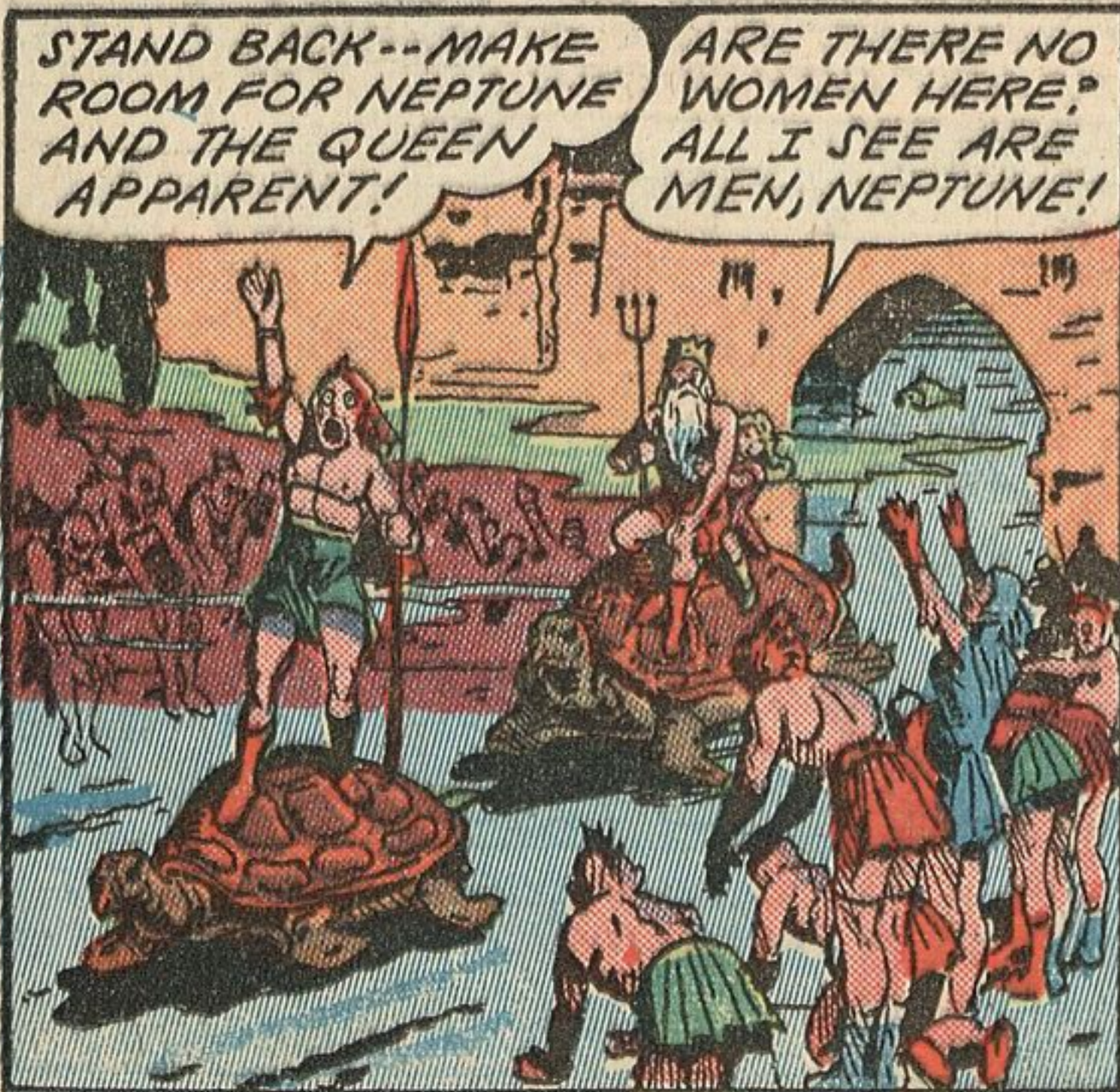
OH! IT IS
BEAUTIFUL!

YES -- AND SOON
YOU WILL RULE
THIS FABULOUS
CITY!

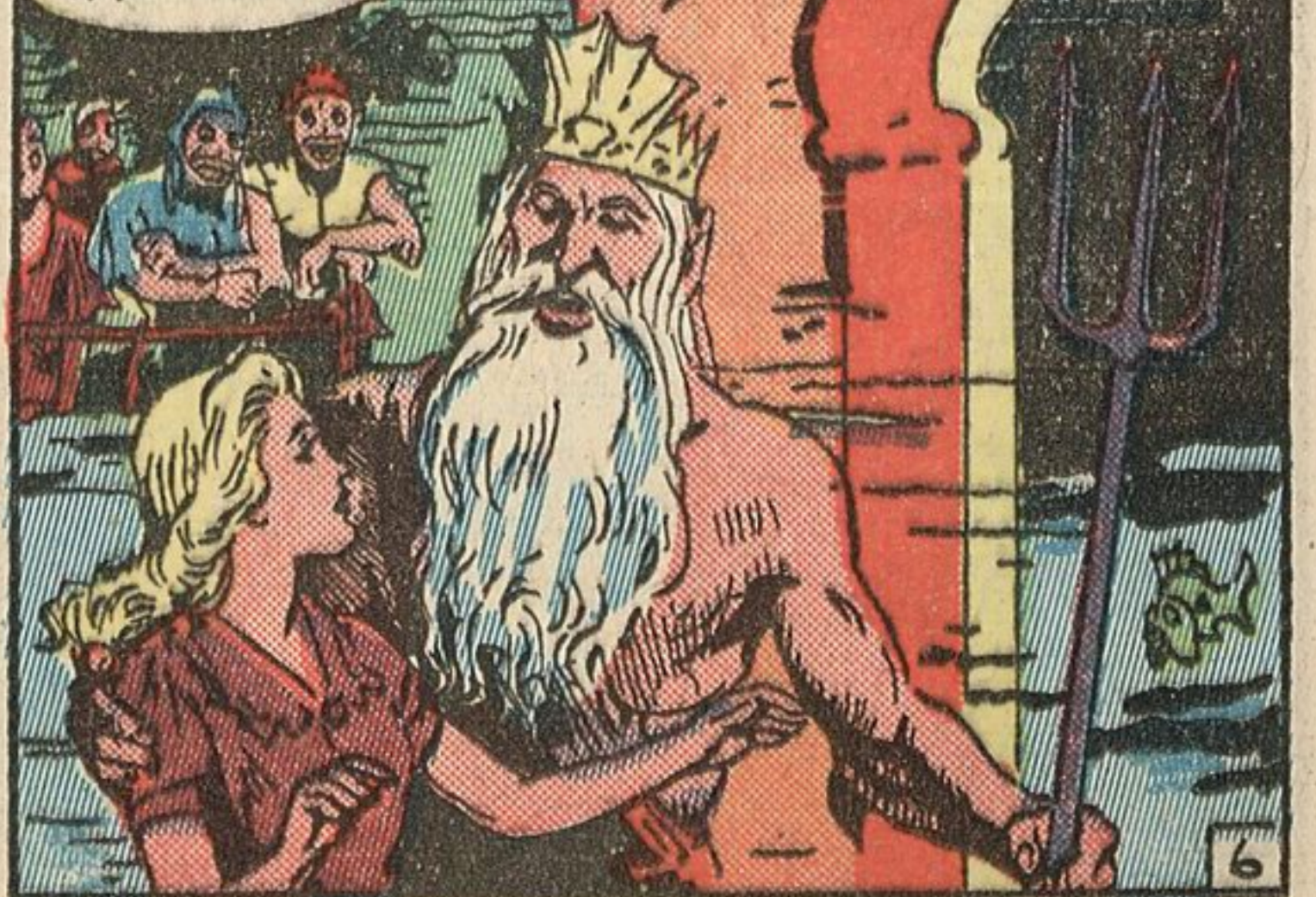


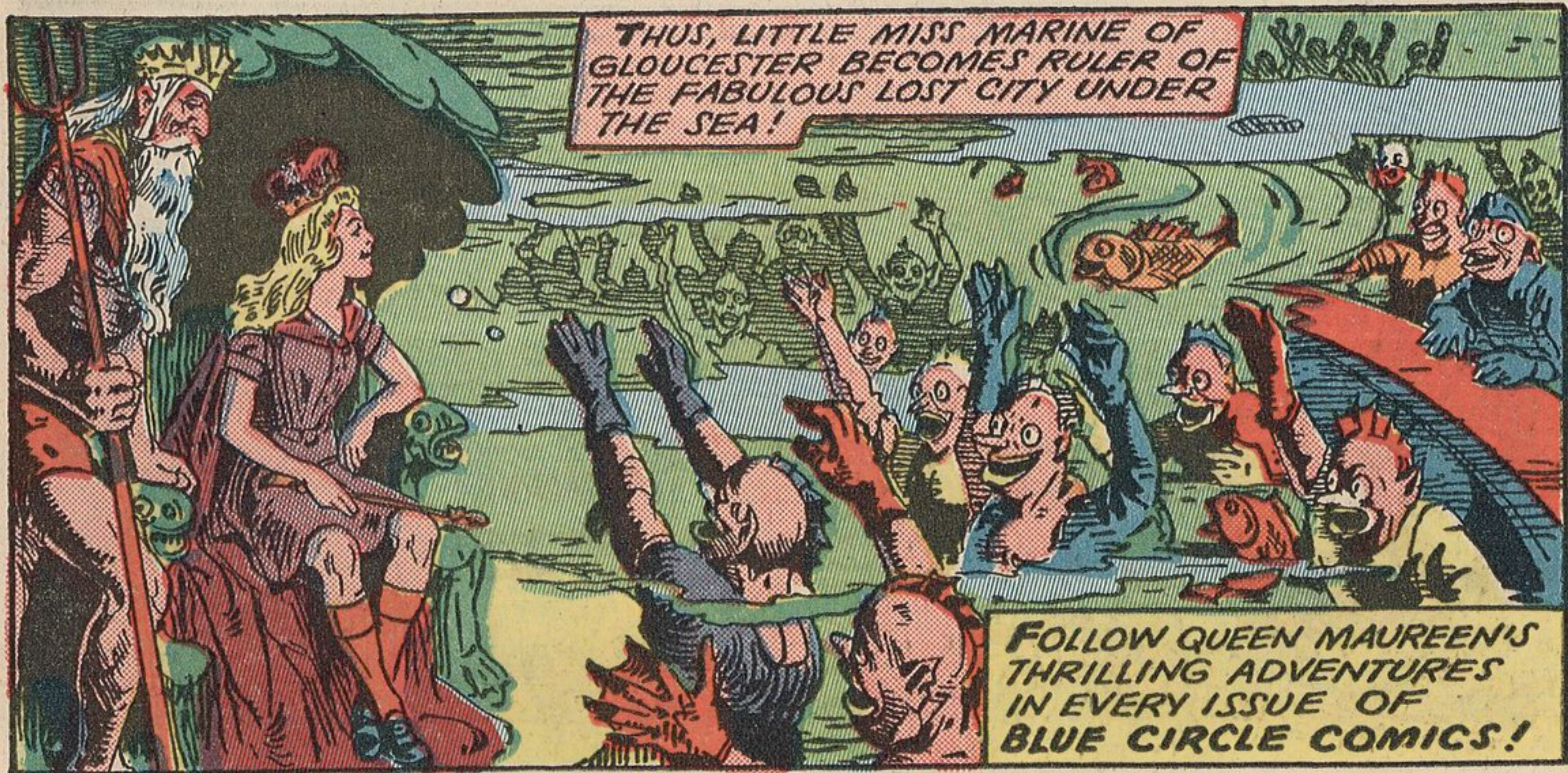
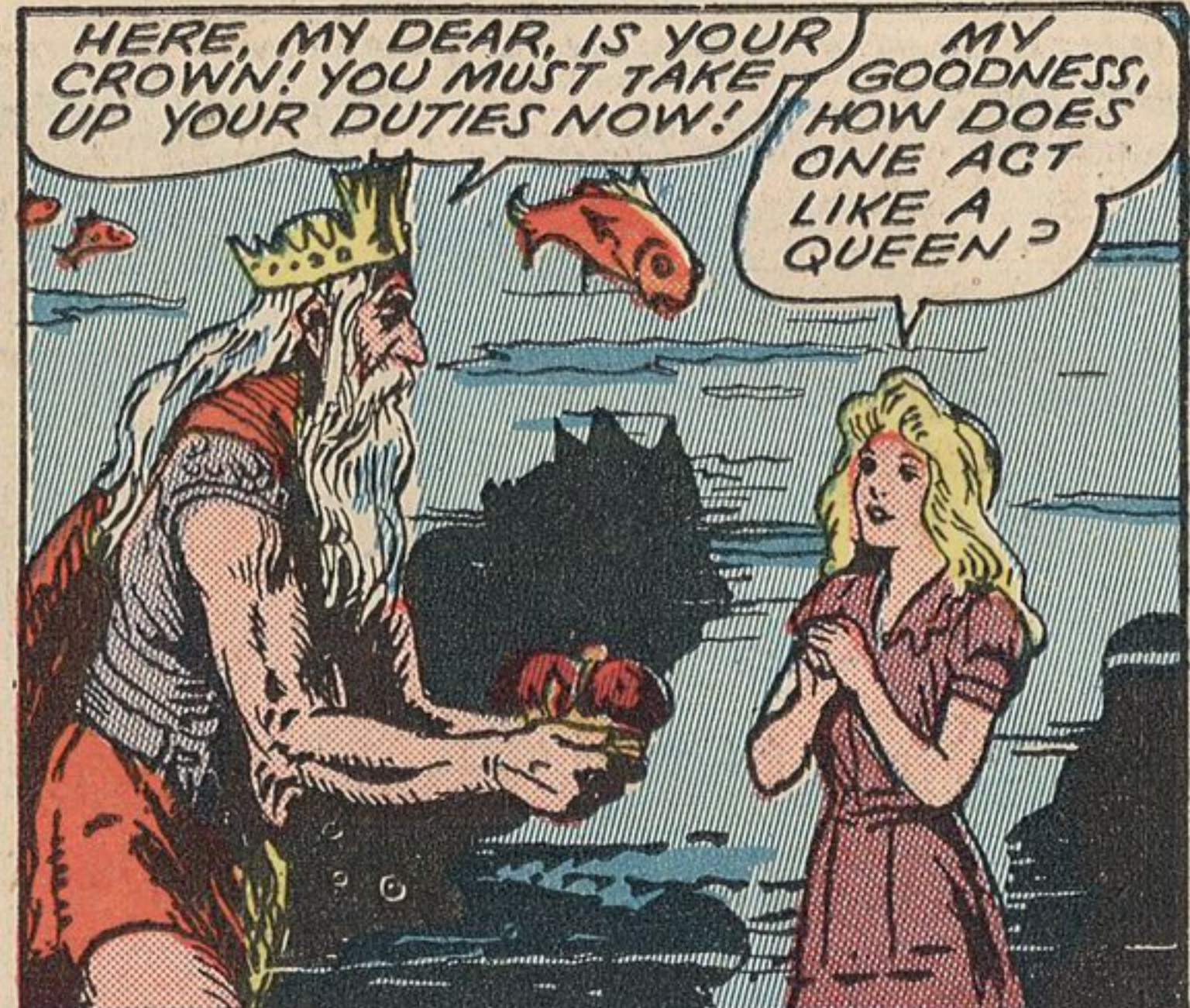
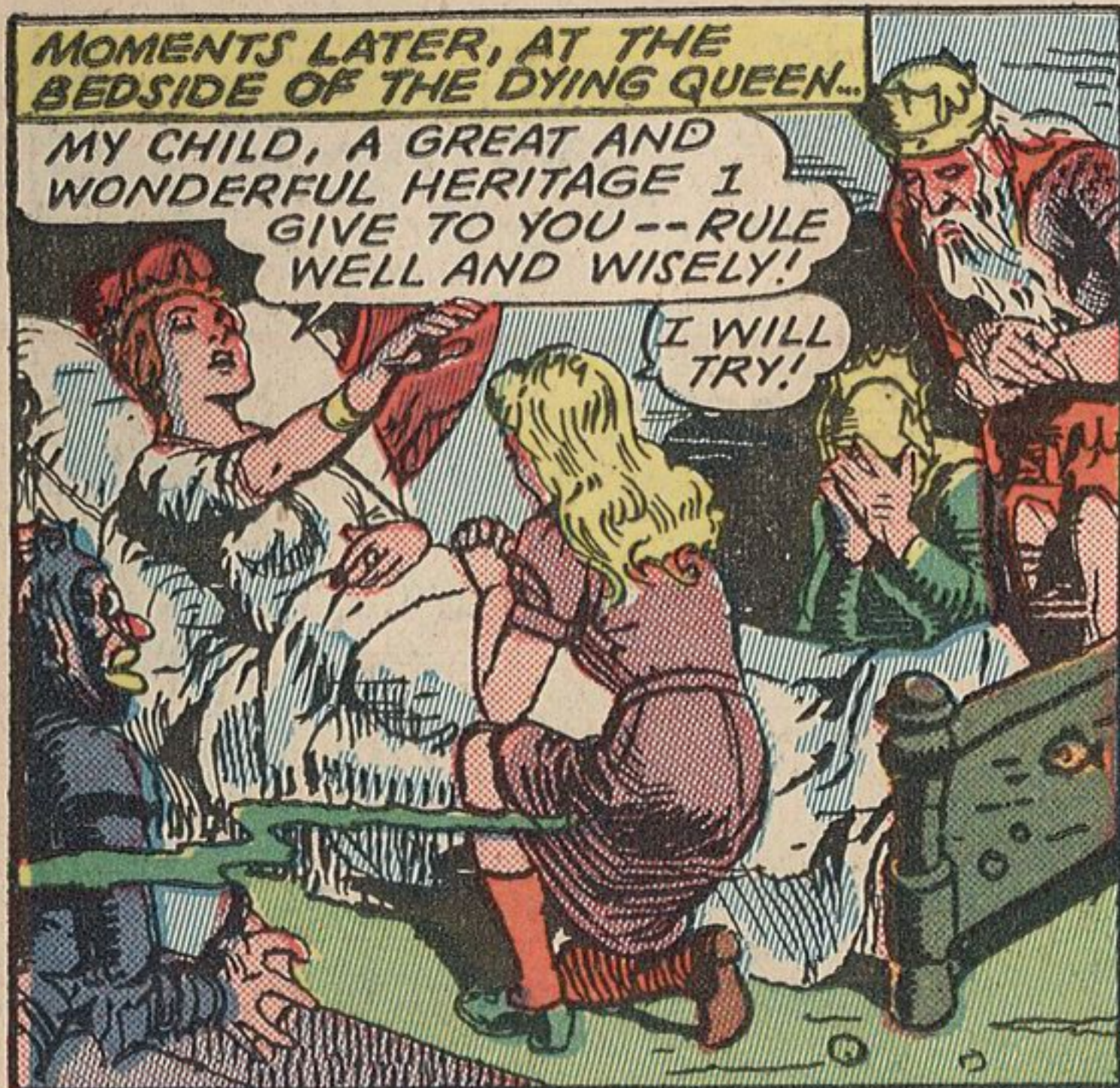
STAND BACK-- MAKE
ROOM FOR NEPTUNE
AND THE QUEEN
APPARENT!

ARE THERE NO
WOMEN HERE?
ALL I SEE ARE
MEN, NEPTUNE!

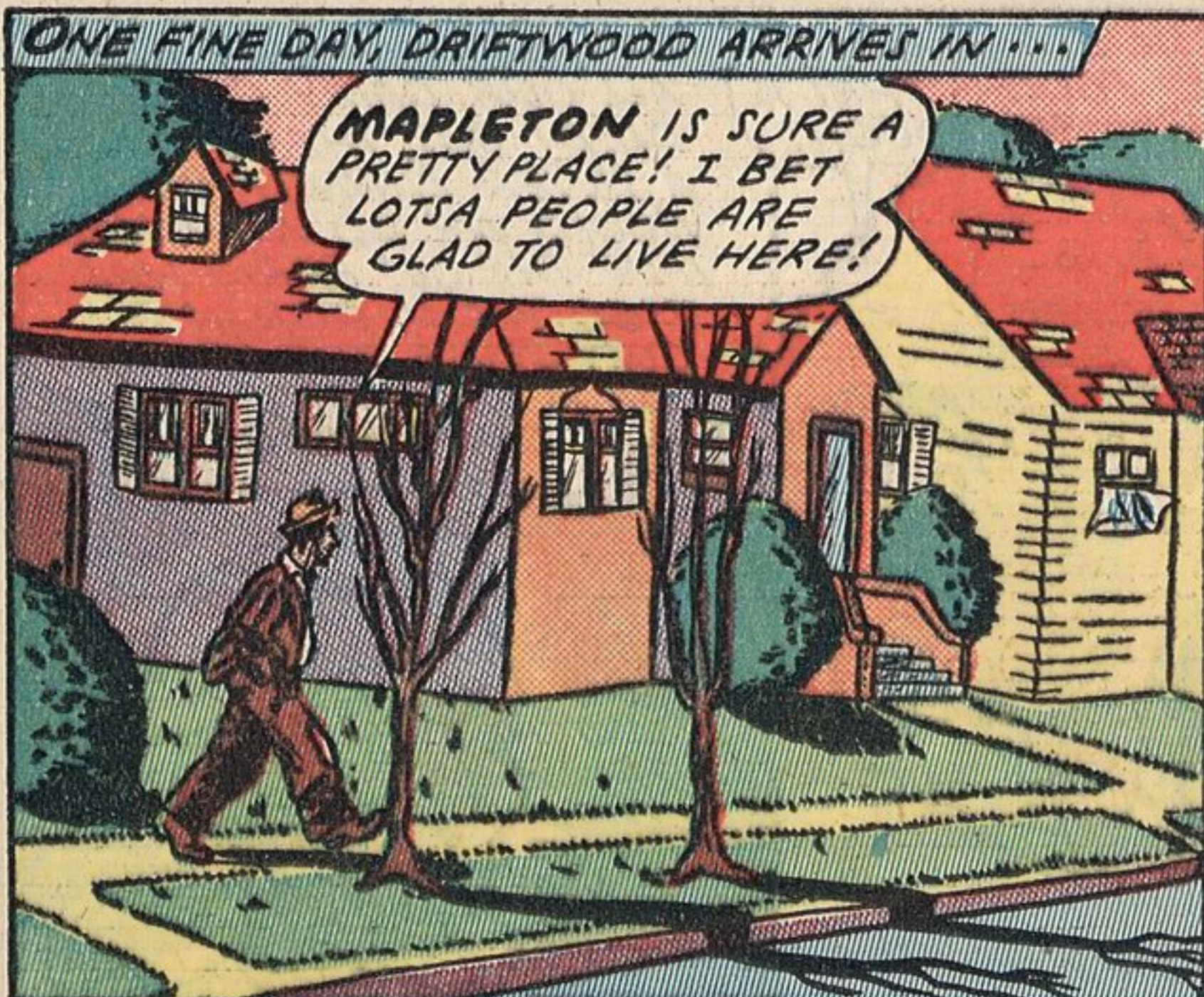
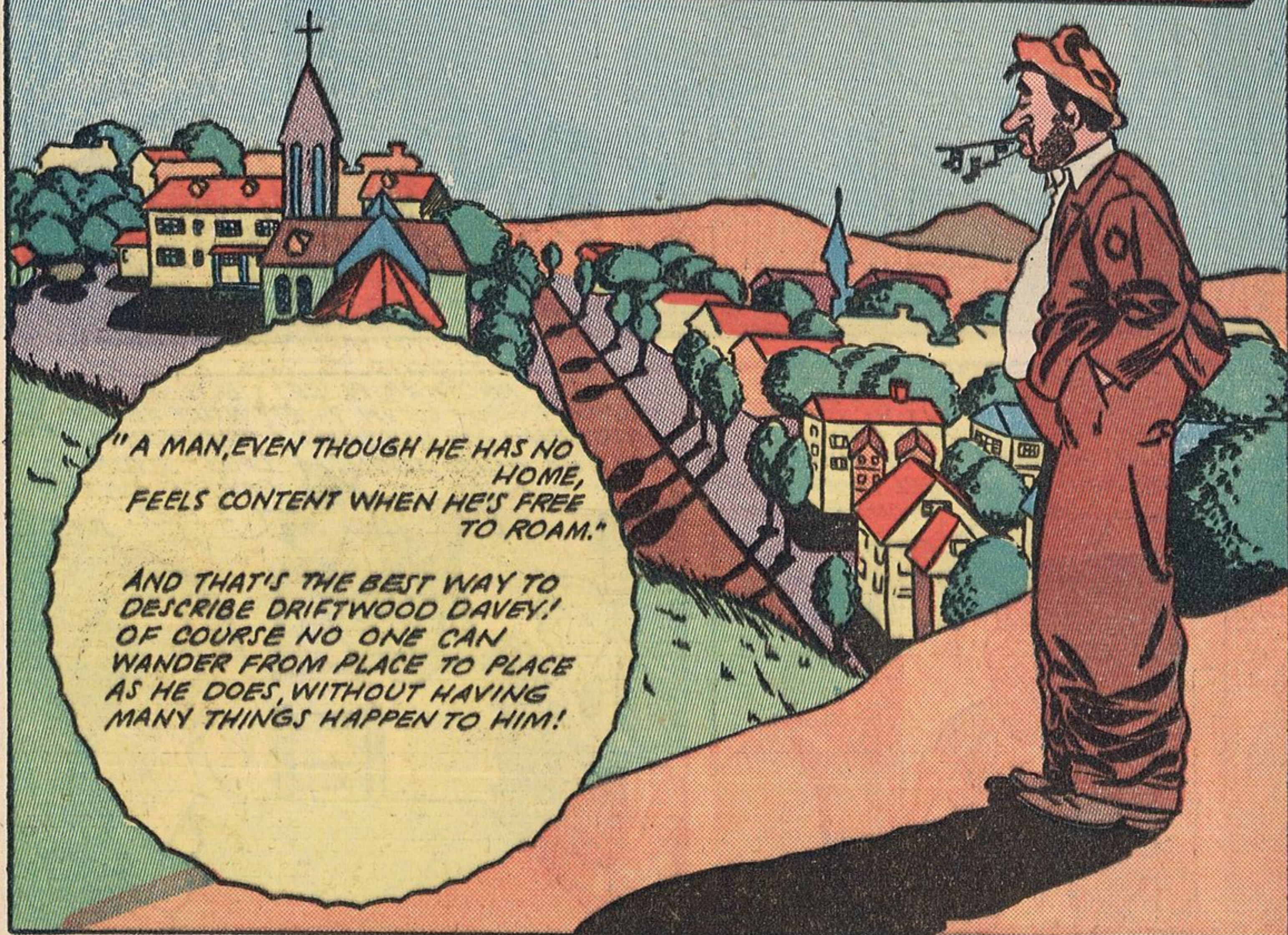


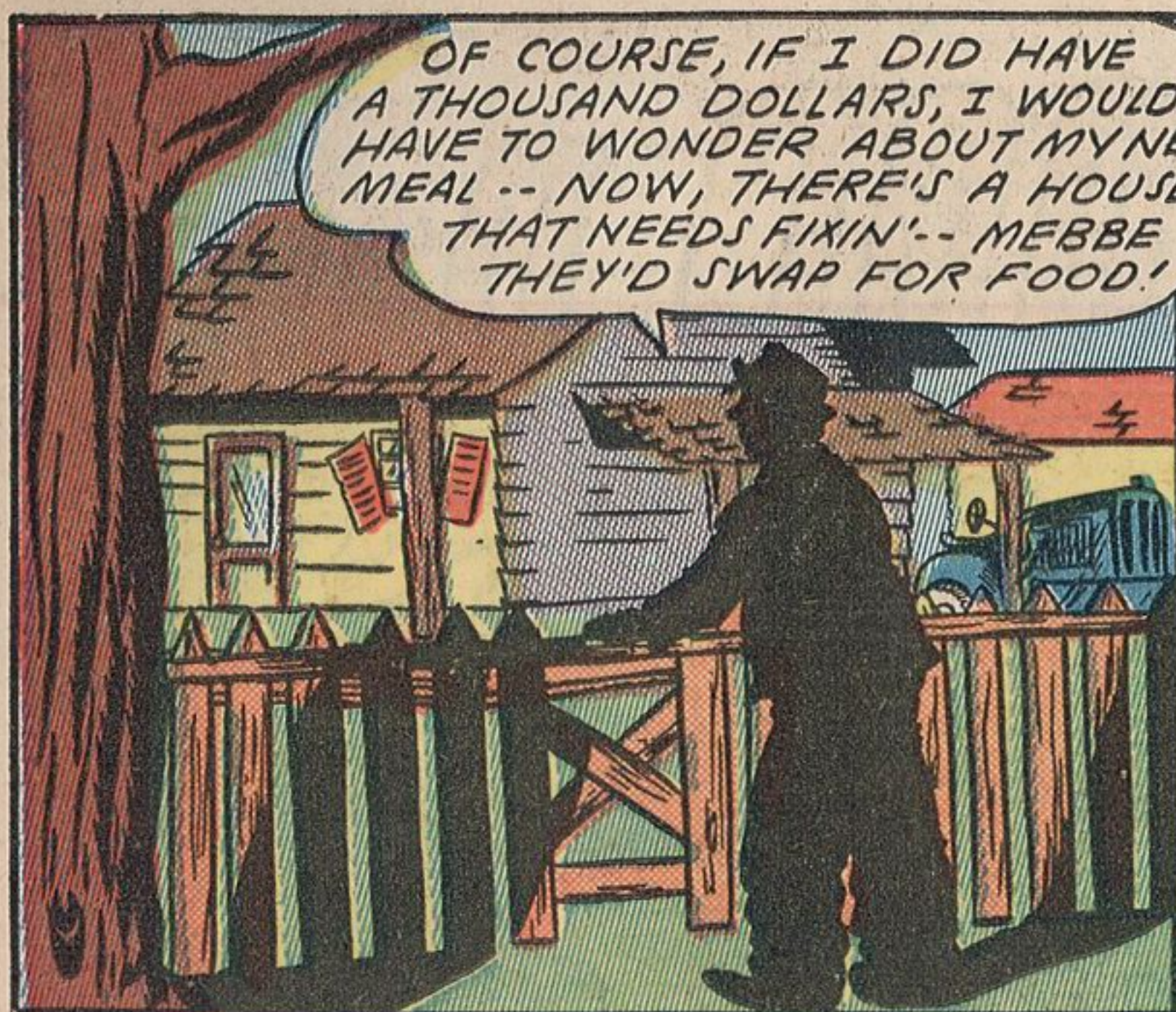
NO, MY DEAR, YOU WILL BE THE ONLY
WOMAN HERE-- AS EACH RULER
BEFORE YOU HAS BEEN! NOW, WE
GO TO RECEIVE THE DYING QUEEN'S
BLESSING BEFORE YOU TAKE THE
THRONE!





DRIFTWOOD Davey





OF COURSE, IF I DID HAVE A THOUSAND DOLLARS, I WOULDN'T HAVE TO WONDER ABOUT MY NEXT MEAL -- NOW, THERE'S A HOUSE THAT NEEDS FIXIN' -- MEBBE THEY'D SWAP FOR FOOD!



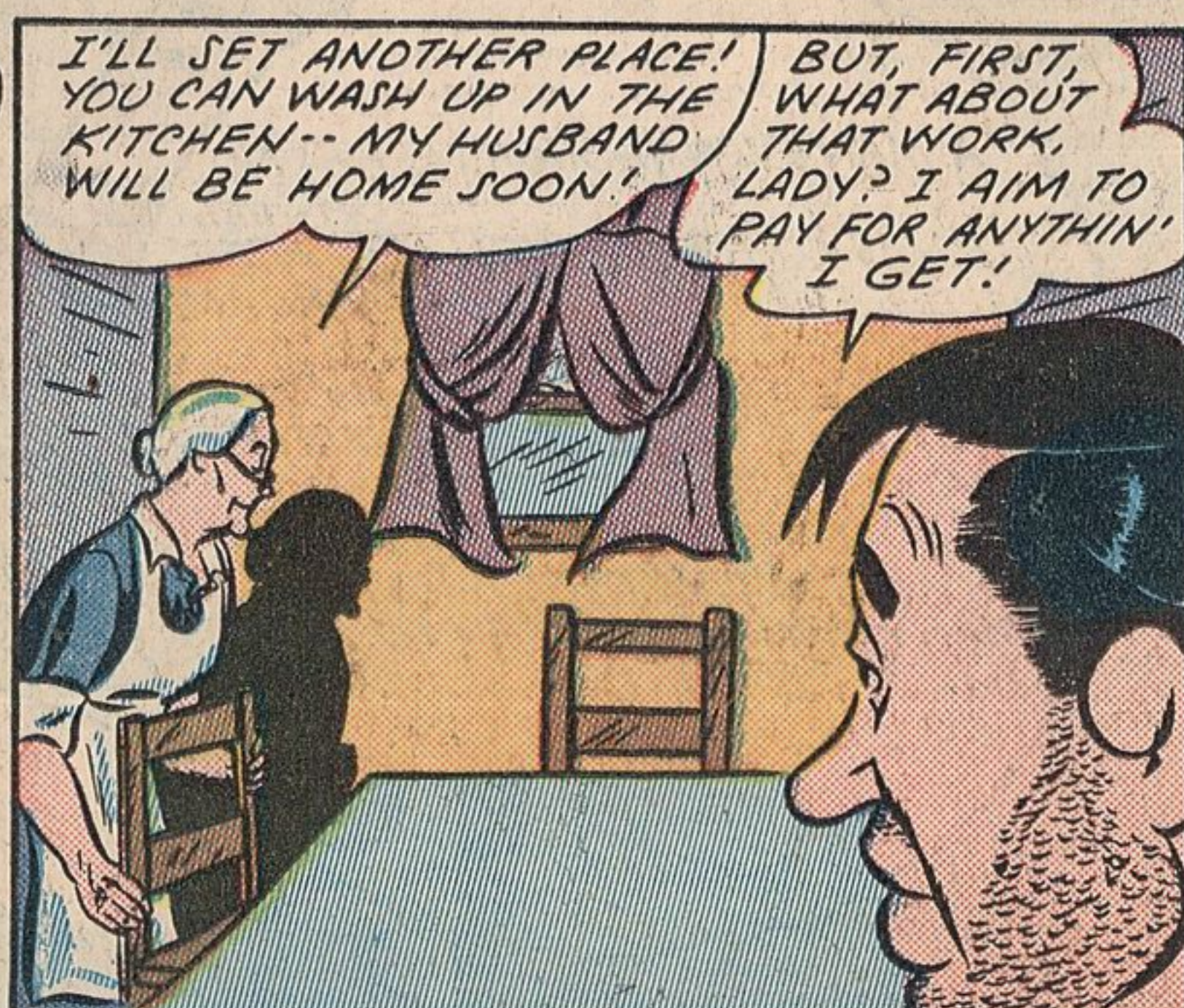
OH!

I AM A PRETTY UGLY GUY, MA'AM, BUT I DON'T HURT ANYONE -- S'POSE YOU COULD TRADE ME A DINNER FOR SOME WORK?



OF COURSE -- THERE'S ALWAYS ENOUGH 'FOOD FOR ONE MORE! COME IN!

I'VE DONE A LOT OF TRAVELIN' AND PEOPLE MOST ALWAYS FEEL THAT WAY! THANKS, MA'AM!



I'LL SET ANOTHER PLACE! YOU CAN WASH UP IN THE KITCHEN -- MY HUSBAND WILL BE HOME SOON!

BUT, FIRST, WHAT ABOUT THAT WORK, LADY? I AIM TO PAY FOR ANYTHIN' I GET!



SEEMS FUNNY, DON'T IT, PA, TO HAVE THREE OF US AT THE TABLE AGAIN!

NOW I AIN'T GONE AND EATEN SOMEONE'S DINNER, HAVE I? SUCH A GOOD ONE, TOO!

NOPE, DRIFTWOOD! MA IS TALKIN' 'BOUT OUR SON WHO WAS KILLED AT TARAUA!



GOSH, I'M SORRY, FOLKS -- THAT IS TOUGH!

NOW DON'T YOU FEEL BAD -- WE WORRY ENOUGH OURSELVES!



WHY, GORSH -- LAST WEEK ALL OUR DAIRY COWS DIED! BUT, THAR'S ALLUS A SILVER LINING! WHAT WOULD WE DO WITH COWS IF N THE OL' FARM HAS T'GO? OH, GORSH -- JUST SCUSE THE PRATTLIN' OF A OLD MAN, DRIFTWOOD!

HUH--SOUNDS LIKE THE SAME OL' MORTGAGE TROUBLE! BUT, THEIR SON SHOULD HAVE HAD A GOOD INSURANCE... HERE I GO STICKIN' MY NECK OUT AGAIN BUT...



SAY-- THE WAR MUST'VE LEFT YOU FOLKS SHORT OF HELP... S'POSE I COULD HANG AROUND FOR A WEEK AN' HELP? WON'T COST YOU NOTHIN' 'CEPT MY FEED!

IF YOU MEAN THAT, SON-- WE'LL BE GLAD TO HAVE YA!



SUDDENLY--

I'LL ANSWER IT, MAW!

OH-- THAT MUST BE MR. SCOTT!

KNOCK!
KNOCK!



HOWDY, MR. SCOTT. THIS IS MR. DAVEY--OUR NEW HIRED HAND!

HELLO!

GLAD TO MEETCHA! NICE TO KNOW OLD MA AND PA SPAR HAVE SOMEONE HERE!



CIGARETTE, MR. SCOTT?

OH, I DON'T SMOKE-- THANKS ANYHOW!



NOW, I HAVE SOME BAD NEWS, I'M AFRAID! I'LL HAVE TO FORECLOSE IF I DON'T GET THE MONEY BY FRIDAY!

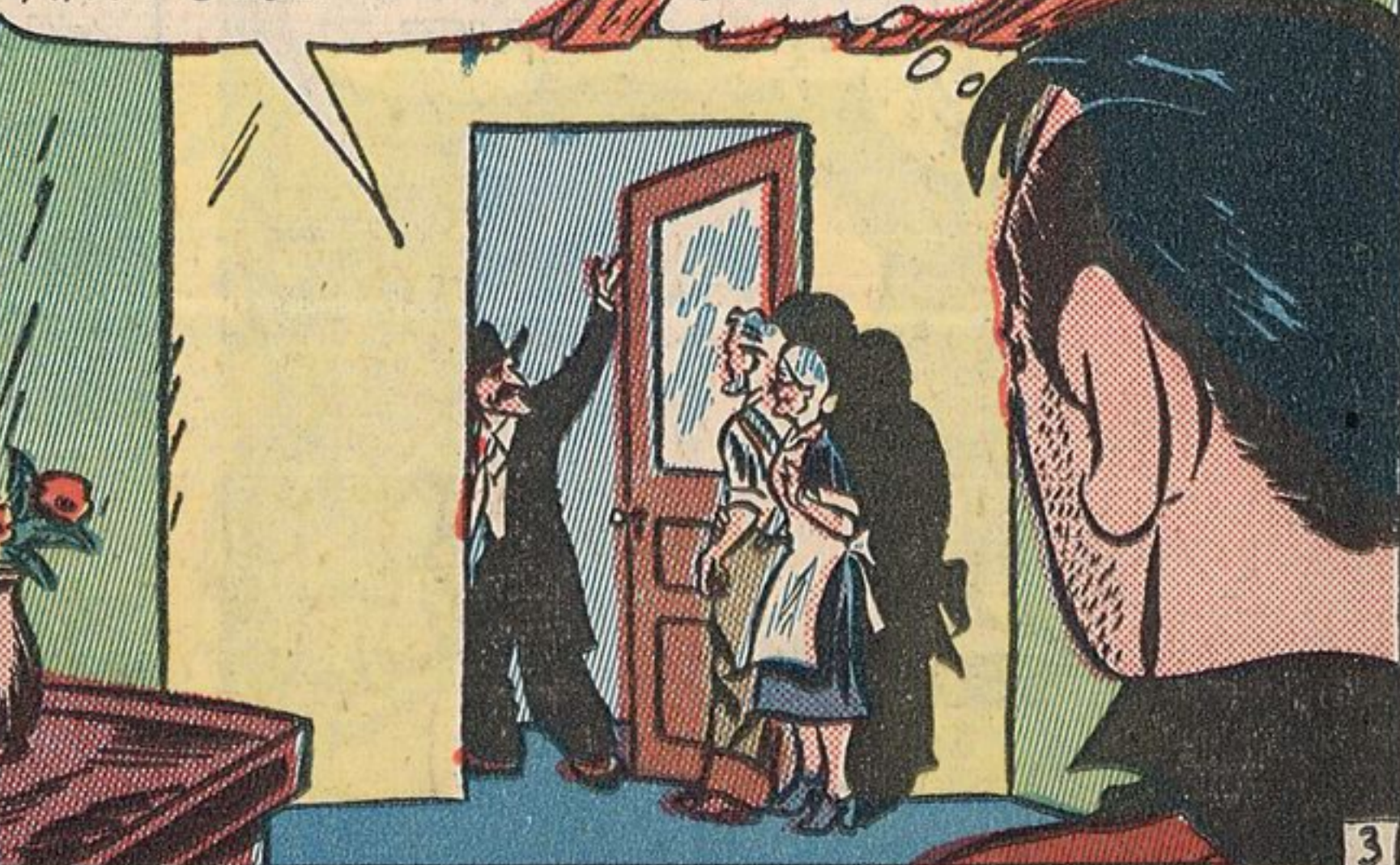
NOW DON'T

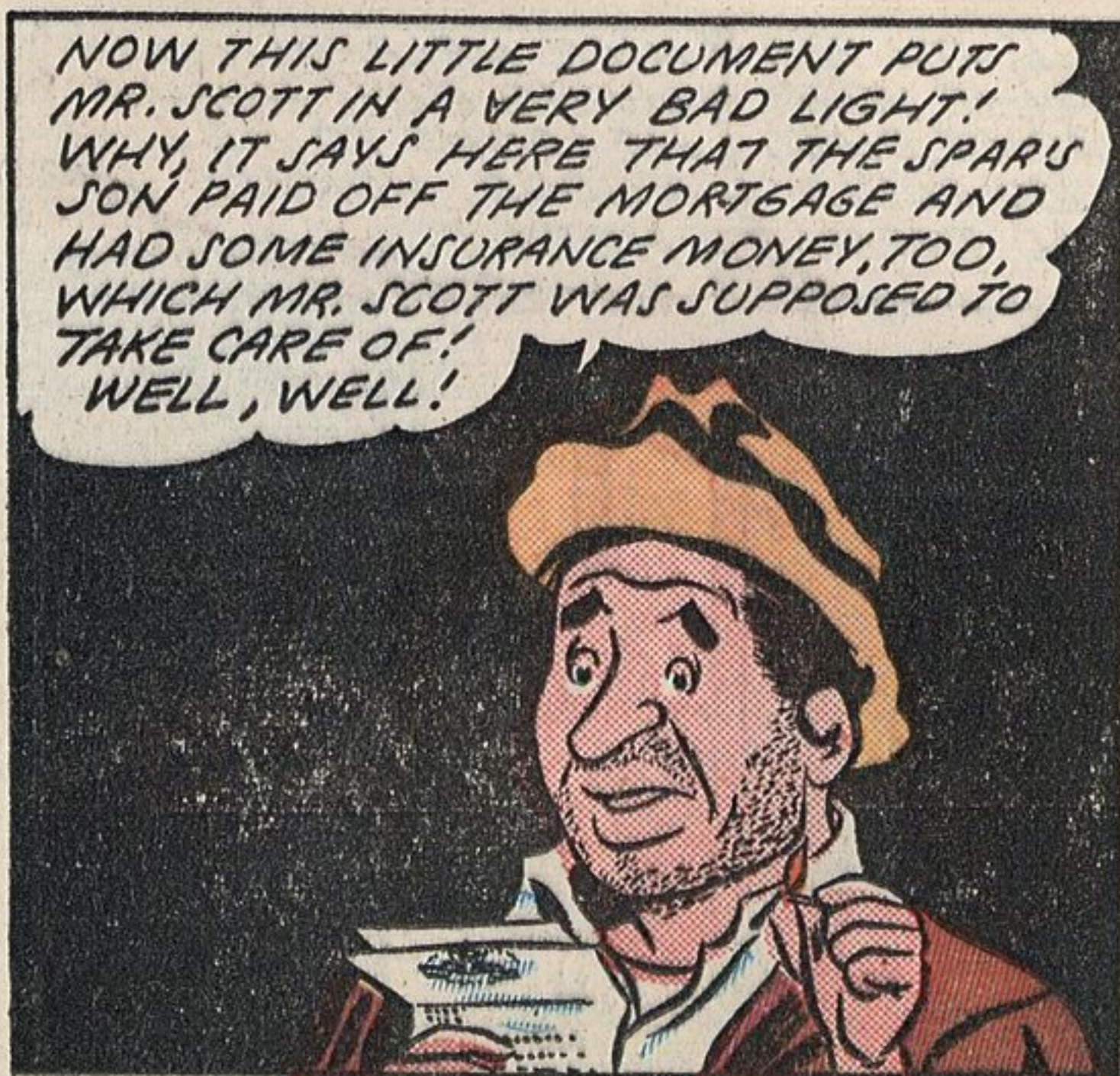
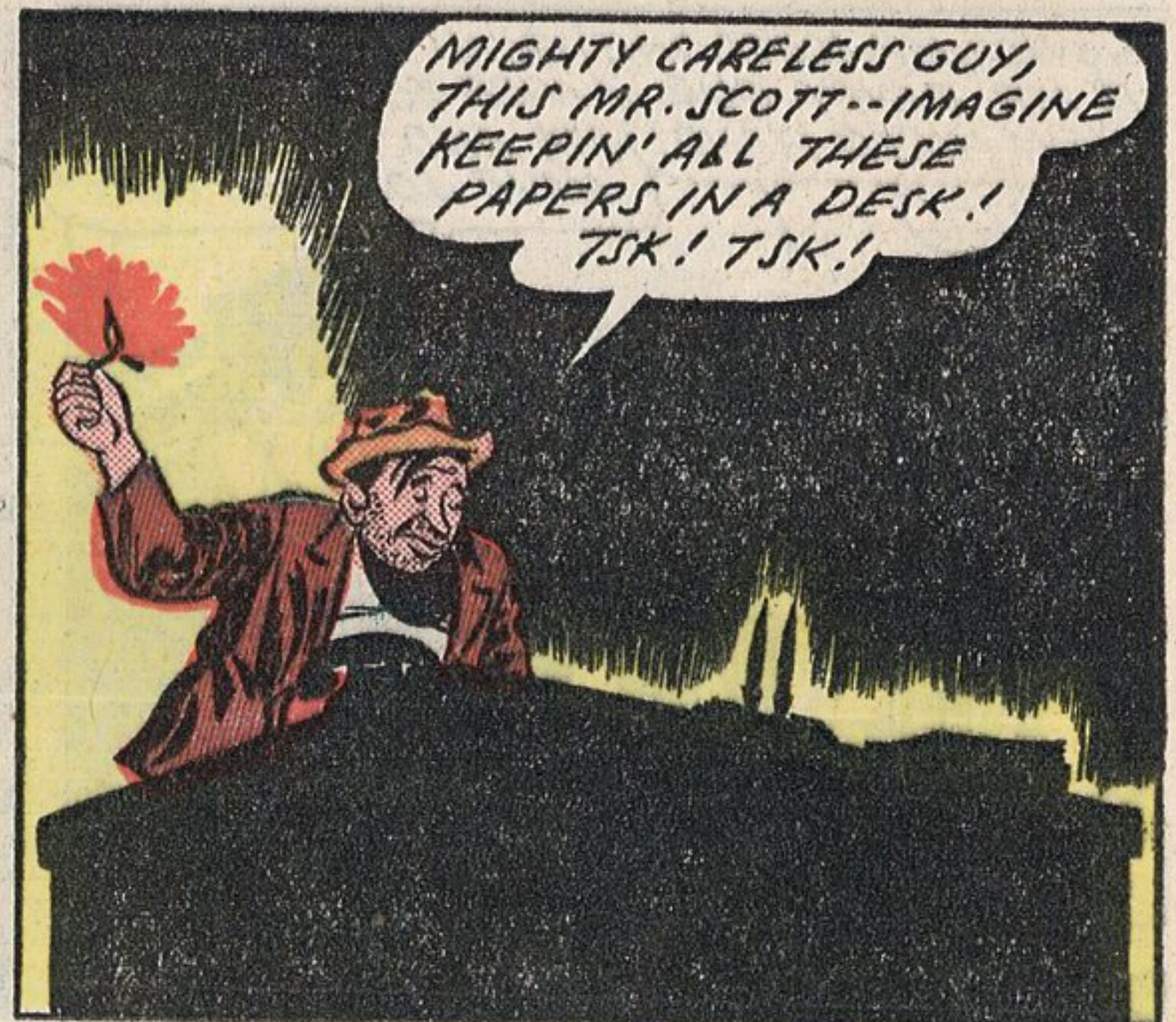
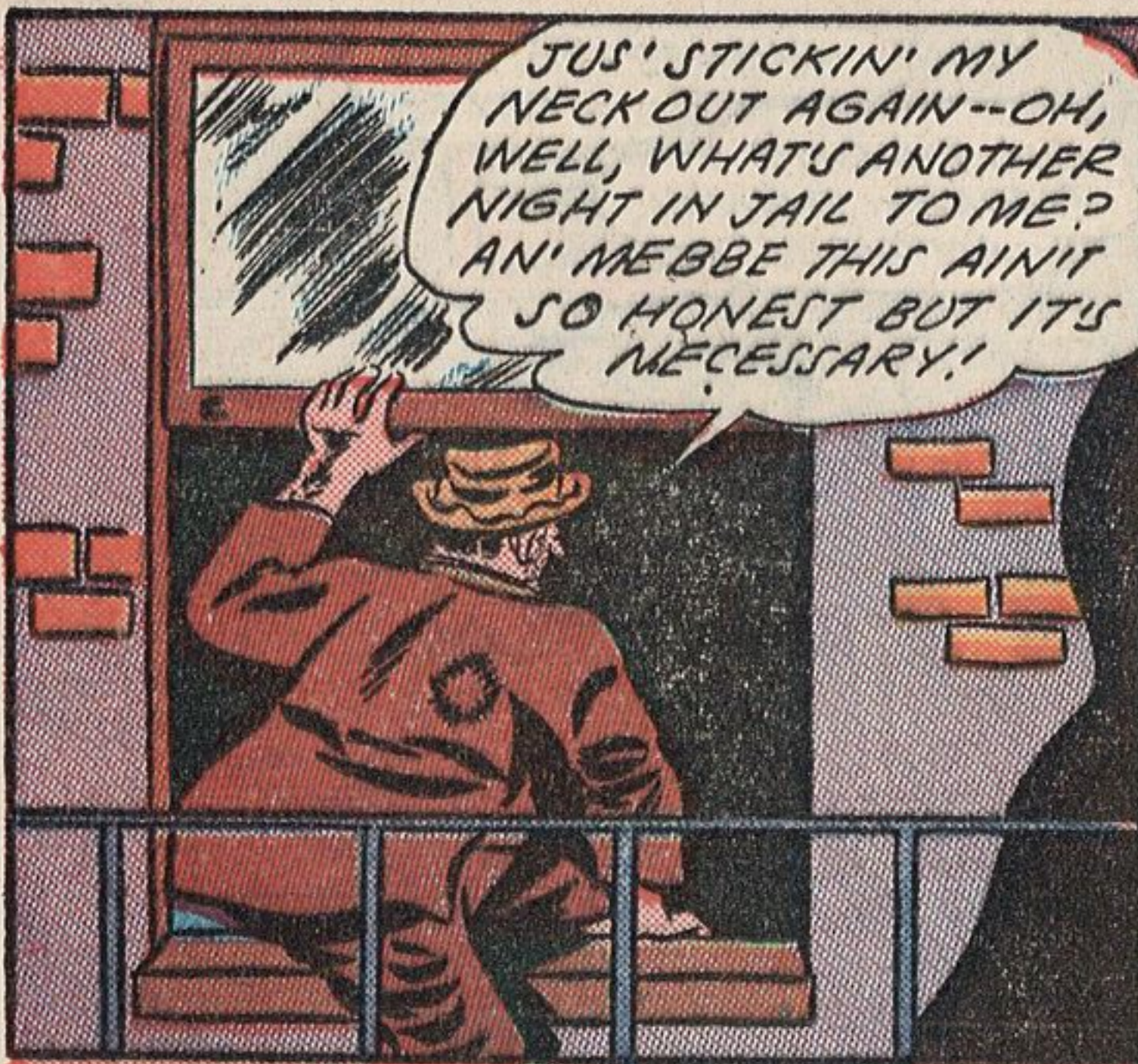
YOU FEEL BAD, MR. SCOTT--YOU'VE DONE EVERYTHING YOU COULD FOR US!

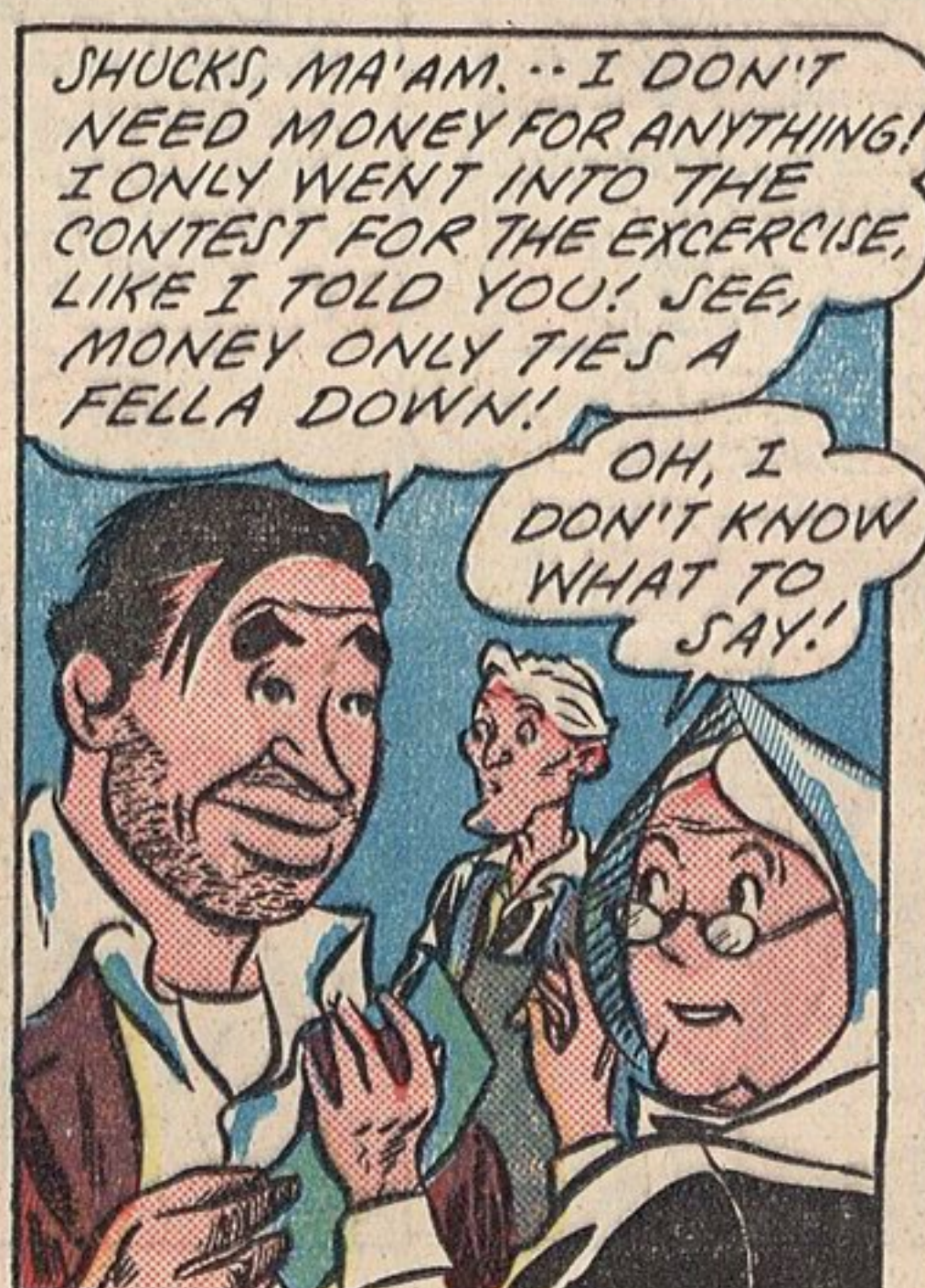
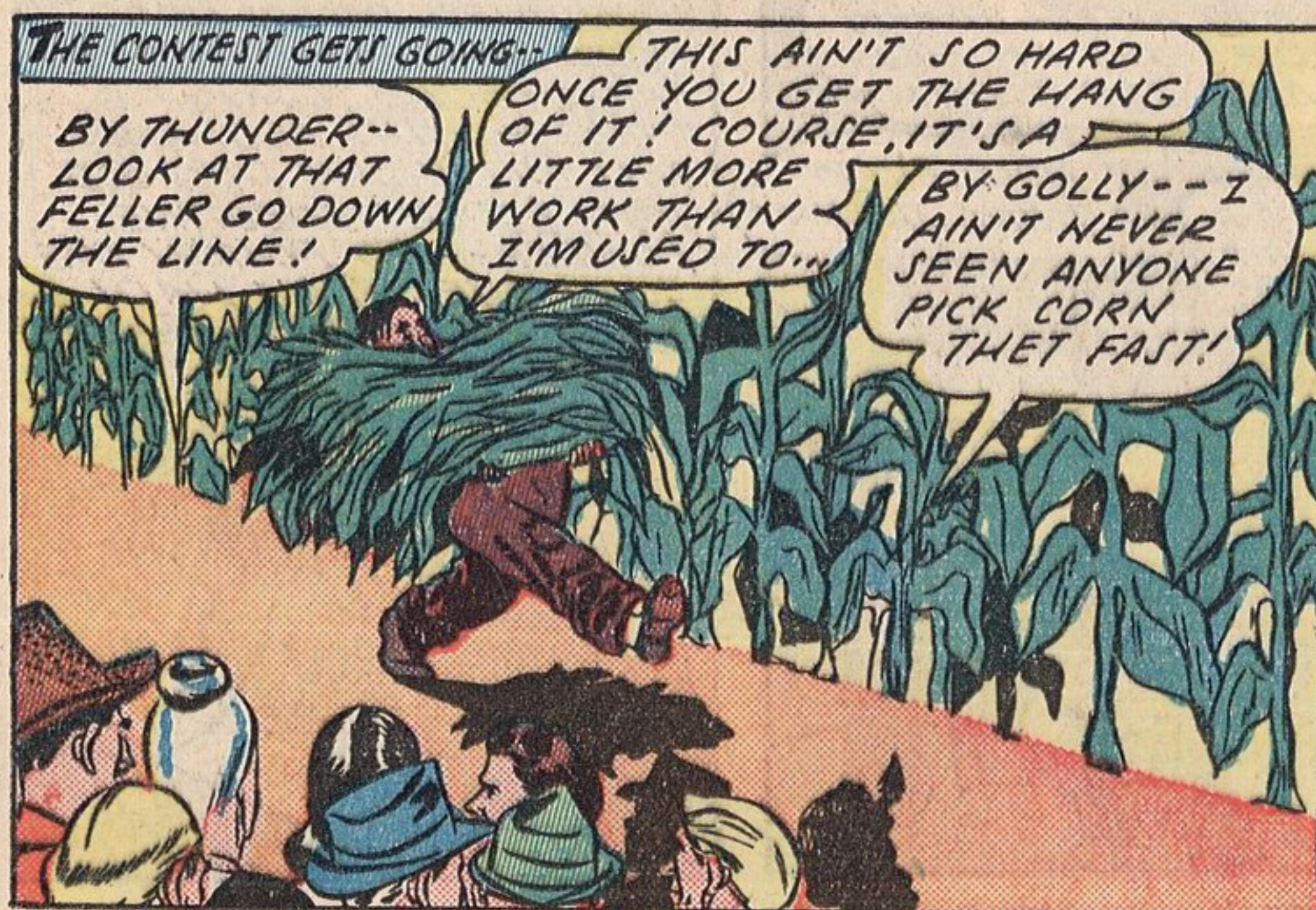
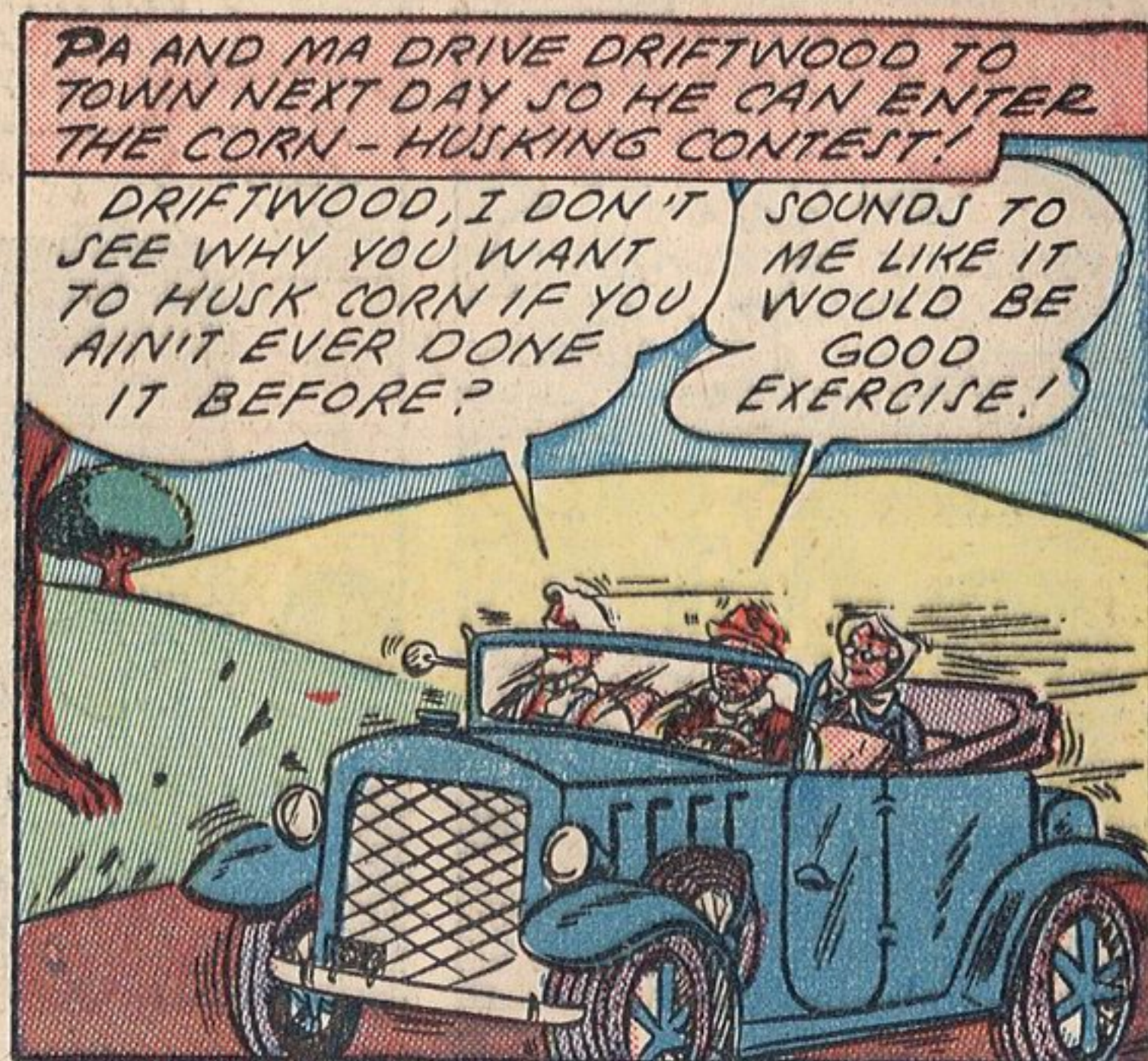
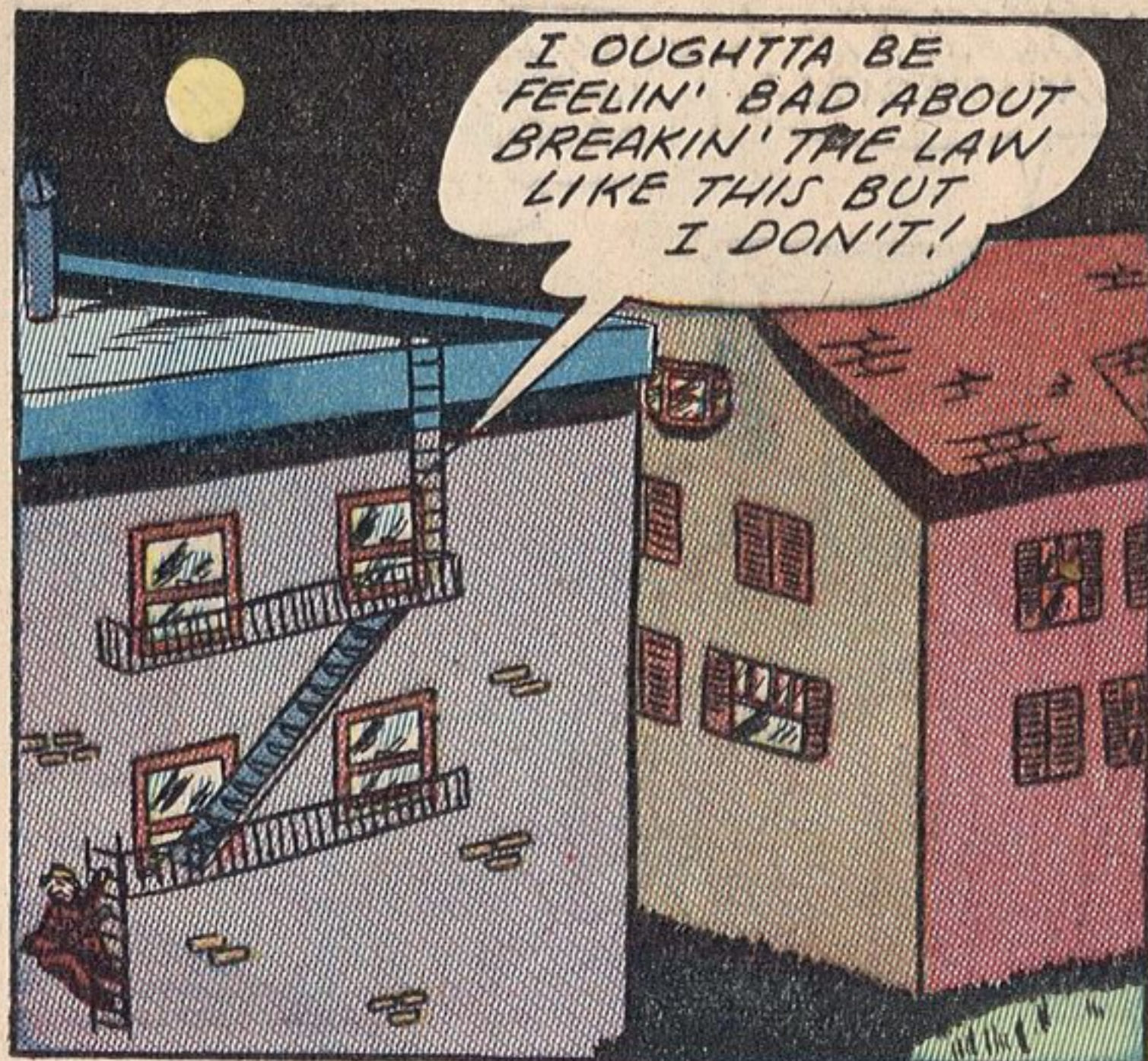


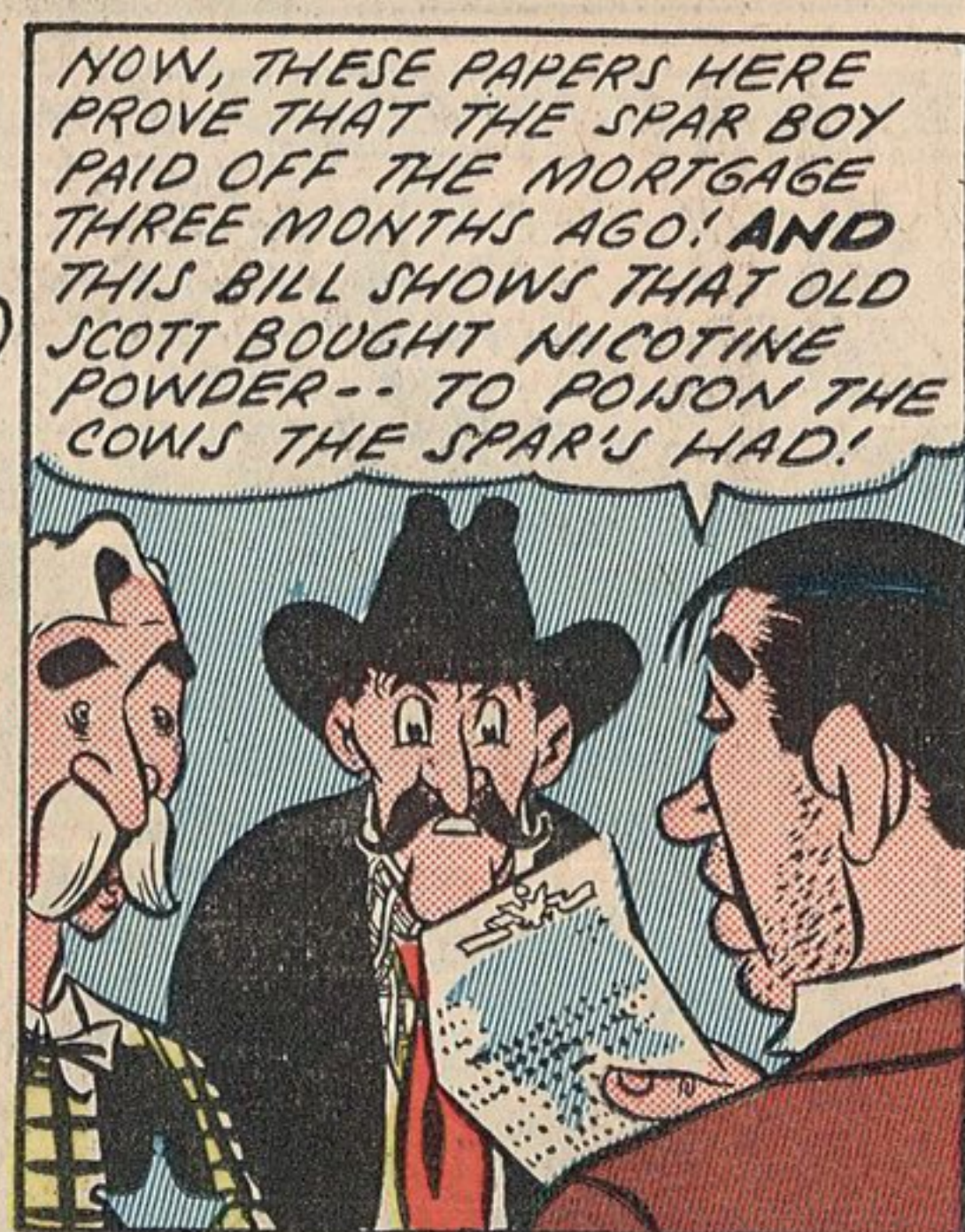
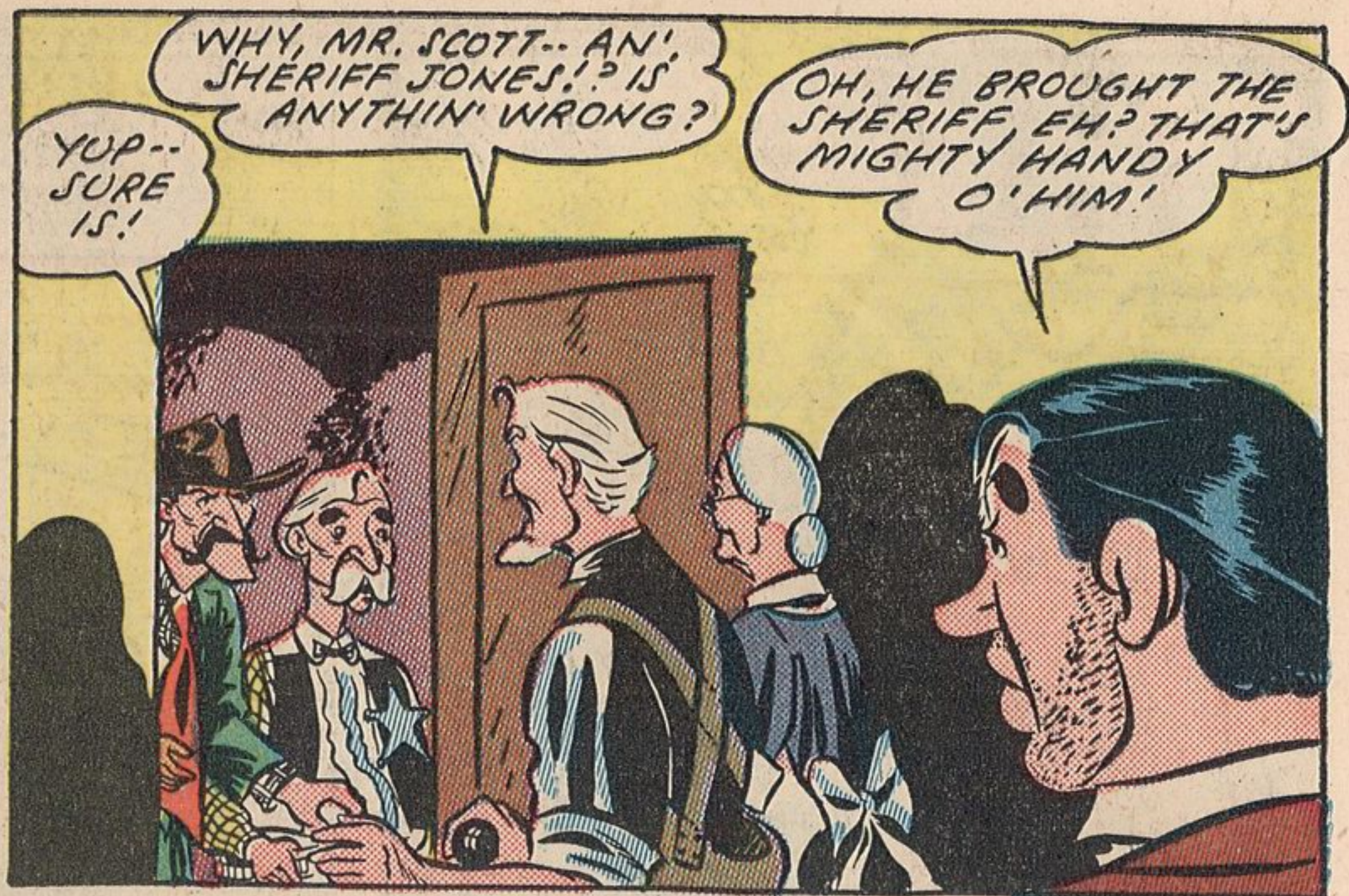
YUP-- WELL, IT'S TOO BAD! NOW, IF YOUR COWS HADN'T DIED, MEBBE YOU COULD HAVE SOLD THEM!

NICE HELPFUL, CLEAN LIVING GUY! HUH!? HE LOOKS TO ME LIKE A GOOD, HONEST GUY! HEEL!









THE END.

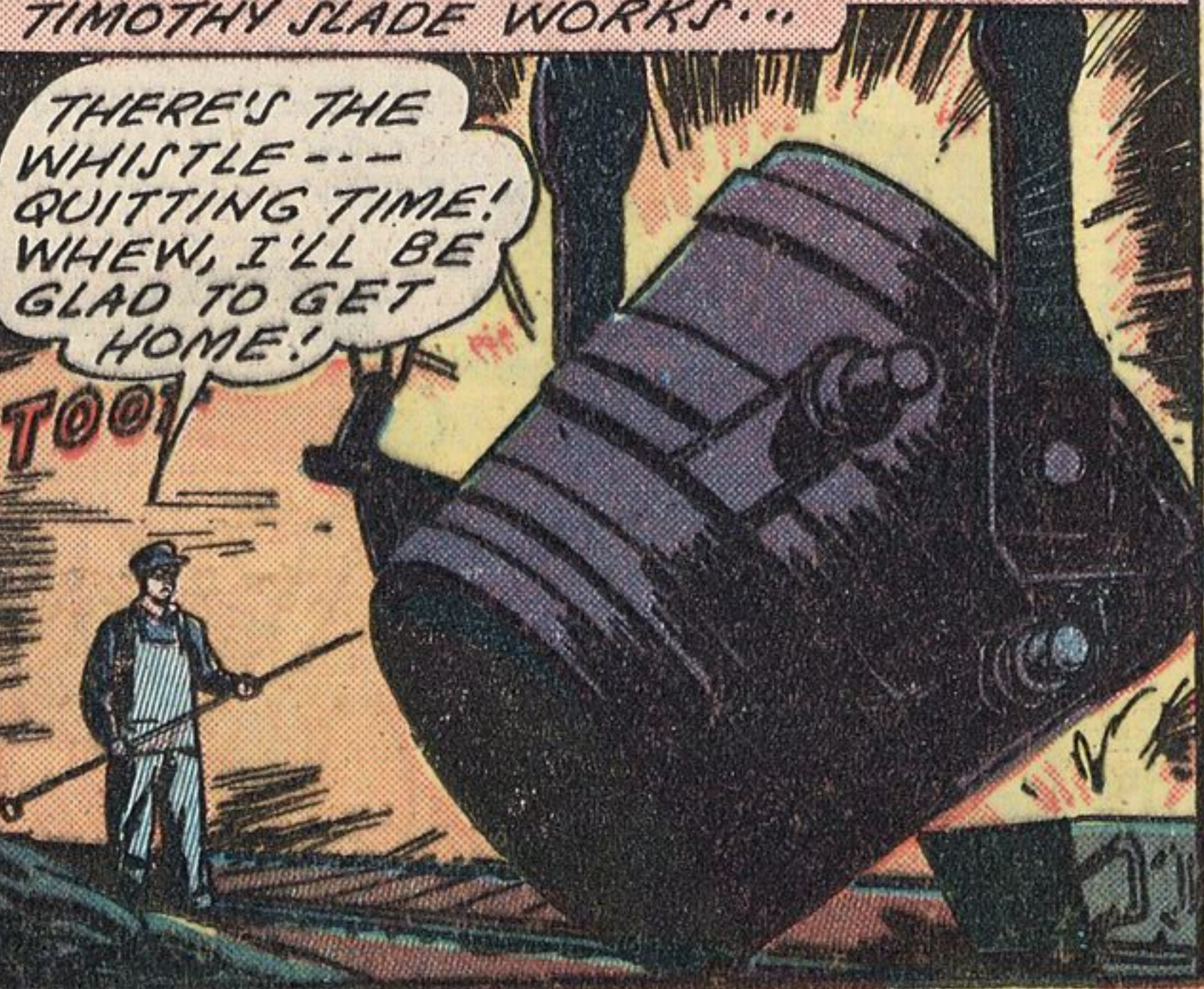
THE STEEL FIST



AT THE INGOT STEEL PLANT WHERE TIMOTHY SLADE WORKS...

THERE'S THE WHISTLE---
QUITTING TIME!
WHEW, I'LL BE
GLAD TO GET
HOME!

TOO!

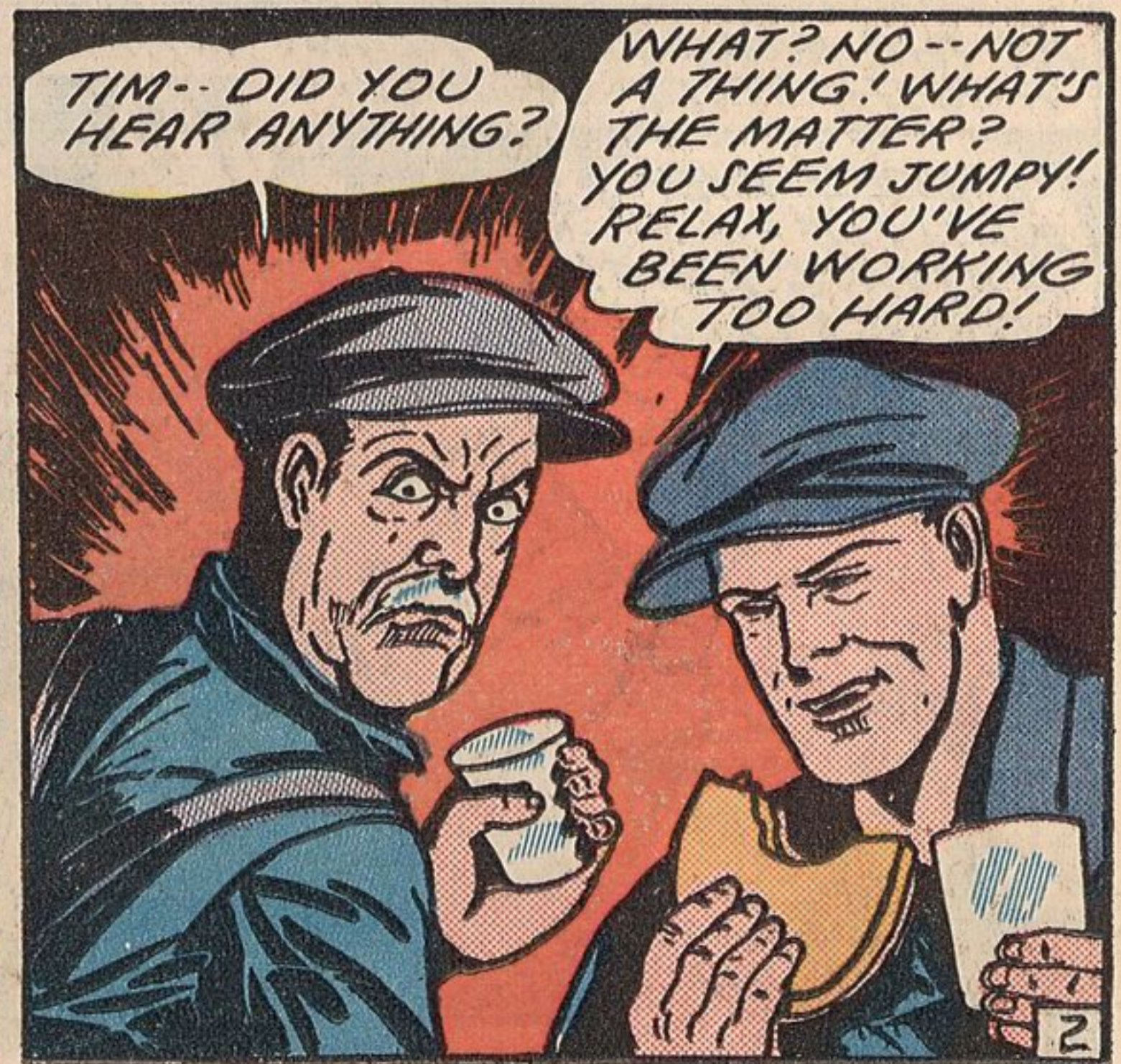
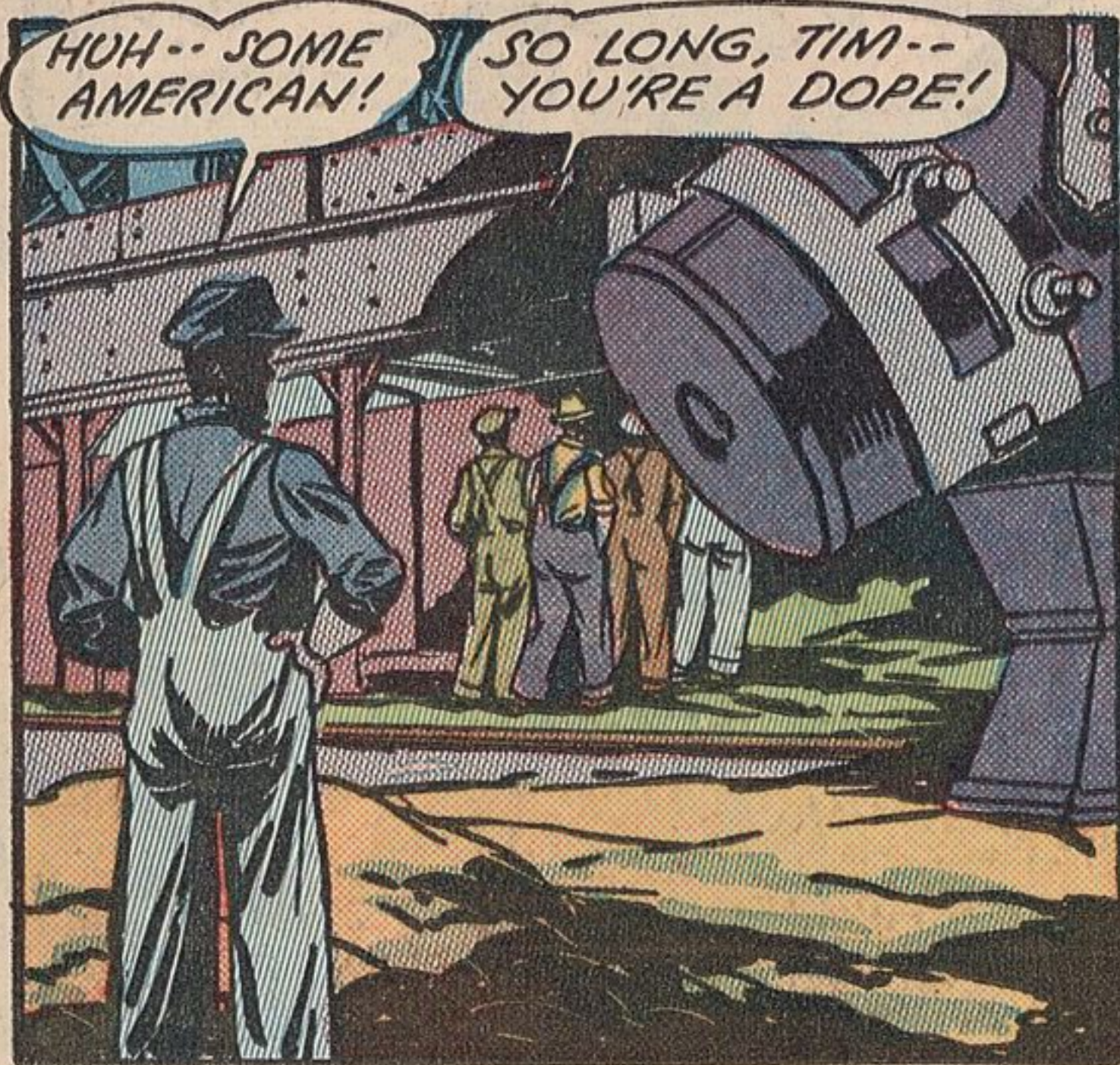


AT THIS MOMENT, THE FOREMAN APPROACHES--

MEN, I'M ASKING
FOR VOLUNTEERS TO
WORK TONIGHT
POURING OFF THE
SLAG! HOW ABOUT
IT?

OKAY, NICK--
I'LL TAKE ON
ANOTHER SHIFT!
IT'S ALL FOR
UNCLE SAM!







I'LL GET SOME BETTER
DRINKING WATER!
BETTER PICK UP
SOME SALT
TABLETS TO
OFFSET HEAT
FATIGUE!



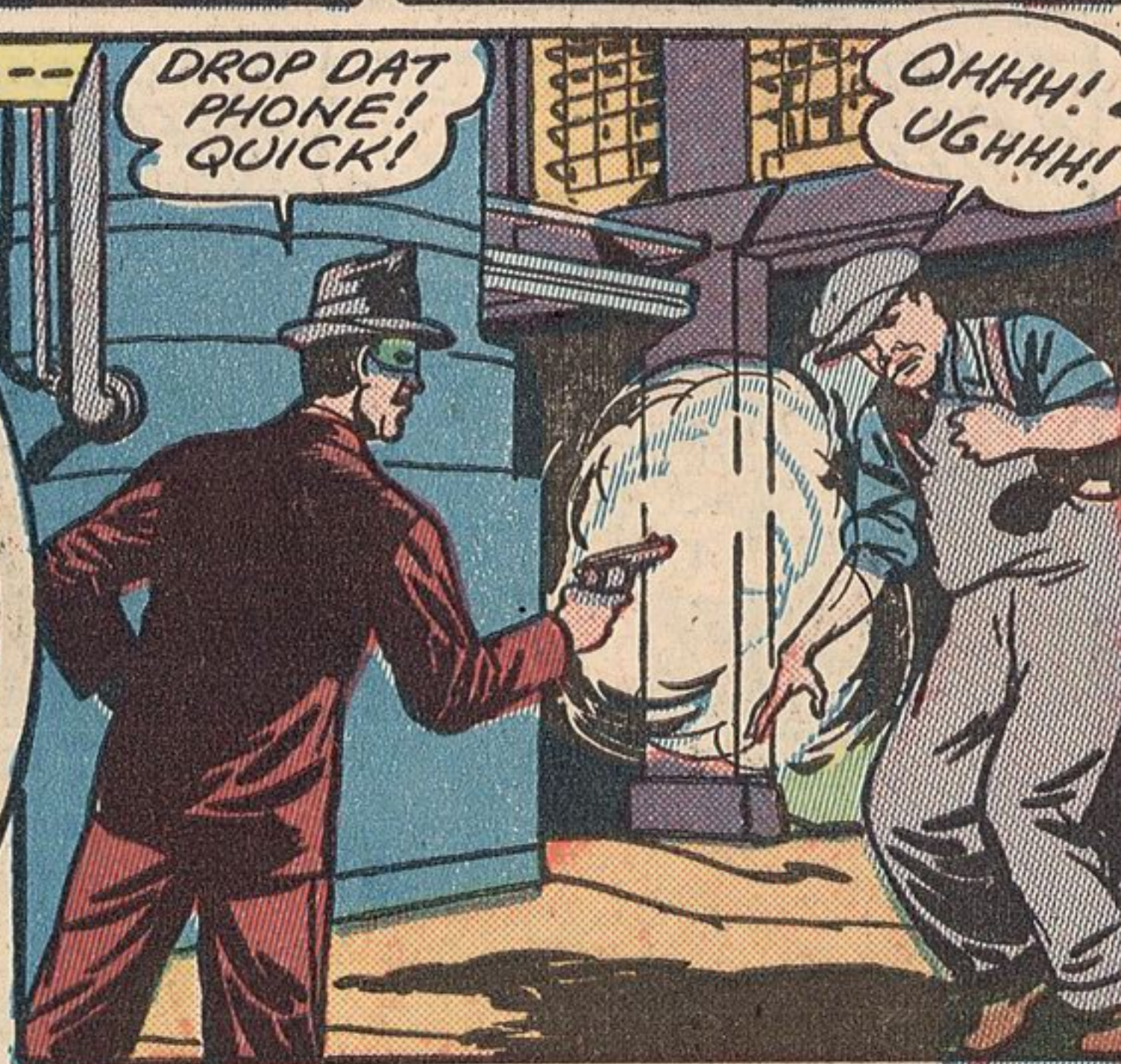
AS TIM LEAVES-- THERE
IT IS AGAIN! I COULD
SWEAR I HEARD
SOME-
ONE!



NICK IS RIGHT-- AS
HE LOOKS AROUND, HE
SEES.
WHA-- I WAS
RIGHT! THREE
MASKED MEN!
SABOTEURS!



I'VE GOT TO GET
THE ARMY GUARDS
BEFORE THEY
DO ANY
DAMAGE!



BUT---

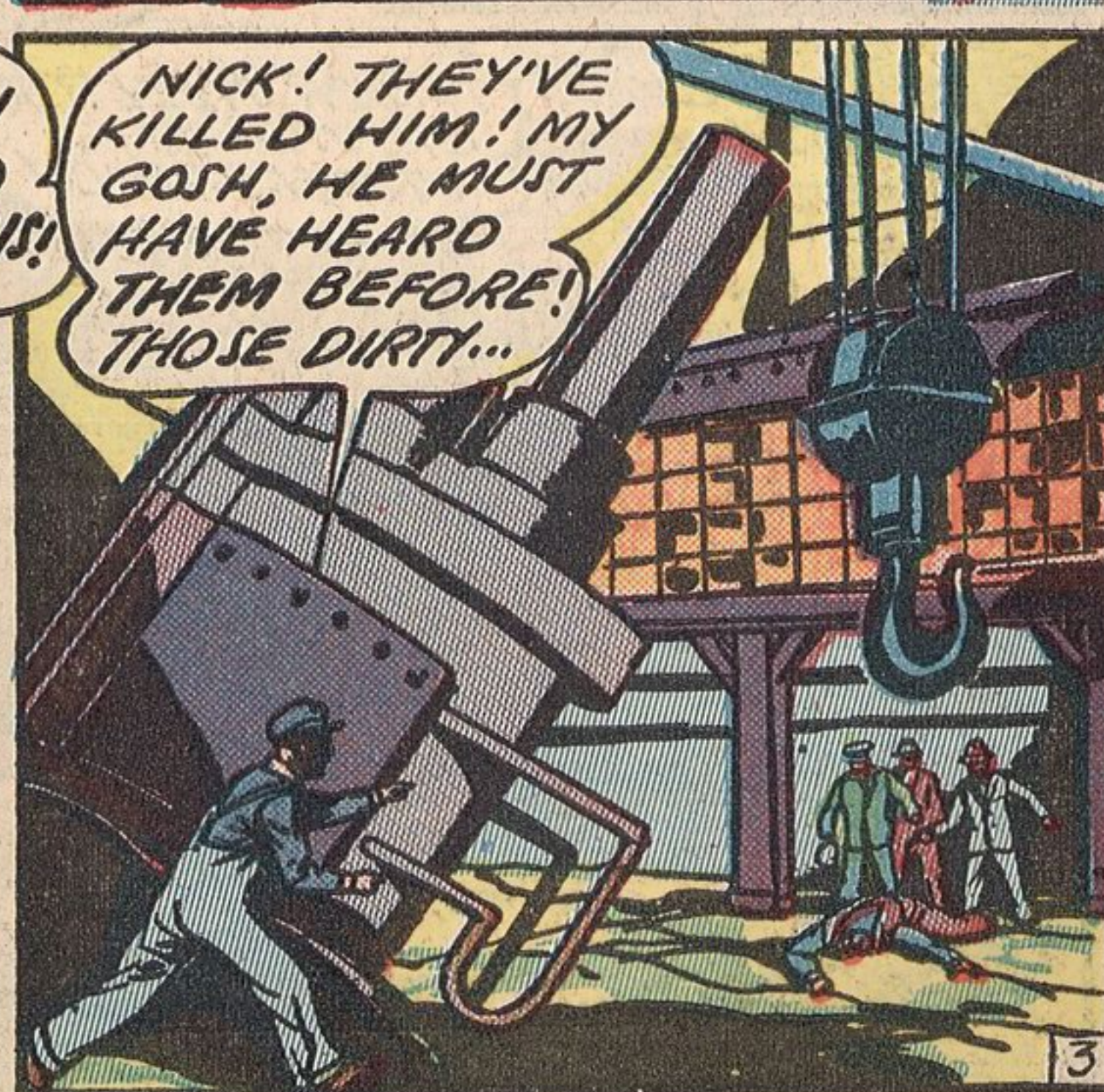
DROP DAT
PHONE!
QUICK!

OHHH!
UGHHH!

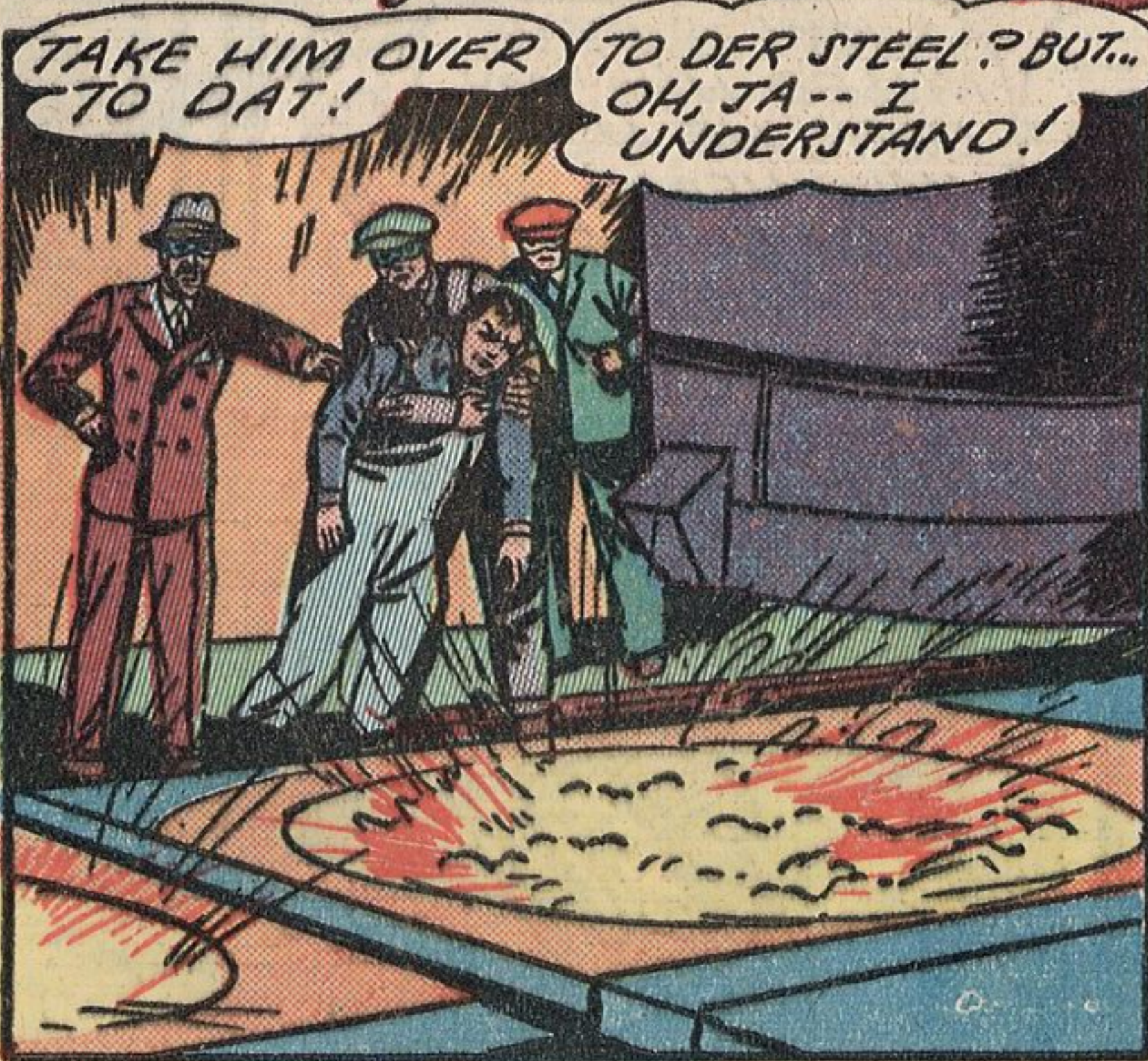
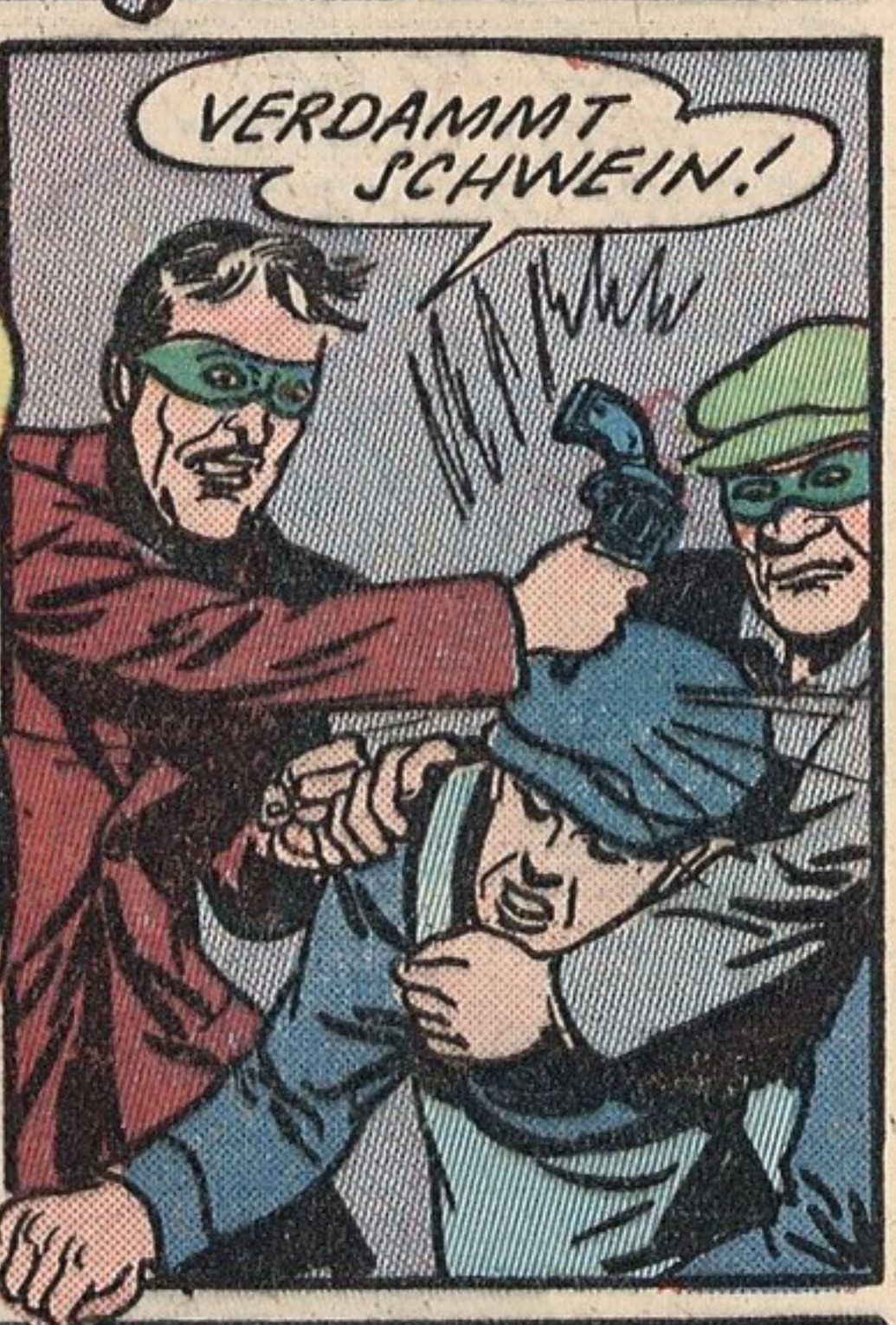


MEANWHILE,
TIM IS
RETURNING...

A
SHOT!
GOOD
HEAVENS!



NICK! THEY'VE
KILLED HIM! MY
GOSH, HE MUST
HAVE HEARD
THEM BEFORE!
THOSE DIRTY...



THEN, COLDLY AND CRUELLY...

HE'S OUT OF OUR WAY-- NOW GET TO WORK ON THOSE CRUCIBLES!

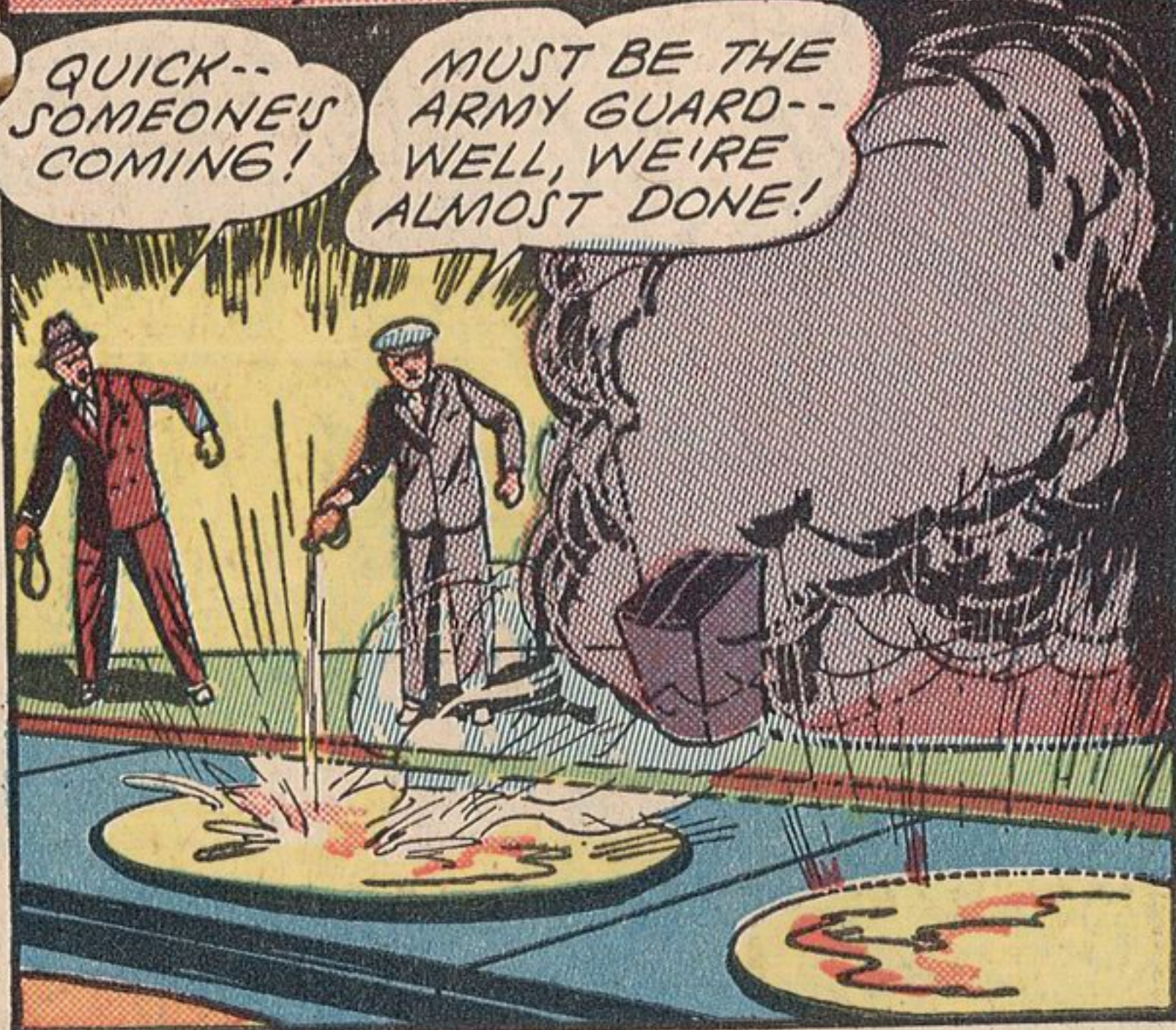
THIS POWDER WILL FOUL THE METAL AND MAKE IT USELESS FOR ARMAMENT PRODUCTION!



WHEN THEIR FOUL WORK IS ALMOST FINISHED, THE LEADER WARNS--

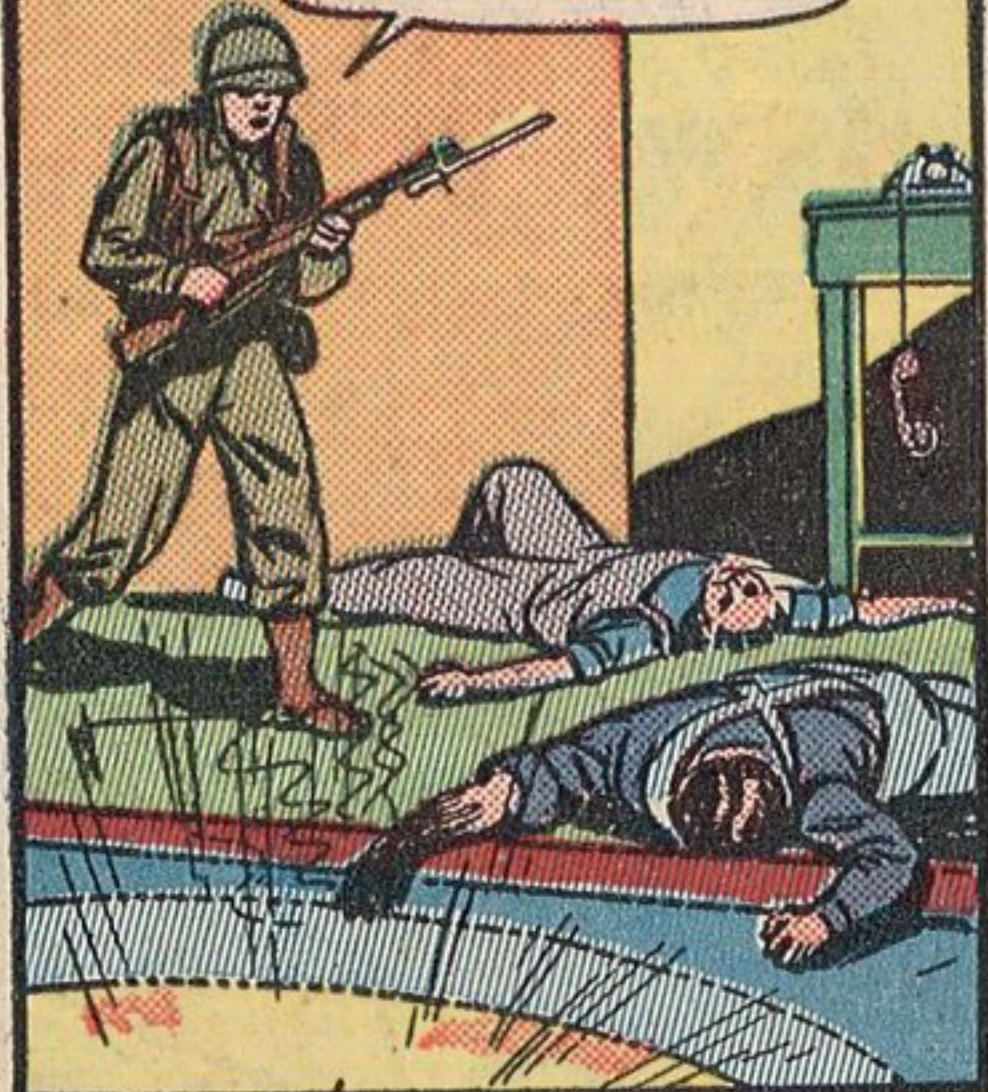
QUICK-- SOMEONE'S COMING!

MUST BE THE ARMY GUARD-- WELL, WE'RE ALMOST DONE!



THE SABOTEURS DISAPPEAR AS--

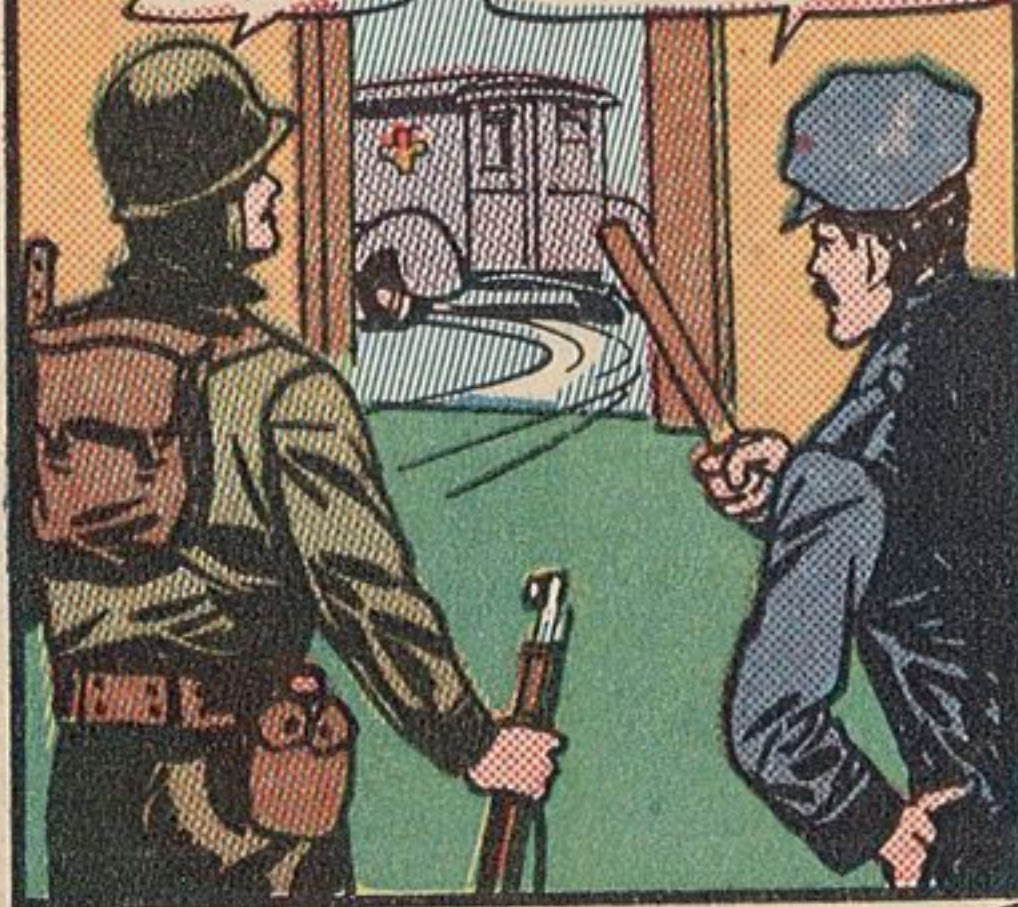
WHAT IN-- HOLY SMOKES! WHAT A GRISLY MESS!



AN AMBULANCE RUSHES TIM TO THE HOSPITAL.

NICK IS STONE DEAD-- WONDER WHAT CHANCE THAT GUY HAS?

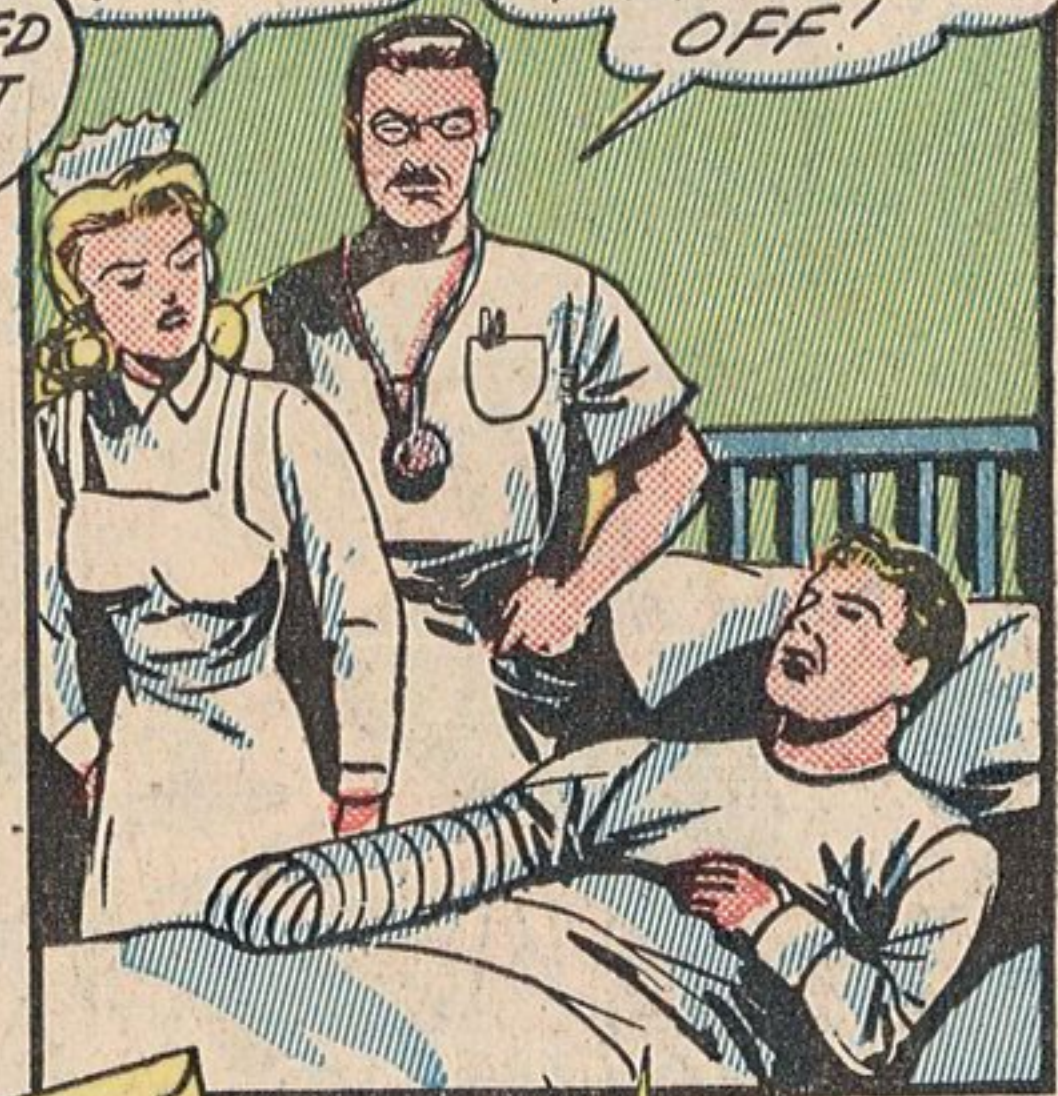
NOT MUCH, I'M AFRAID! THOSE BLASTED SABOTEURS GOT CLEAN AWAY!



LATER--

WHAT'S THE VERDICT, DOCTOR?

PREPARE FOR AMPUTATION! THERE'S NO WAY TO GET THAT STEEL OFF!

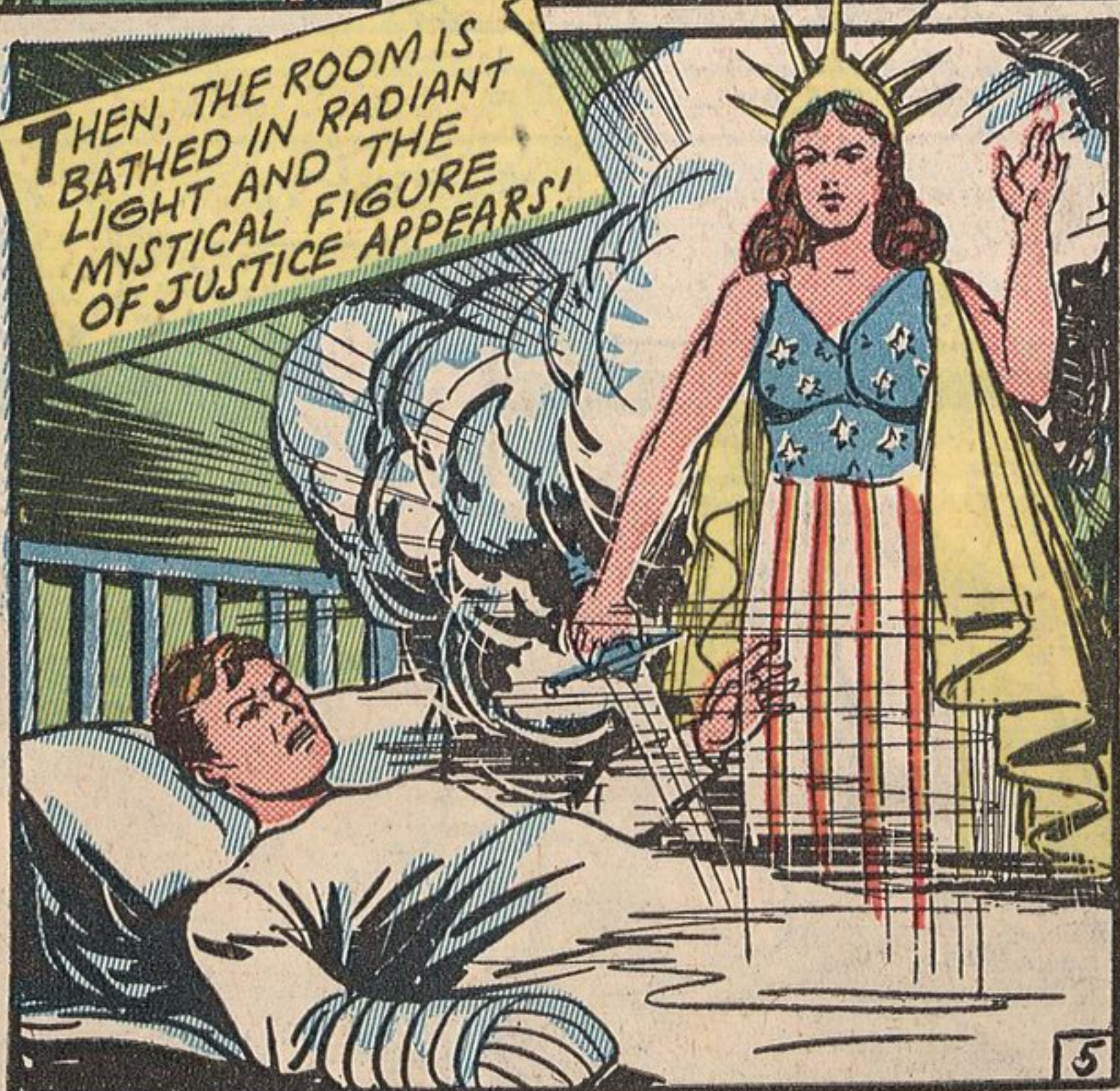


ALONE IN HIS ROOM, TIM TURNS AND TOSSES FEVERISHLY.

NICK -- YOU KILLED NICK! THE STEEL... PAIN -- OOH!

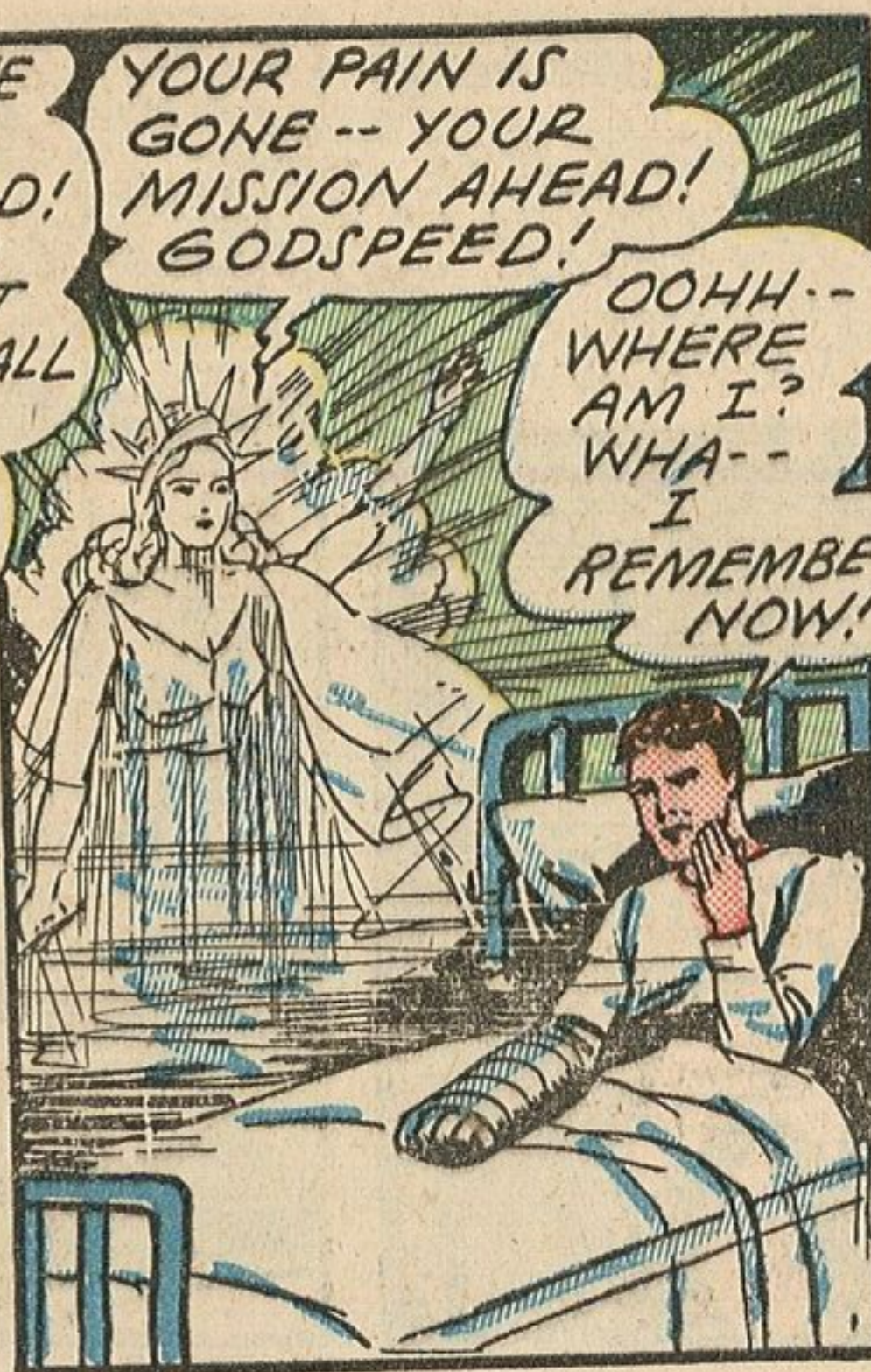


THEN, THE ROOM IS BATHED IN RADIANT LIGHT AND THE MYSTICAL FIGURE OF JUSTICE APPEARS!





THE INJUSTICE DONE
TO YOU SHALL BE
TURNED TO GOOD!
IT IS DECREED
THAT THE FIST
OF STEEL SHALL
DO BATTLE
WITH THE
ENEMIES
OF RIGHT!



YOUR PAIN IS
GONE -- YOUR
MISSION AHEAD!
GODSPEED!

OOHH--
WHERE
AM I?
WHA--
I
REMEMBER
NOW!



THOSE SABOTEURS!
THEY SHOVED MY
ARM INTO THE--
WHAT WAS THAT
DREAM I HAD
ABOUT A STEEL
FIST? IT--IT'S
TRUE!



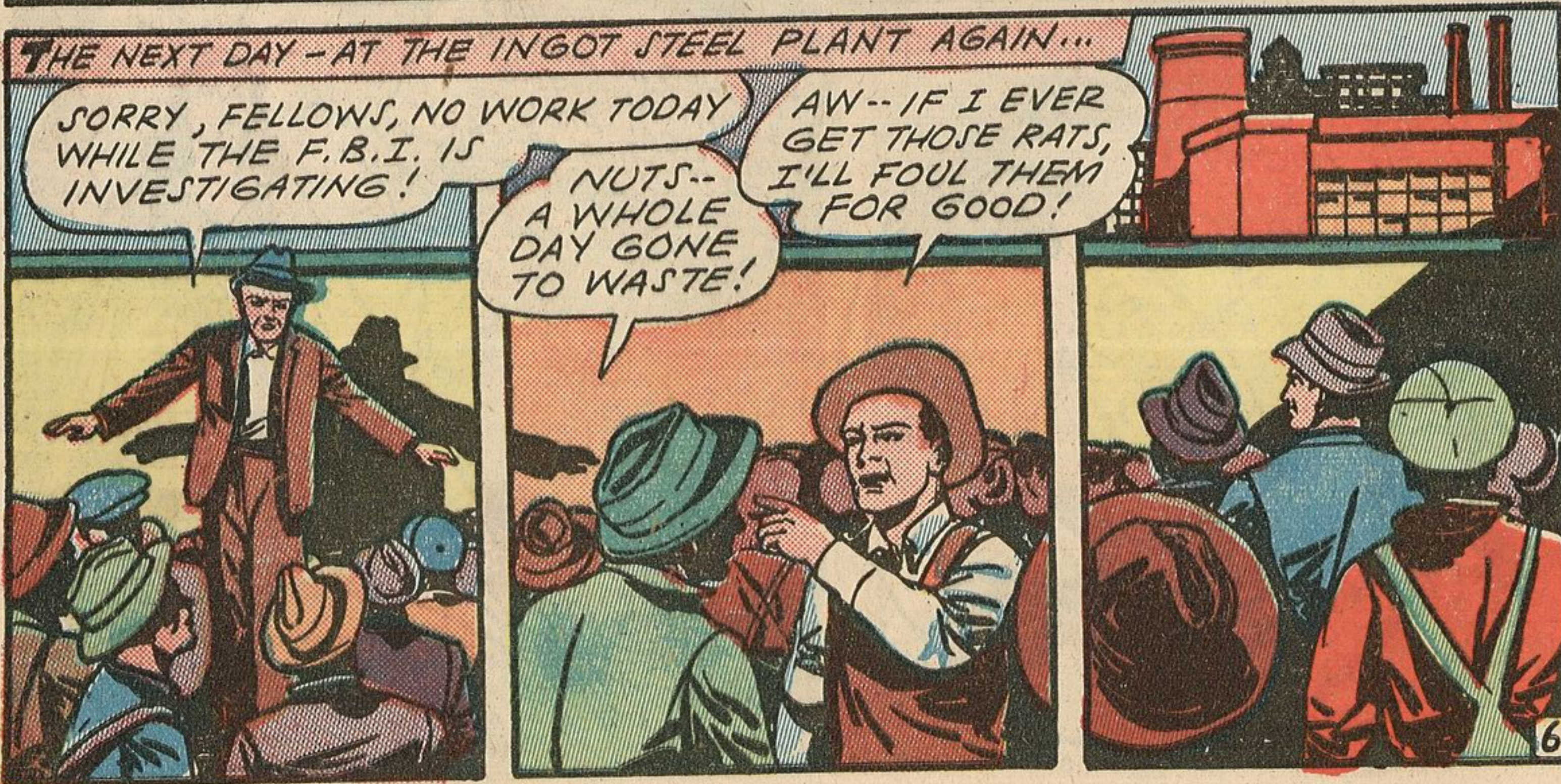
MY HAND -- IT'S
SOLID STEEL! BUT,
I CAN USE MY
HAND!



TIM CLENCHES AND
UNCLENCHES HIS HAND
THEN, TURNING IT PALM
UPWARD, HE SEES...



THAT BUTTON-- I MUST
HAVE PULLED IT OFF
THE LEADER'S COAT
WHEN I GRABBED HIM!
I'VE GOT TO
GET BUSY!



THE NEXT DAY -- AT THE INGOT STEEL PLANT AGAIN...

SORRY, FELLOWS, NO WORK TODAY
WHILE THE F.B.I. IS
INVESTIGATING!

NUTS--
A WHOLE
DAY GONE
TO WASTE!

AW-- IF I EVER
GET THOSE RATS,
I'LL FOUL THEM
FOR GOOD!

THE DANGEROUS AXIS AGENT, LUDLOW, WATCHES WITH GRIM PLEASURE!

THIS WAS THE NEATEST JOB TO DATE! WELL, MIGHT AS WELL SCRAM BEFORE THE F.B.I GETS TOO CURIOUS!



EVERYTHING IS IN ORDER HERE -- WE MOVE ON TO ELLSWORTH -- WE'VE GOT JOBS AS RIVETERS THERE!

JA -- VE RIVET DOSE PLANES ALL RIGHT, EH?

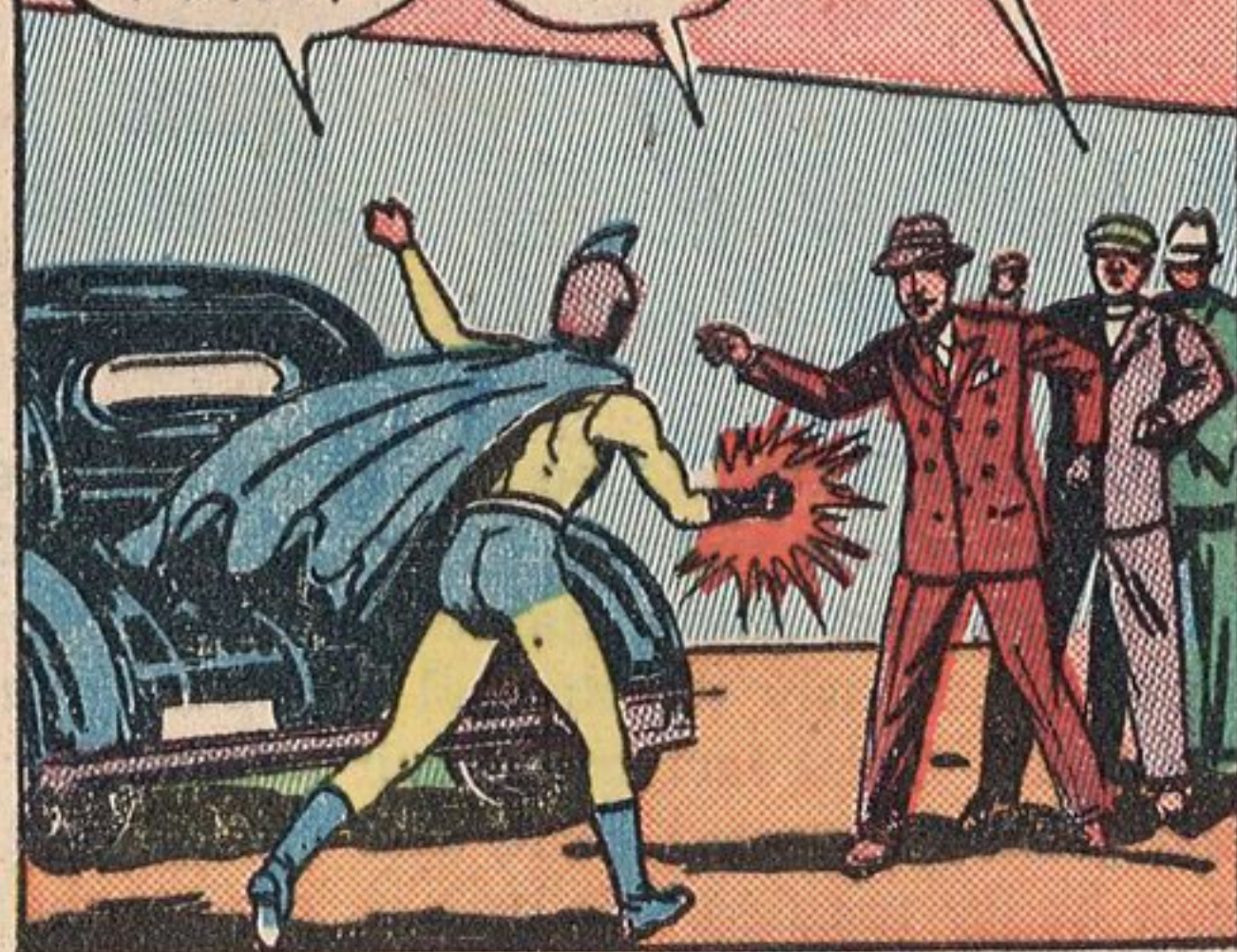


THEN, STEEL FIST SUDDENLY APPEARS FROM BEHIND THEIR CAR --

NOT IF I DO SOME RIVETING FIRST!

YEOW!! WHO ARE YOU?

IT -- IT L-LOOKS LIKE...



REMEMBER TIM SLADE? WELL, YOUR LITTLE TRICK BACKFIRED -- MEET THE STEEL FIST!



REMEMBER THIS BADGE, LUDLOW? IT'S YOURS -- LET ME PIN IT ON YOU!

YEOW!



LUDLOW'S HENCHMEN PULL GUNS BUT THE STEEL FIST DOESN'T GIVE THEM A CHANCE TO USE THEM!

YOU GUYS WANT SOME, TOO, EH?

AWK!

BLUHH!



HERE ARE THE NAZIS WHO FOULED THE STEEL -- THEY'LL BE ONLY TOO GLAD TO WRITE YOU A CONFESSION I THINK! IF NOT, MENTION THE STEEL FIST!



WRITE A CONFESSION, AND HOW!! THEY'VE ALL GOT BROKEN JAWS! HEY, COME BACK -- WHO ARE YOU?

JUST CALL ME THE STEEL FIST!



THE STEEL FIST MAKES HIS EXIT -- BUT HE'LL BE BACK FOR THE NEXT ISSUE OF BLUE CIRCLE COMICS!

BLACK KILLER

BUZZARDS stalked on silent wings above the gully where the prize Jersey bull lay dead. Hugh and Andy stared down in awed silence. Obviously the animal had put up a terrific fight. That fact held their attention. The torn ground attested to it, and the animal had been badly mauled. It was sickening the way the head had been twisted. . . .

"I wonder what happened!" Hugh peered uneasily into the woods, made menacing by the premature darkness of the approaching storm. "There's no other bull for miles. Jeff Harley's was the only one!"

Andy averted uneasy blue eyes. It seemed silly to think something supernatural could have done this, and yet the obvious struggle the brute had put up—

There was uneasiness in Hugh's voice. "Those buzzards up there . . . guess the poor critter's been dead a couple of days already." He hesitated. "Remember Will Evans back in the hills? Maybe we'd better warn him. No telling what happened here. If there's anything loose in the hills . . ."

Andy wanted to laugh but the sound was just a dry crackle in his throat. He wet his lips. What did Hugh have in mind when he suggested the presence of something in the hills?

"I guess we'd better," he conceded. "Let's go."

THERE was something desolate about the weather-beaten buildings. Andy remembered Evans had bought the place and moved in. Alone. The only time anyone ever saw him was when he came to town for supplies.

Hugh and Andy paused at the barn and peered through a window. "Let's have a look, just for the heck of it. I'm curious."

Andy climbed uneasily through the window after his companion. Hugh liked to "explore" places like this. Abandoned farm houses or barns. They'd dug for weeks once in what was supposed to be an old Indian mound back in the hills, but had never found anything. . . . And the old mine shaft sunk by some intrepid '49er had always been a source of entertainment for Hugh.

"Big place." Hugh sounded a little subdued, awed. They were halfway across the rotted floor when Hugh paused, peering into the darkness. "You—you hear anything?" His voice was a whisper. "Listen!"

Andy had heard something, had wanted to believe it was the wind. It had been a kind of babbling cry from somewhere in the darkness—

"There it is again!" Hugh whispered.

The wind died down and again they heard the sound—an inhuman cry that brought the flesh to little bumps, made the heart race.

"It's up in the loft," Hugh muttered. "There's a ladder, but it's been ripped down. Let's have a look at the grain elevator. That's funny; it's already pulled up to the top floor!"

Without waiting, Hugh started up the shaft, using the beams like ladder rungs. It was a difficult climb, but they made it, tumbling in with just enough room to spare under the elevator base itself.

The big loft was dim and they started forward slowly, shoulders touching. . . . From a distant corner came the sharp report of a gun. Andy saw the tongue of flame. He hurled Hugh sideways, flung himself to the floor.

The silence filtered back into place, then they heard again that queer voice, tinny and thin, jabbering and moaning. . . .

Cautiously they crawled forward till finally they could see into the corner. On the floor lay a wrinkled little man. Before him lay a rifle. He was stretched out on his side, and now he tried to prop himself up, tried to pull the rifle up with bony, wrinkled fingers. . . .

"Will Evans!" Hugh hissed. "Andy . . . he's delirious!"

The old man lay back, gibbering, panting. He was powerless to lift the gun again. He appeared about done for, his body withered up inside his old clothes, his eyes sunk into deep, bony caverns. They burned blackly, feverishly.

He kept up his gibbering. It was impossible to understand what he tried to say. Hugh got down on his heels, peered closer. He stood up again, his face pale. "This guy's got a splint on his leg. He probably busted it up here and couldn't get down again. He's been lying here ever since."

"What's he doing with a rifle? Why is the elevator pulled up?"

Hugh shrugged, and picked up the rifle, examined it. "Empty now. He only had one shell left." He looked slowly around. The darkness was so thick they could just make out the man on the floor. His wheezing breath came fitfully.

"He's starved to death!" Hugh muttered. "One

of us better go to the house for some grub. We can't move him. You want to stay here?"

"I do not!" Andy refused hurriedly. "He's your find. You stay here. I'll bring back the eats!"

ANDY went down the shaft. He shivered at the thought of what would happen if the elevator suddenly came roaring down on him.

As he crossed through the darkness toward the house, he felt the soft pat of rain upon his cheek. Clouds were gathered for an offensive and now a flick of lightning danced on the tops of distant trees.

Swiftly Andy went in the front door of the house. He left it open, and fresh air blew into the musty-smelling place. He moved warily through the darkness toward the kitchen.

In the kitchen he found a lamp and lit it, hesitated and then advanced, paused again—

A sound came to him from upstairs, right over his head. It was a funny, scratching sound on the floor. It could have been mice or wood rats, but the floor seemed to bend and give, as if under some huge weight. Andy's heart came to a smothered stop. His eyes felt hot around the edges—

The sound was gone. Andy hesitated, started toward the pantry, suddenly anxious to get out. This place would give him the willies. . . .

Out in the hall a beam cracked, like the report of a rifle. Andy whirled, choked back a yell of fear. Something was out there, something—

He held the lamp above his head, staring at the black maw of the door leading into the hall. He couldn't quite see, but something was out there. Hypnotically he advanced, the lamp held high.

A phantomish form took shape, something so huge and broad the door barred it. It peered from wicked eyes set in a black face. A nightmarish thing, swaying uncertainly, peering. . .

Andy screamed and hurled the lamp. He didn't wait to find out whether or not it struck the thing. Instead he whirled, leaped across the kitchen, clawed frantically at the window shade. The window was boarded over!

Behind him he heard the odd, dragging steps. He screamed again, flung himself away from the sound. He felt rather than saw something reaching him. There was an awful odor in his nostrils, the smell of something dead . . . rotten. . .

Something hit at him and he felt himself spinning through the air. He fell against a table and dull pain seared his side, but he leaped up, hurled himself desperately away.

By a miracle he was outside. Pain brought

him to his senses. He tried to yell ahead to the barn, to shout a warning to Hugh. He bent forward, sprinting, stumbling in the weeds.

Somehow he reached the barn. He knew his attacker was close behind. He could almost hear the whine of its breath, panting, whistling. . .

With all his remaining strength Andy clawed up the shaft. Pain was tight across his body. He was dazed, trying to yell a warning ahead, telling Hugh of the terrible thing behind him—

He saw Hugh through a haze, felt himself yanked over the edge of the shaft and sprawled to his face.

"It . . . it's coming . . ." he babbled. "Hugh, down there . . . it . . . followed. . . ."

He saw Hugh dart forward. The floor shook with a sudden queer roar. A gigantic scream cut through everything—through the hammering of the rain and wind outside the building, the moan of the wheels. . . .

Darkness blotted out the rest for Andy.

LATER Andy opened his eyes. A lamp cast friendly light. Hugh crouched on his heels, his face anxious. A slow smile of relief parted his trembling lips as Andy sat slowly up.

"Good guy!" Hugh said hoarsely. "I kind of thought for a while—"

"So did I! What in blazes was it?"

Hugh peered toward the corner where Will Evans lay. "You don't remember yet, do you? After you'd gone, I remembered that pet gorilla Evans had, and because of which he had to move so often.

"He came here with it. Lately the thing evidently got ugly. That must have been what killed Jeff's prize bull . . . and been pretty badly gouged doing it. Then it must have come back and gone for Will, who barricaded himself here. His leg was busted. You must have run into it in the house. I caught it in the trap Evans set for it, but was finally too weak to use!"

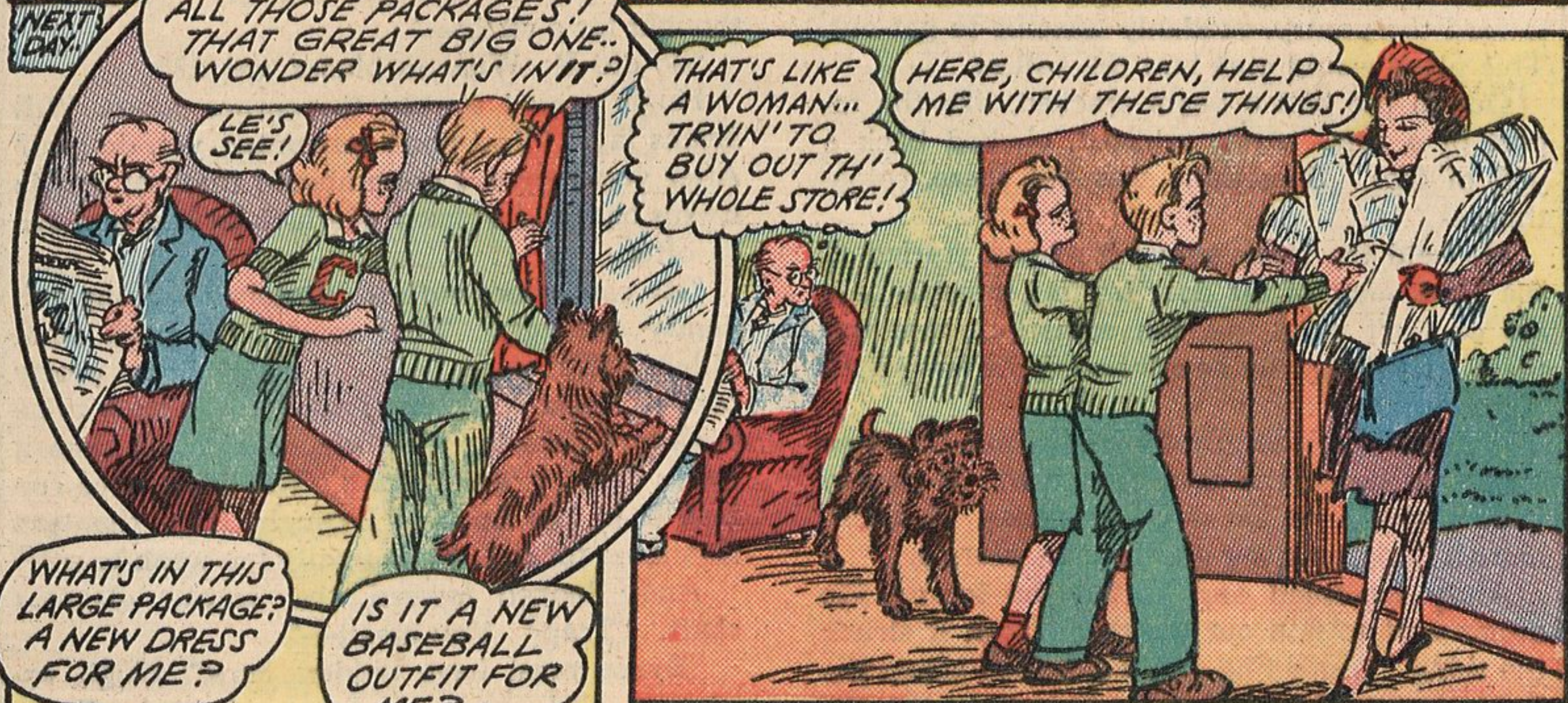
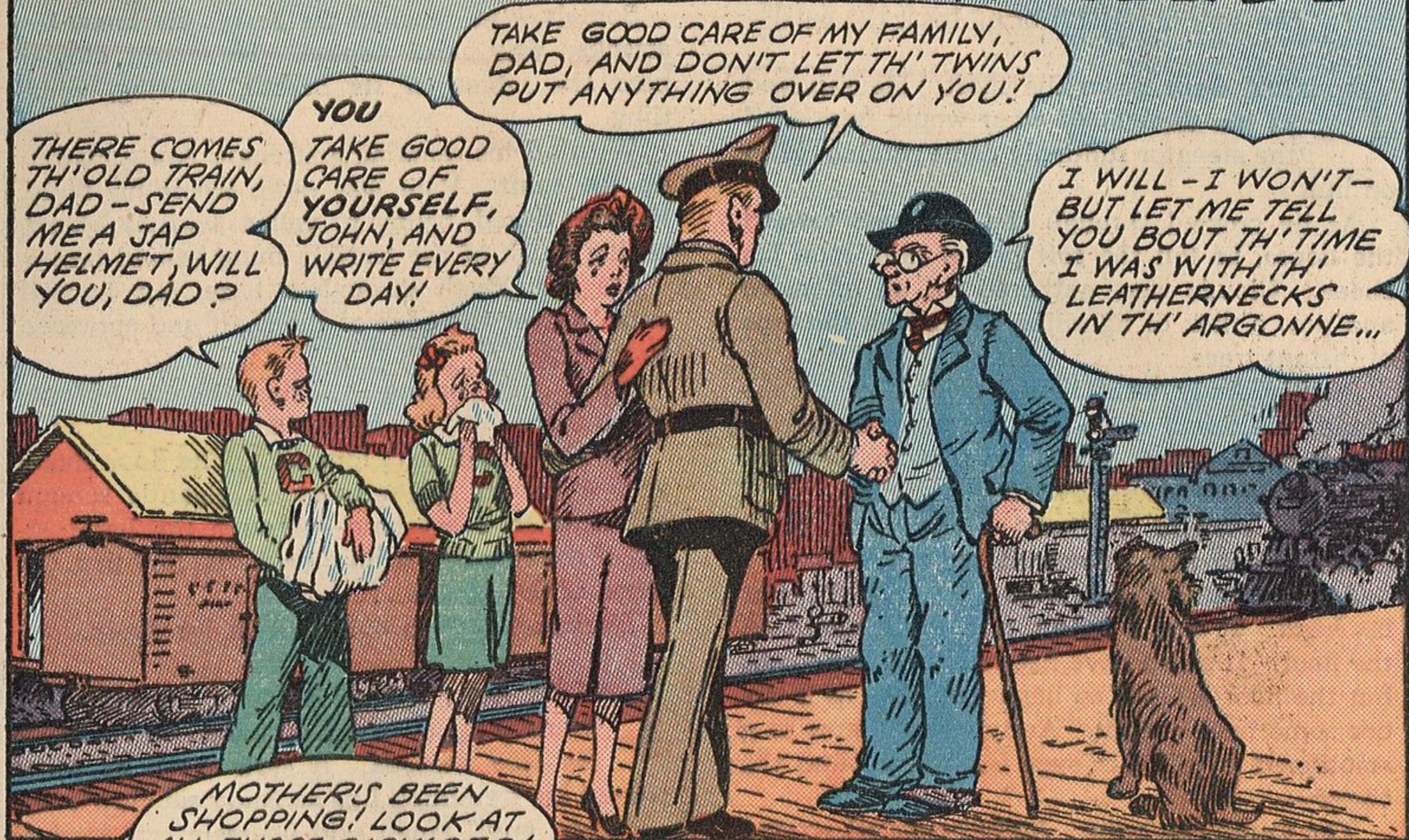
Andy looked toward the empty elevator shaft. "Trap? You mean—"

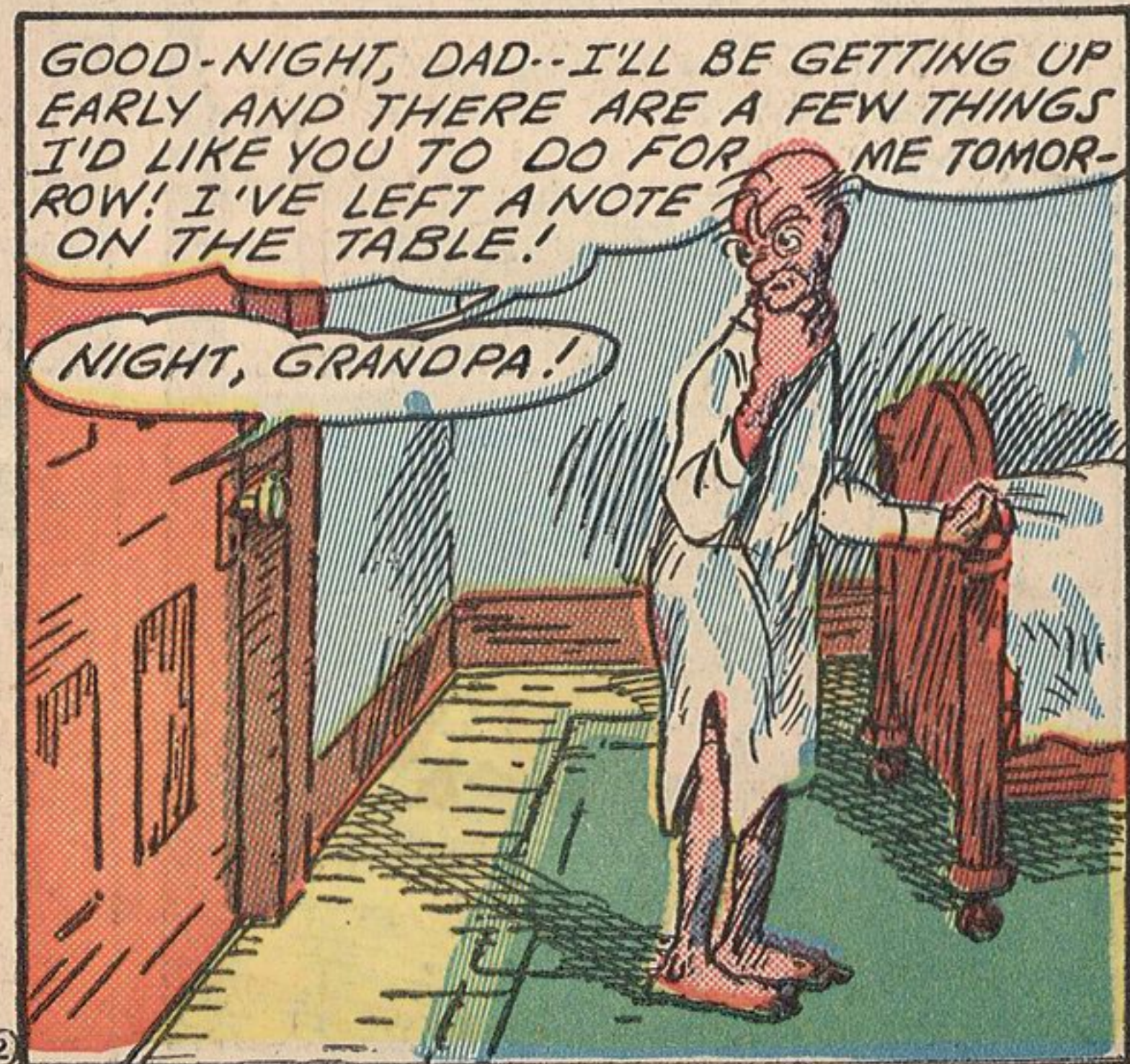
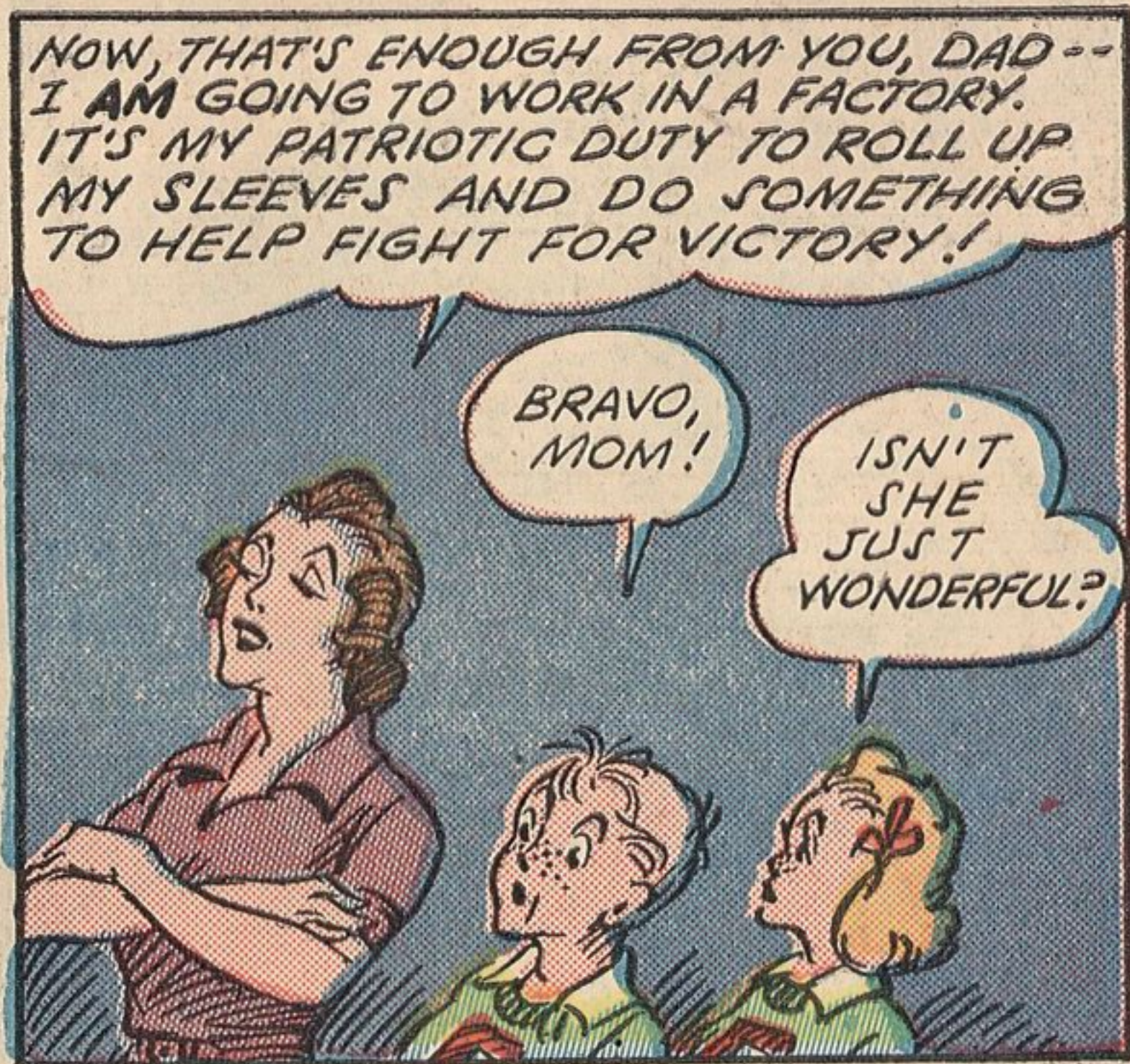
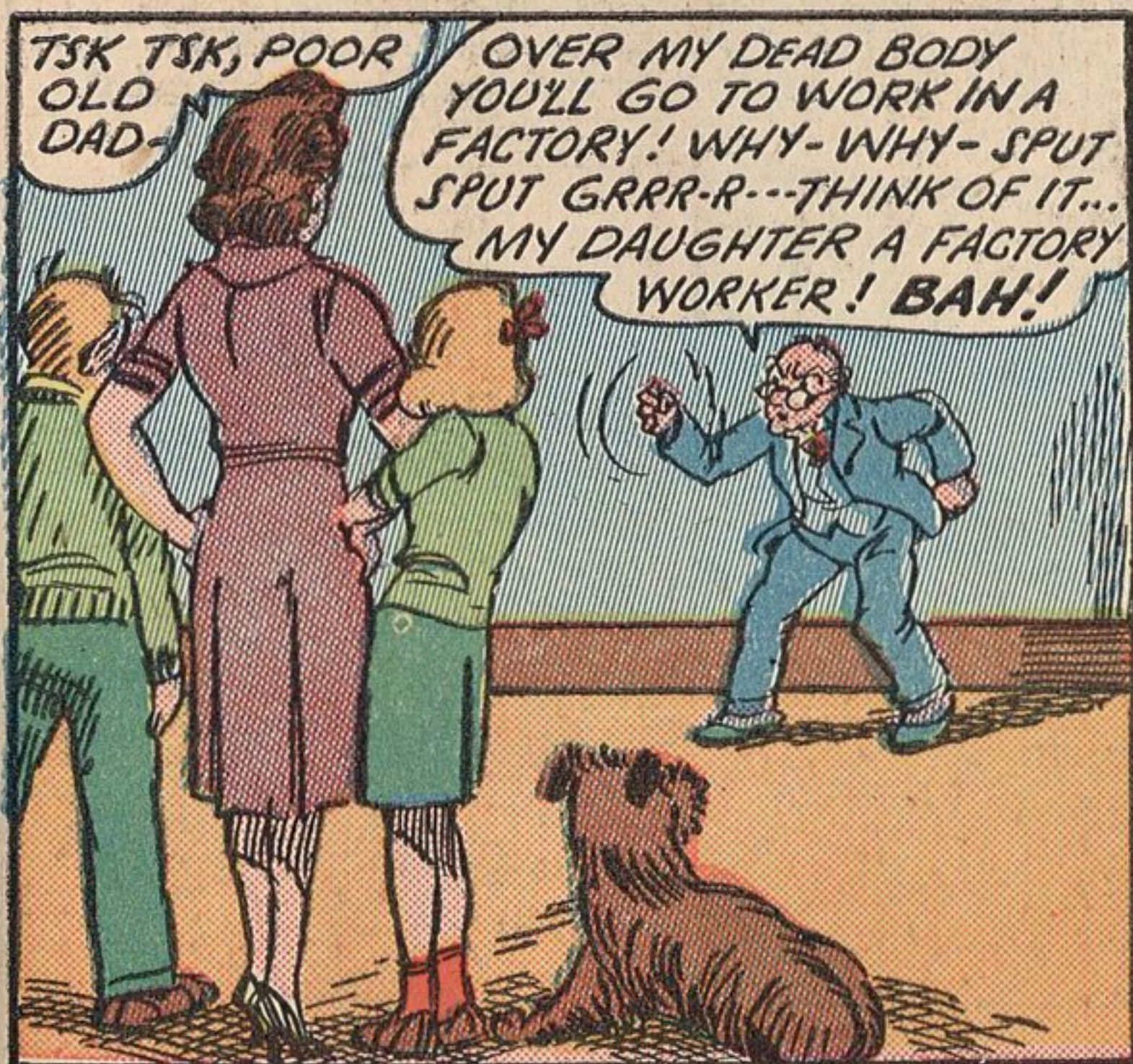
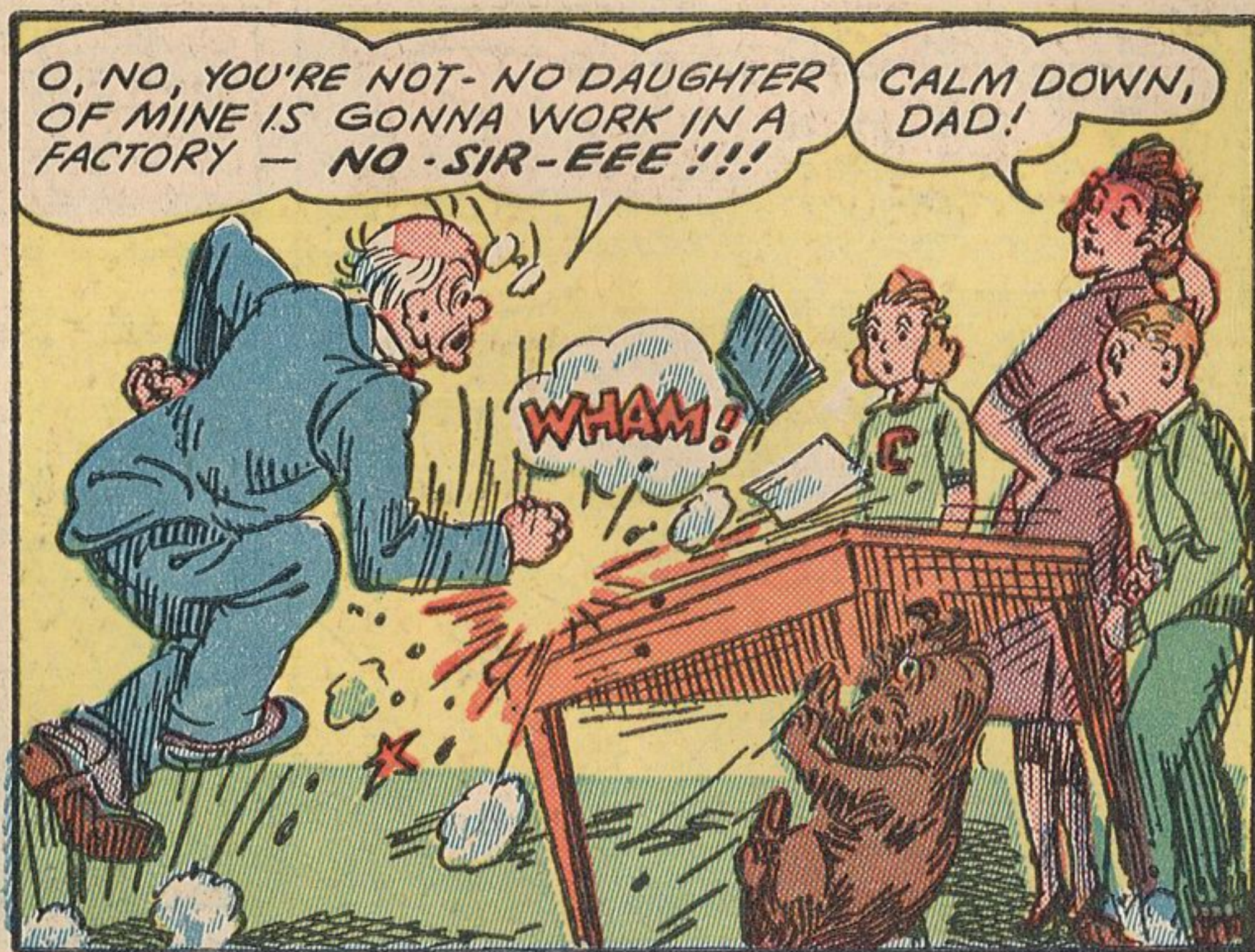
"Evans must have hidden here," Hugh explained. "He had the elevator loaded, all the counter-weights cut free, and was waiting for the gorilla to come up the shaft. He was ready to cut the elevator loose. That's what I did after I yanked you in here." Hugh hesitated, added grimly, "It did a good job. The only thing we've got to worry about now is getting help back here to Will. I don't guess . . . you'd want to wait—"

"I don't guess I will!" Andy replied grimly. "We'll both go for help, this time!"

THE END

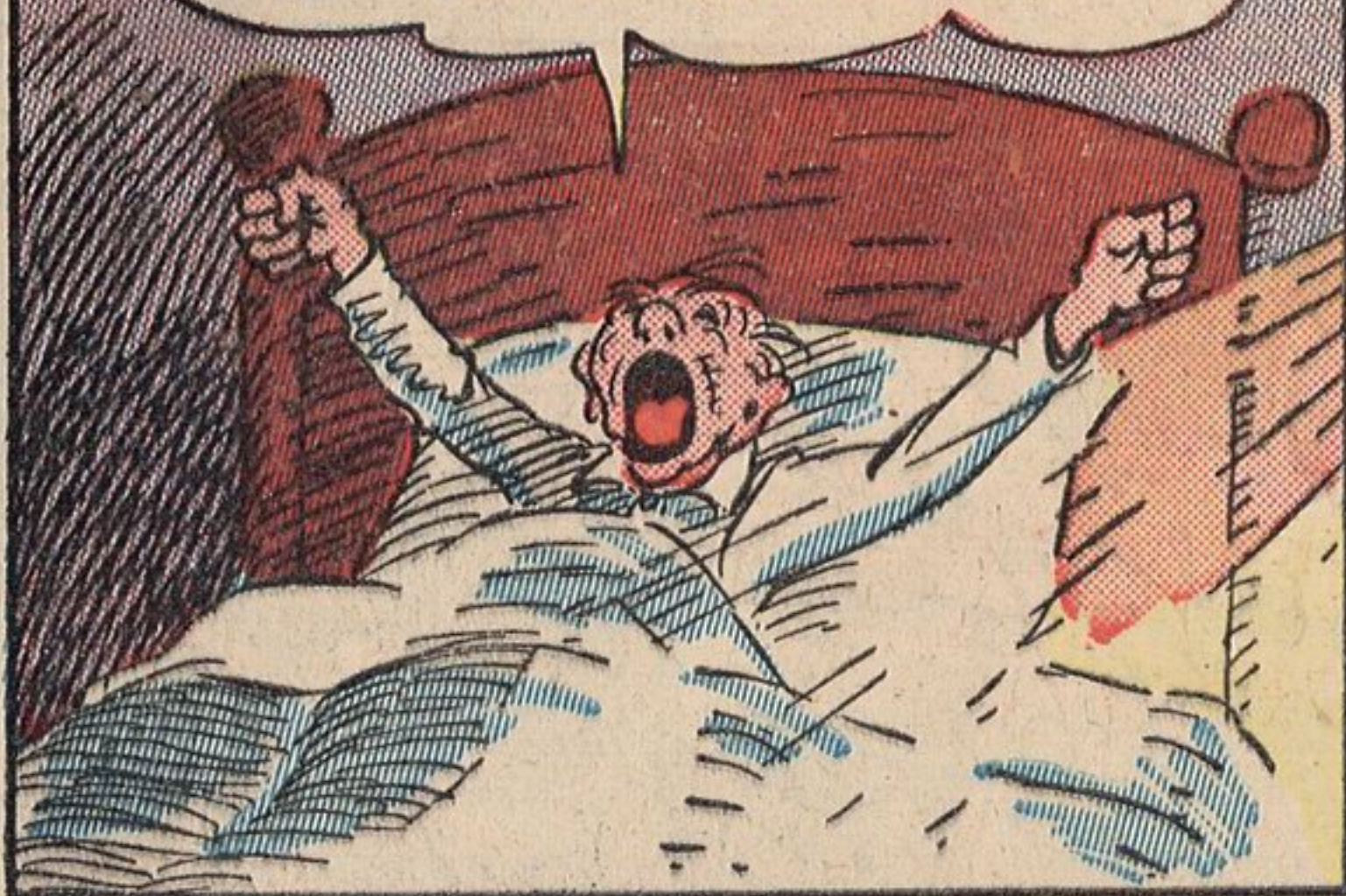
SLAPHAPPY GRANDPAPPY



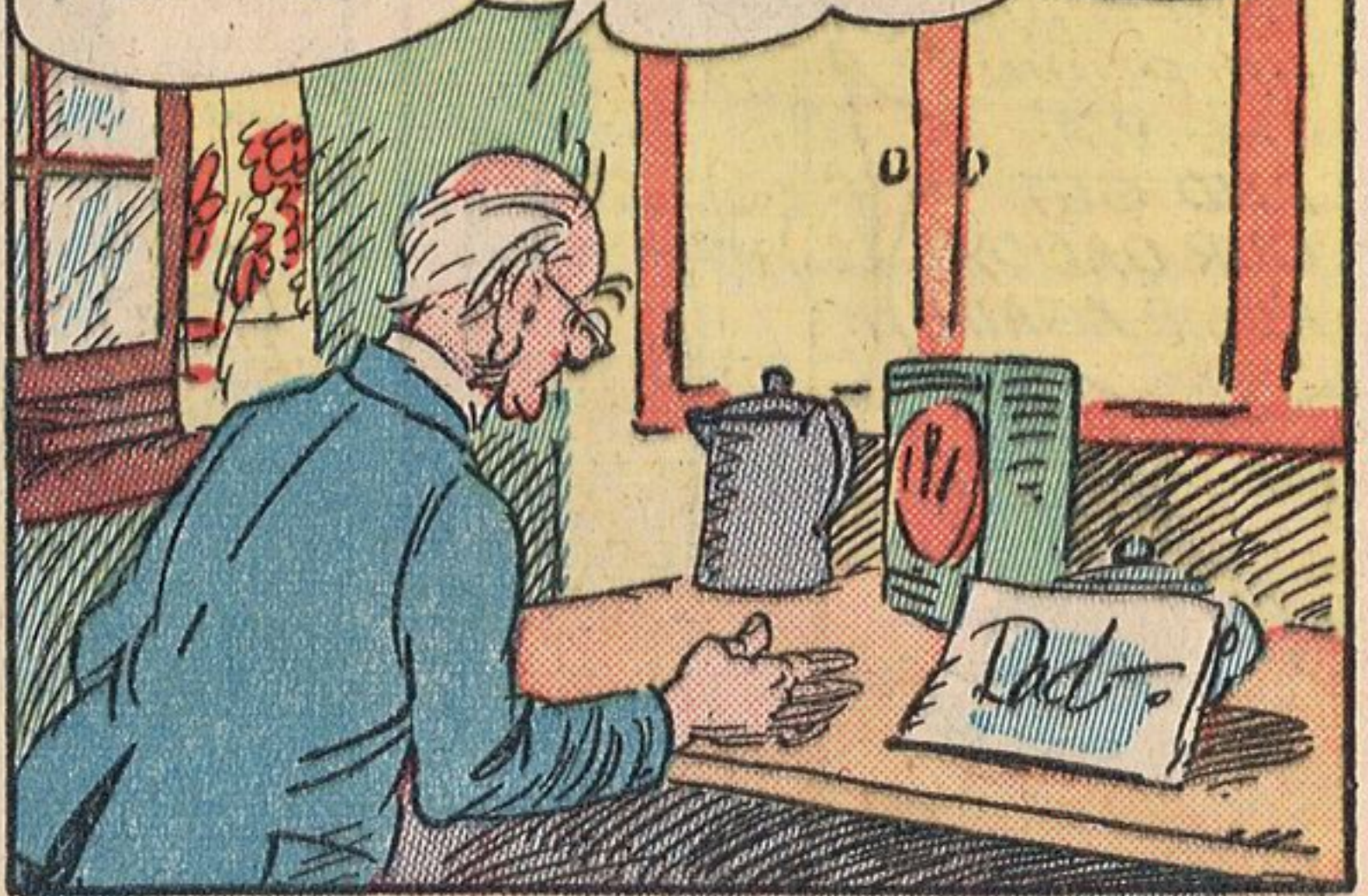


NEXT MORNING...

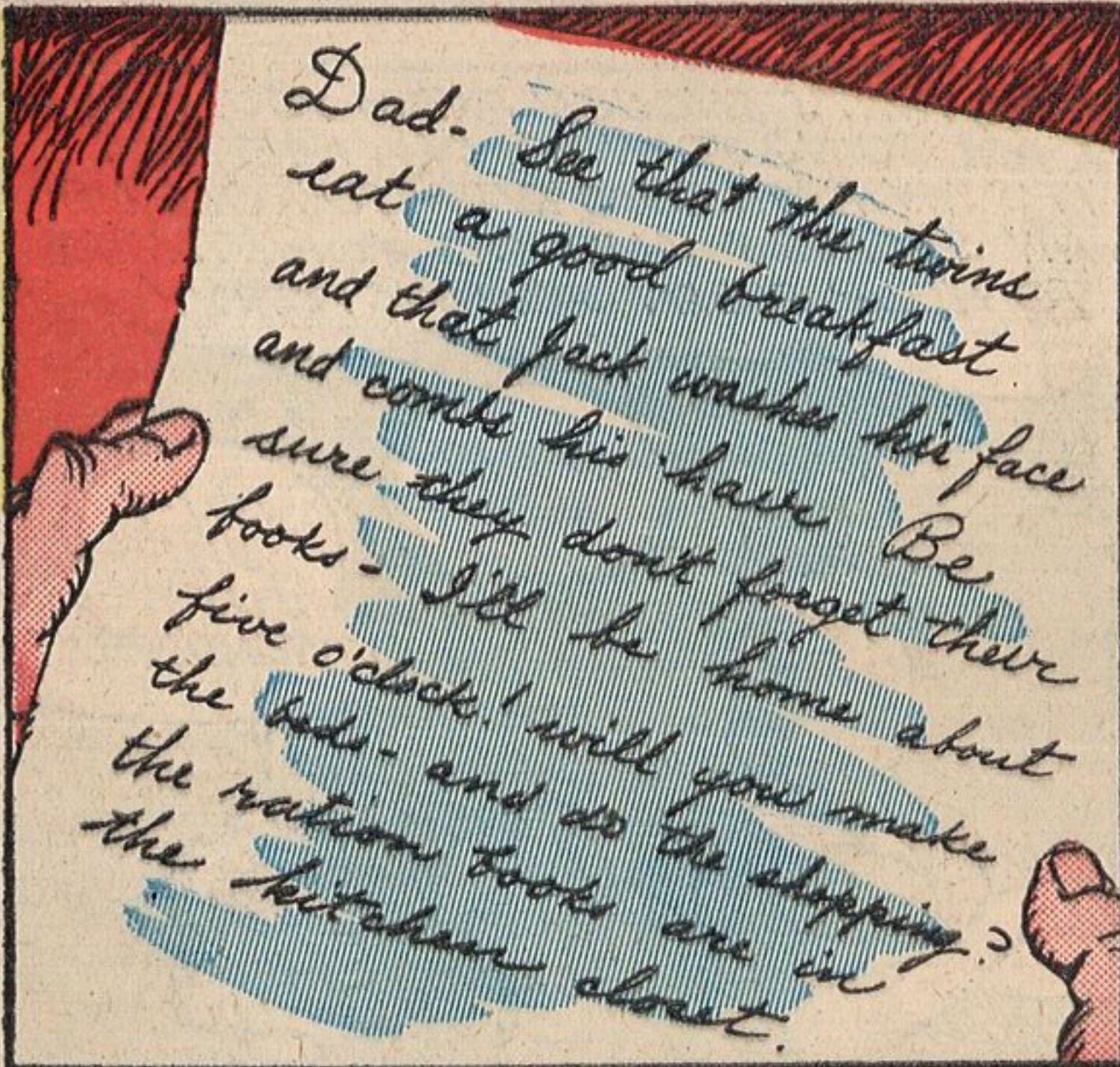
OW-WOW-! SUN UP - I MUST HAVE OVER SLEPT MYSELF. WHY HASN'T DAUGHTER CALLED ME FOR MY BREAKFAST??



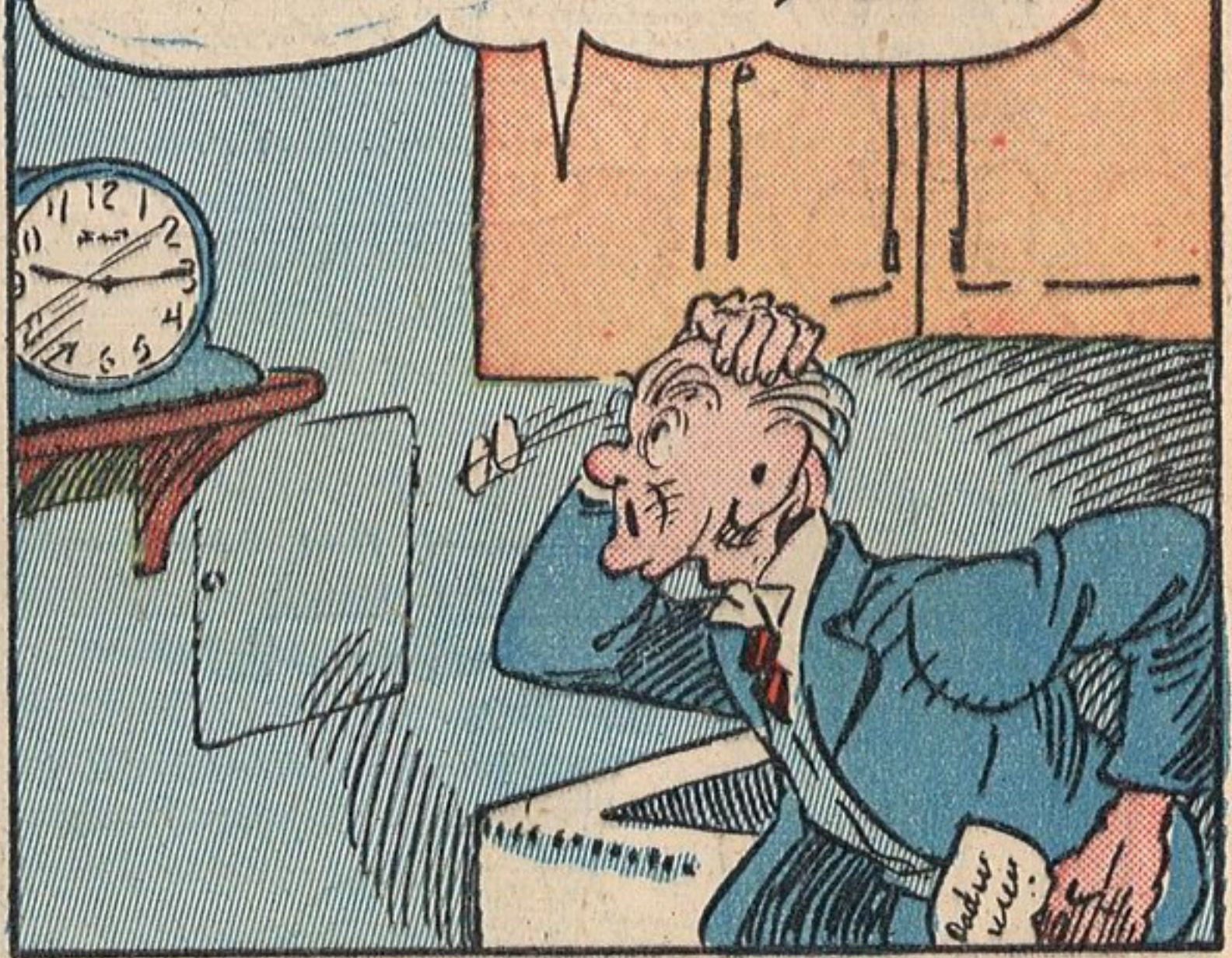
O, MY-GOODNESS!! I FORGOT, --SHE'S GONE TO TH' FACTORY! WONDER IF THE TWINS HAD BREAKFAST? HO-, SUPPOSE THEY GOT OFF TO SCHOOL ALL RIGHT? OH, THERE'S A NOTE FOR ME!



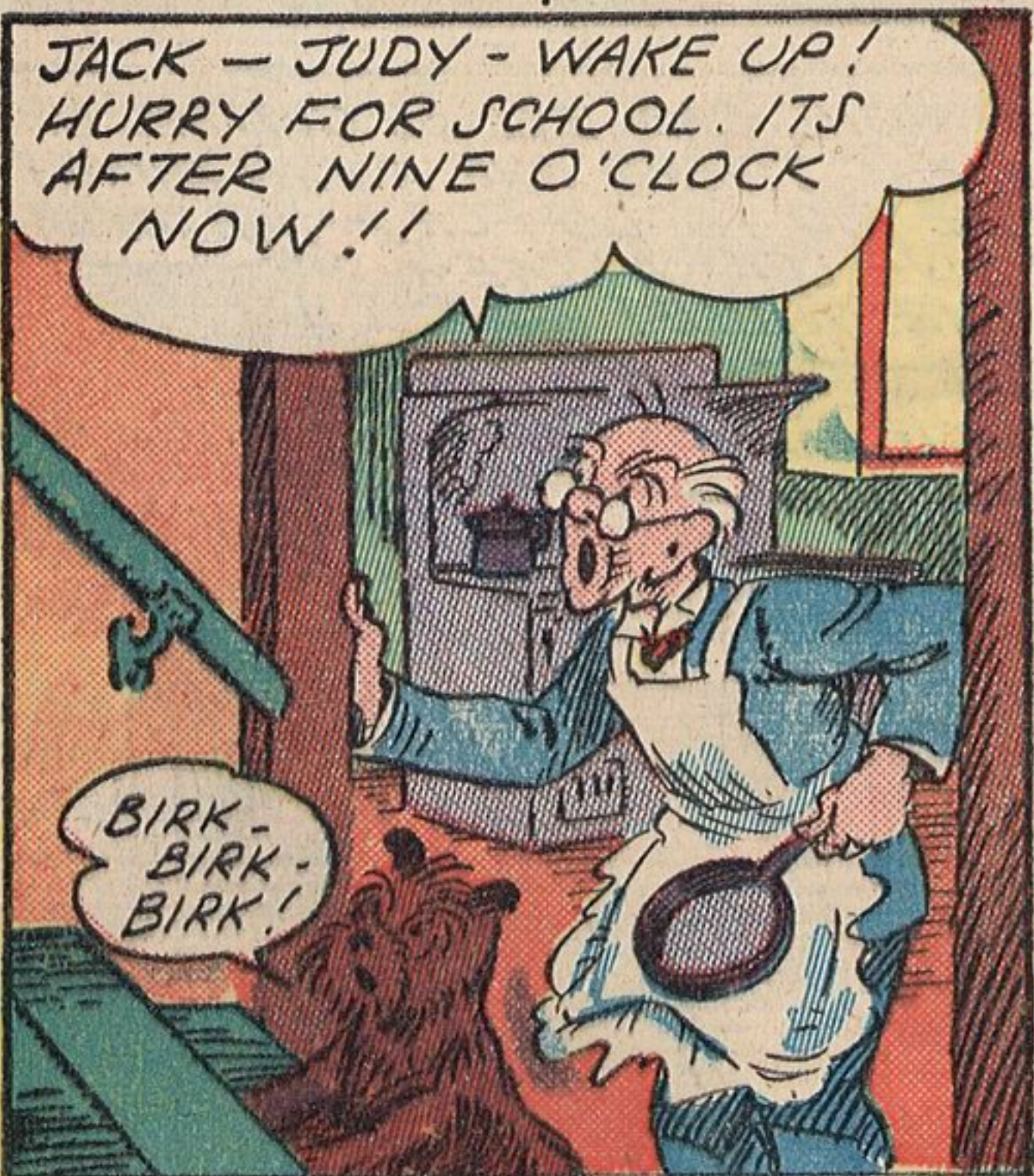
Dad. See that the twins eat a good breakfast and that Jack washes his face and combs his hair. Be sure they don't forget their books. I'll be home about five o'clock! Will you make the beds - and do the shopping? The ration books are in the kitchen closet.



O-O! NINE-FIFTEEN AND I'LL BET THOSE KIDS AREN'T EVEN OUT OF BED YET! OH, GOSH!



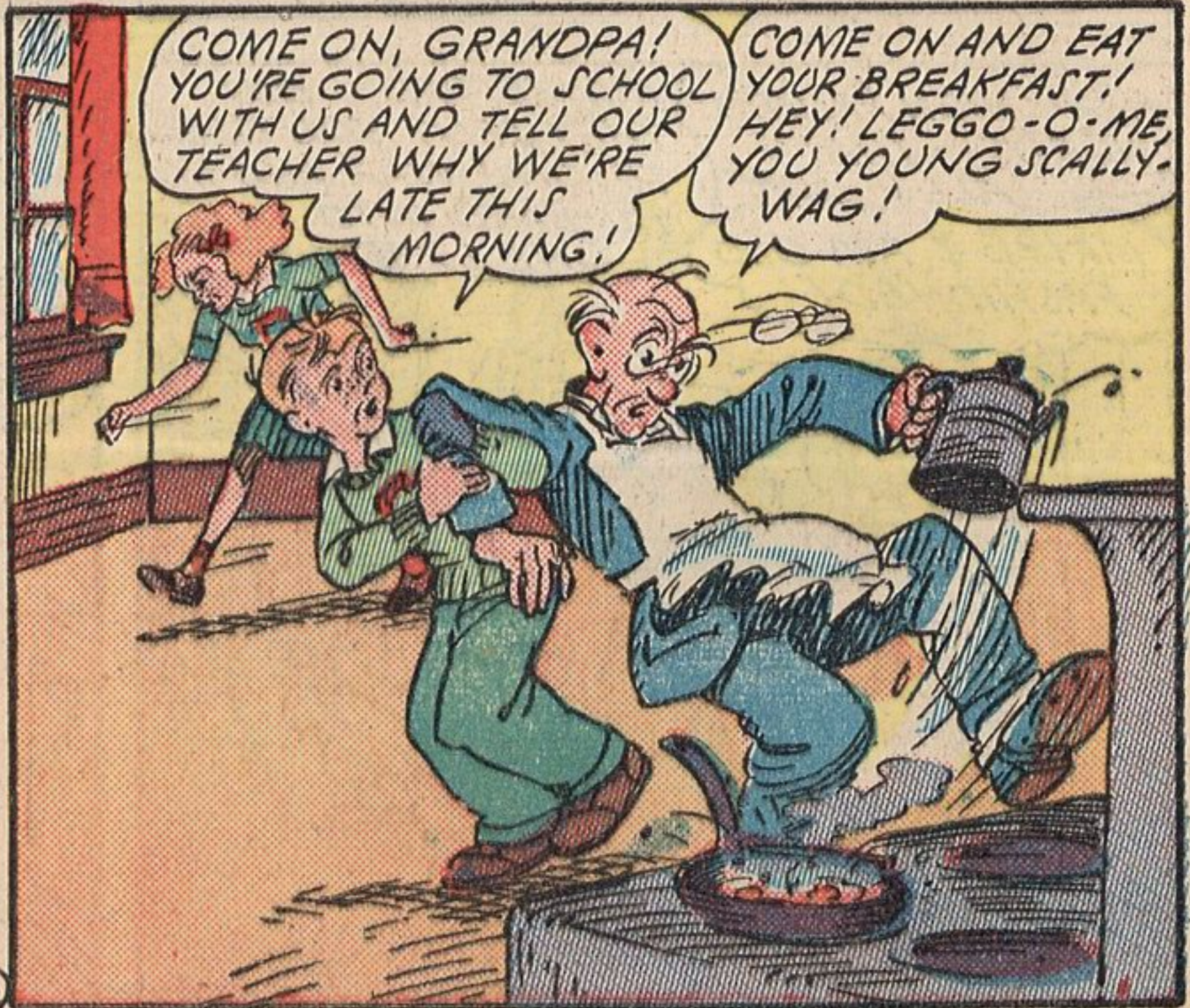
JACK - JUDY - WAKE UP! HURRY FOR SCHOOL. ITS AFTER NINE O'CLOCK NOW!!

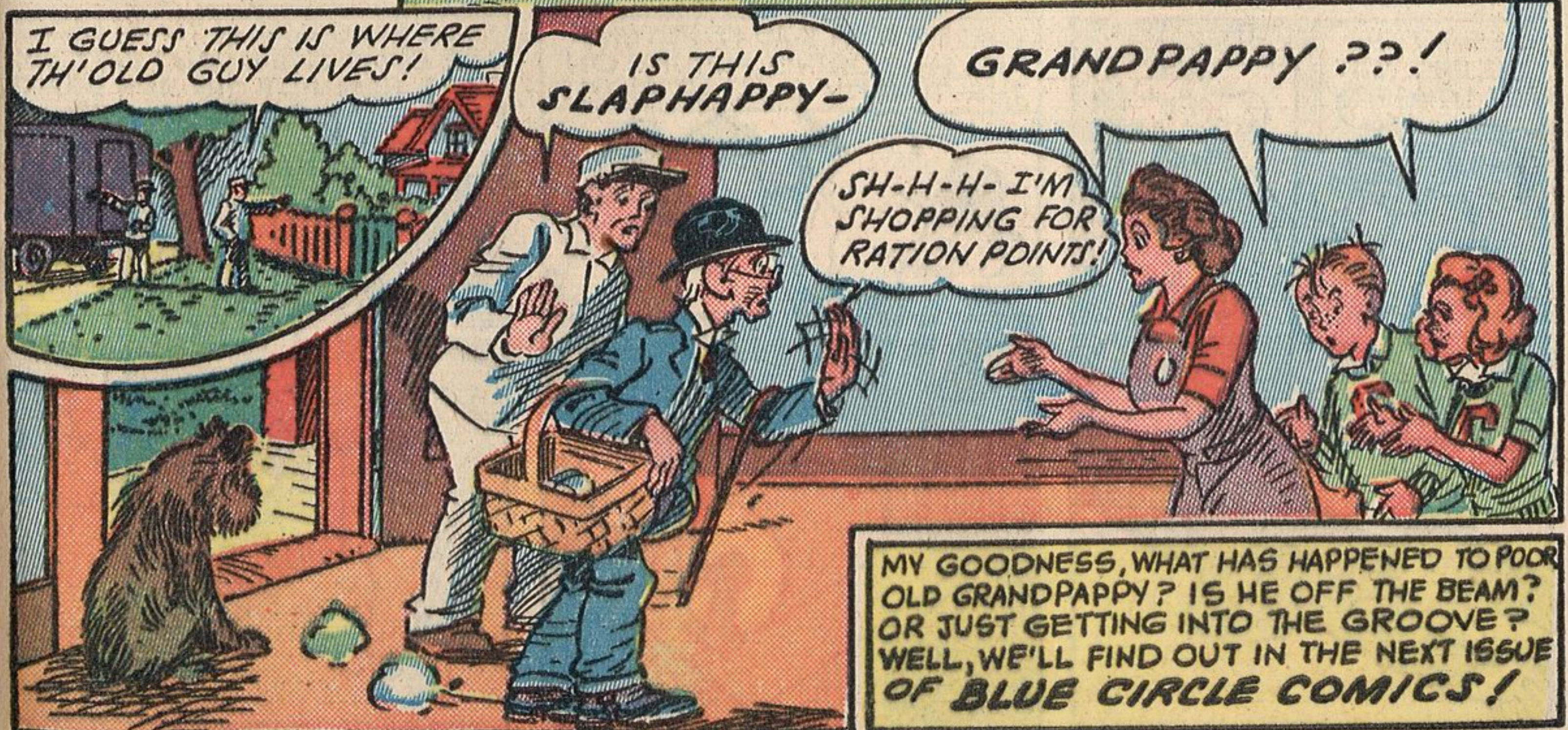
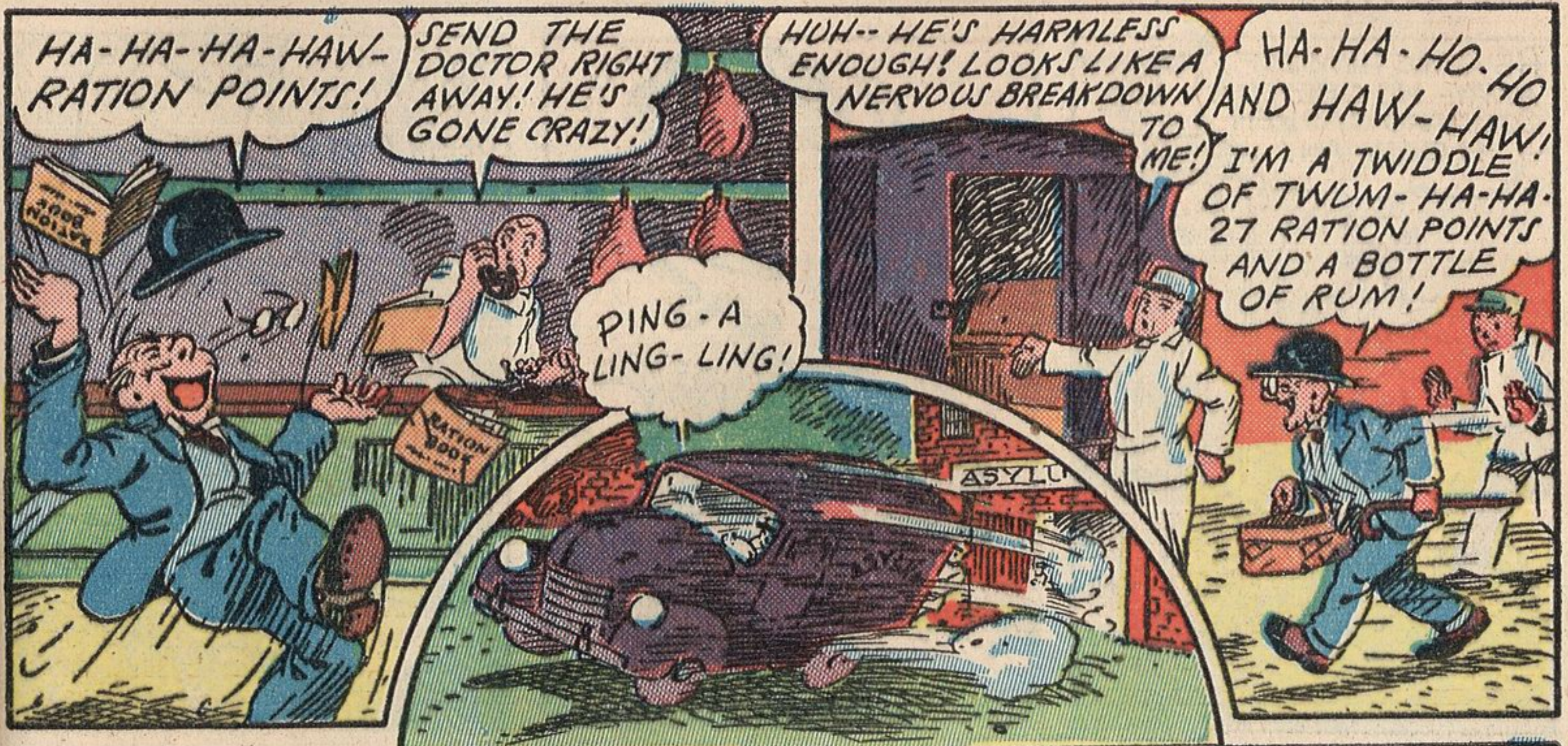
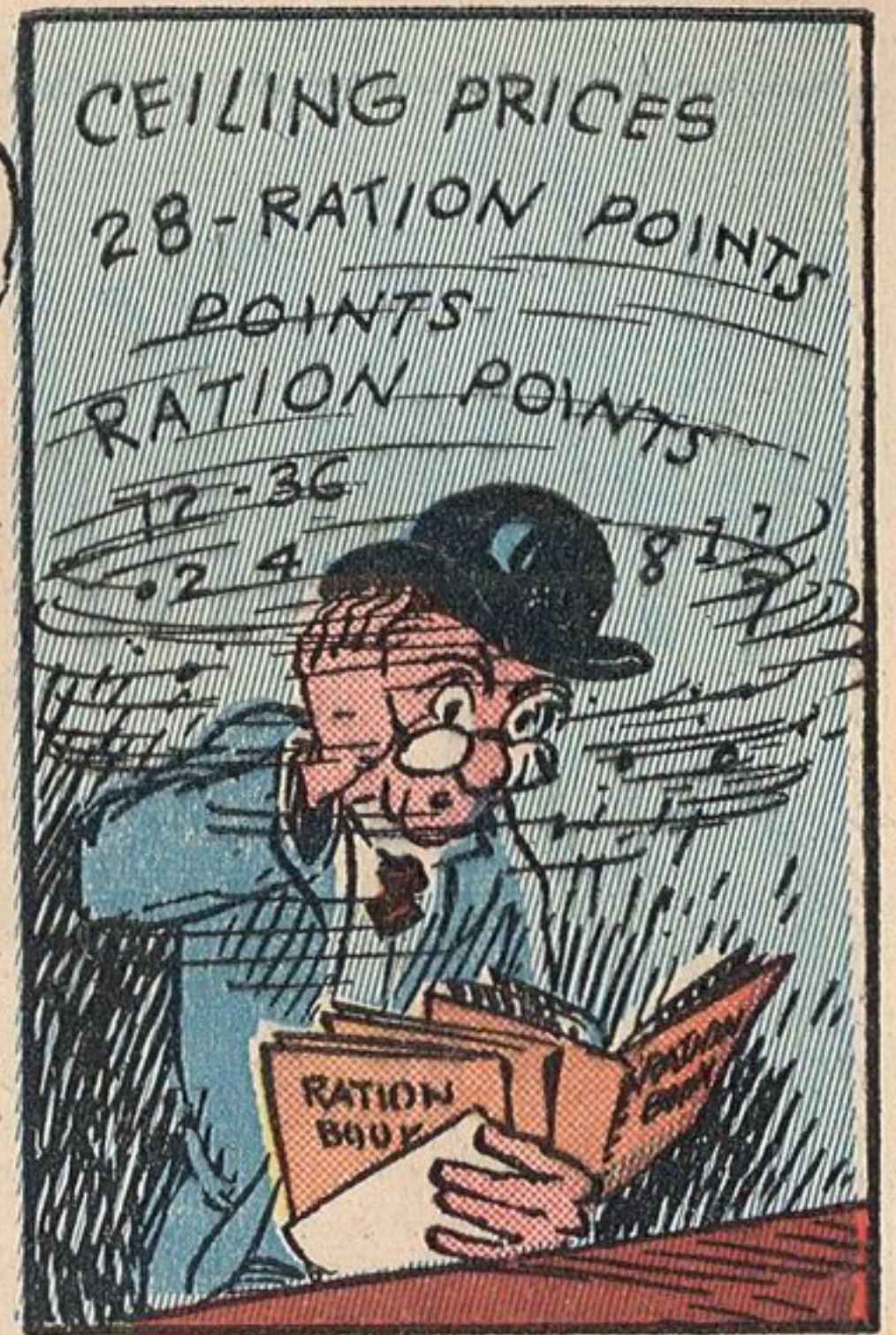


BIRK-BIRK-BIRK!

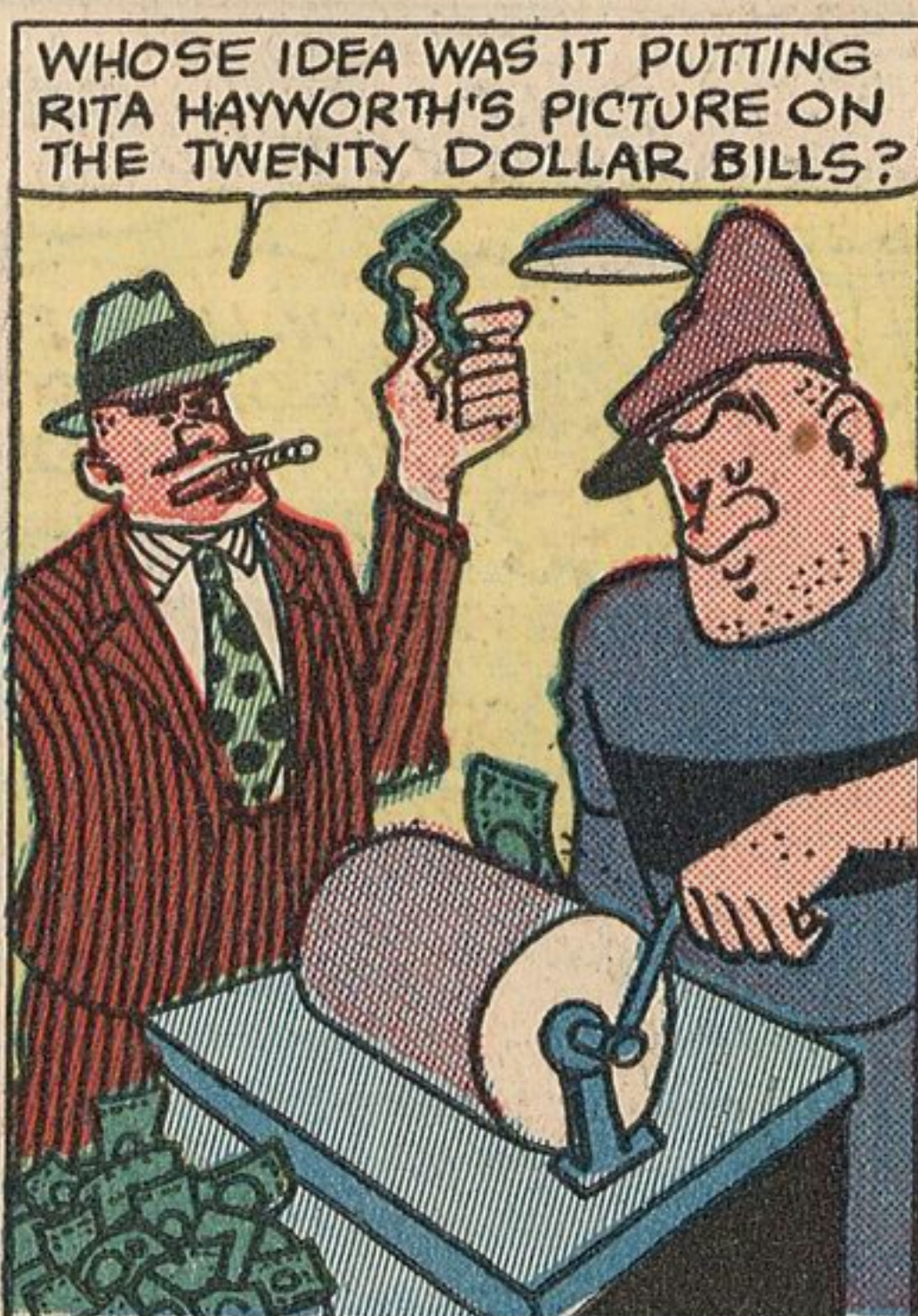
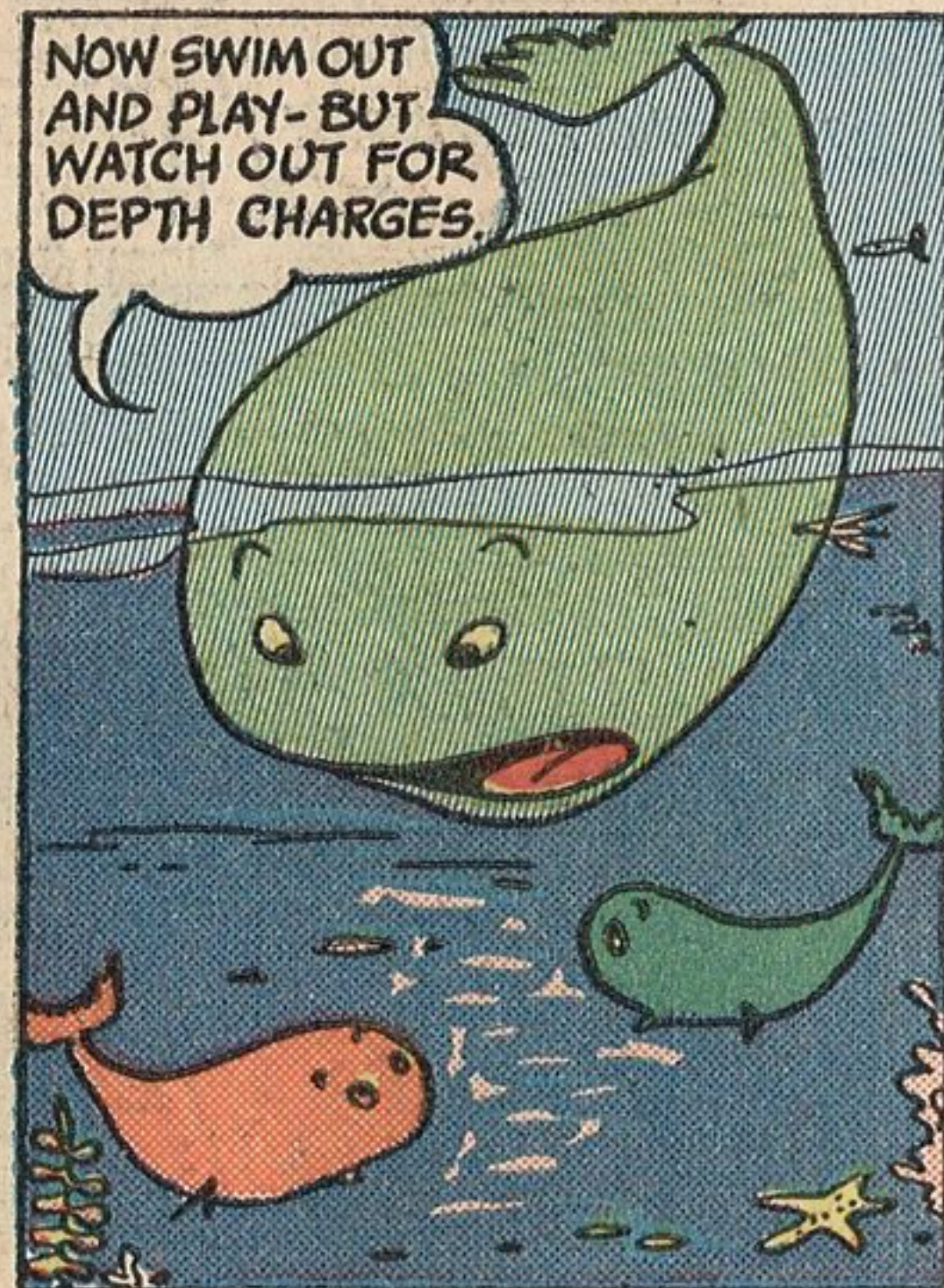
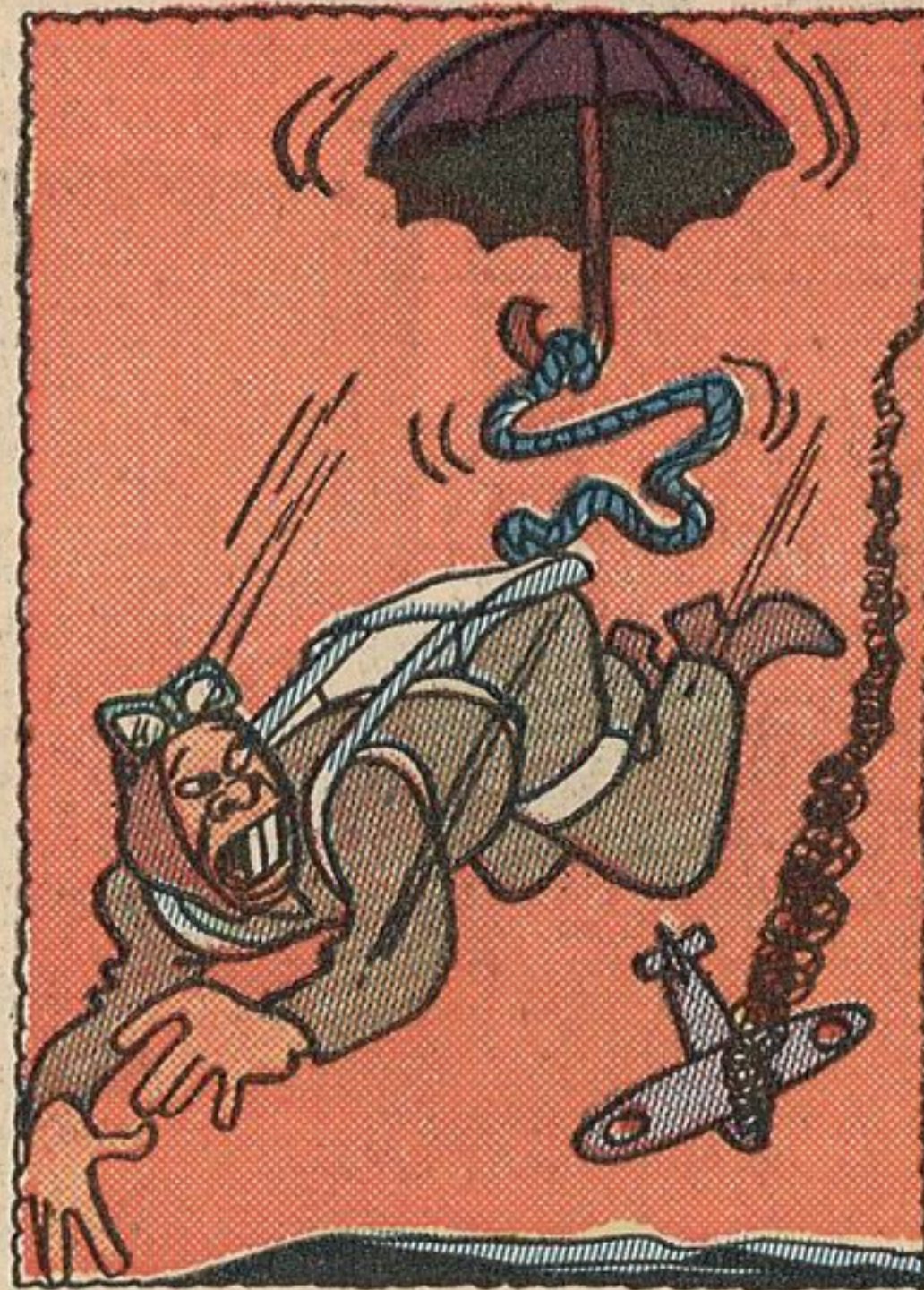
COME ON, GRANDPA! YOU'RE GOING TO SCHOOL WITH US AND TELL OUR TEACHER WHY WE'RE LATE THIS MORNING!

COME ON AND EAT YOUR BREAKFAST! HEY! LEGGO-O-ME, YOU YOUNG SCALLY-WAG!



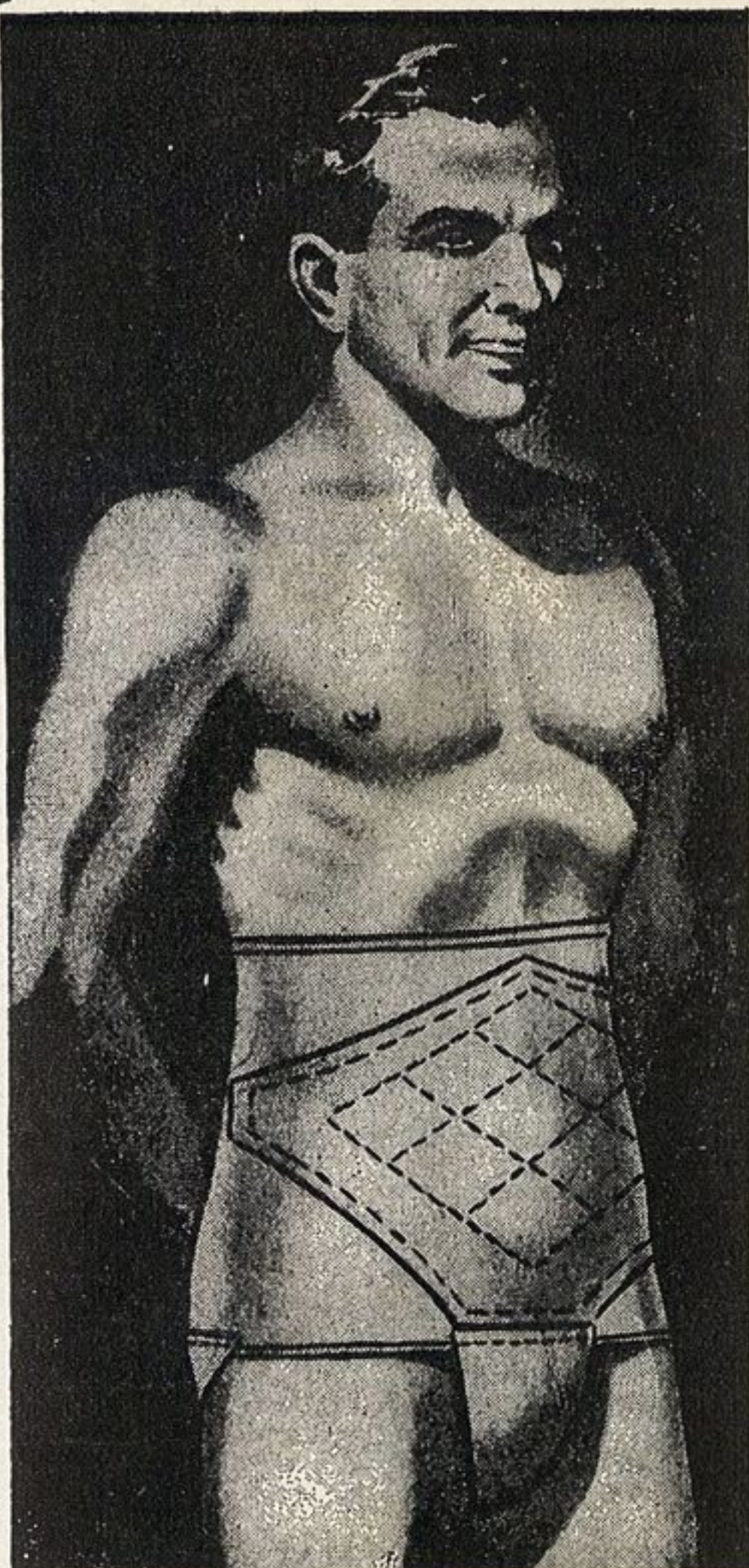


WHACKY CRACKS



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Yes, instantly you, too, can begin to feel **ALIVE . . . ON TOP OF THE WORLD** by joining the Parade of Men who are marching up the highway of happier living with the **COMMANDER**, the amazing new Men's abdominal supporter.

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The **COMMANDER** presents the exclusively designed "INTERLOCKING HANDS" principle for extra double support where you need it most. It flattens the burdensome sagging "corporation" and restores to the body the zestful invigorating feeling that comes with firm, sure "bay window" control. Order this new belt today and begin enjoying the pleasure of feeling "in shape" at once.

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The helpful uplifting **EXTRA SUPPORTING** power of the **COMMANDER** firmly supports abdominal sag. The instant you pull on the belt you breathe easier . . . your wind is longer . . . you feel better!

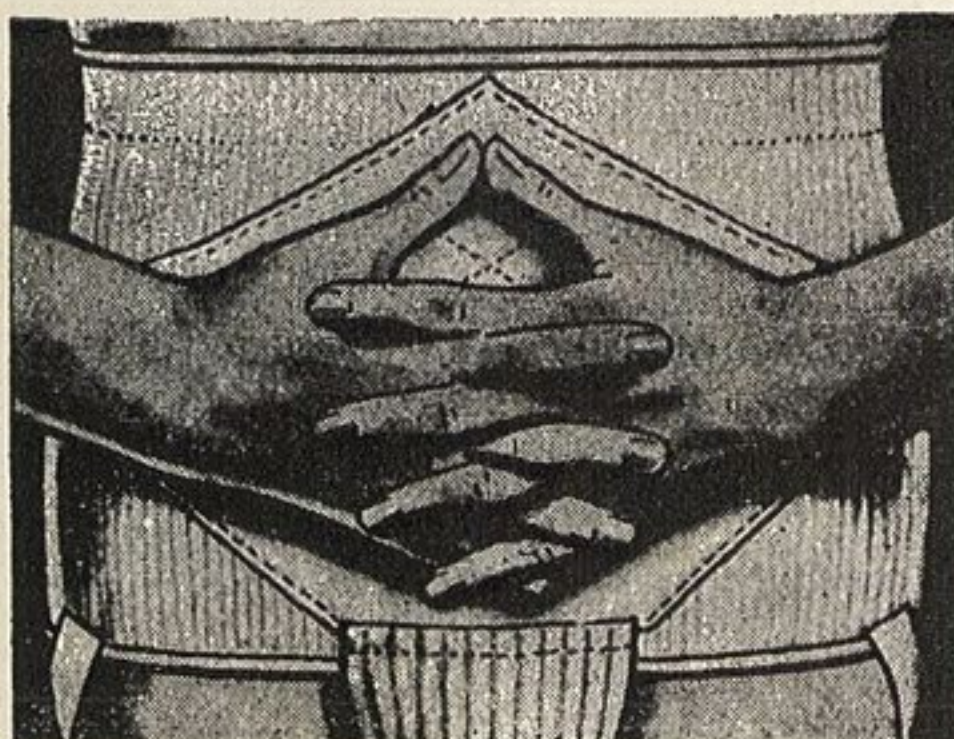
YOUR BACK IS BRACED—YOUR CLOTHES FIT BETTER—YOU APPEAR TALLER
The **COMMANDER** braces your figure, your posture becomes erect . . . you look and feel slimmer . . . your clothes fit you better. Your friends will notice the improvement immediately.

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The absence of gouging steel ribs, dangling buckles and bothersome laces will prove a joy. **COMMANDER** has a real man's jock type pouch, completely detachable. **IT GIVES GENUINE MALE PROTECTION.** Try this amazing new belt with full confidence . . . and at our risk. **SEND FOR IT NOW!**

*THE SECRET OF THE "INTERLOCKING HANDS"

Only **COMMANDER** contains this New principle. A porous non-stretch material is built into the special stretchy body of the **COMMANDER**. **STRETCHES 10 to 14 INCHES HIGH . . .** in the outline of two interlocking hands for **EXTRA DOUBLE SUPPORT** where you need it most. **NO BUCKLES, LACES or STRAPS.**



**MAKE THIS TEST →
WITH YOUR OWN HANDS
AND FEEL WHAT WE MEAN**

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Standish, Mich.

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Dr. G. C. S.
St. Charles, Ill.

"Received the Commander about a week ago. To say that I am well pleased with it would be putting it mildly—I can see that it fills a long felt want, giving the needed support and a most comfortable feeling. I never miss putting it on the first thing in the morning. Enclosed is my check for another."

J. C. McG.
St. Paul, Minn.

"I recommend the Commander for what it is made for. It sure has been a great help to me. I want to thank you for what it has done, I might add it has helped me more than anything I have ever tried."

P. N.
Fort Knox, Ky.

Above are just a few of the many unsolicited testimonials for the Commander that we receive regularly. Originals of these and others are on file.

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Send me the "COMMANDER" for ten days Free Trial. I will pay postman the special price of \$2.98 plus postage. If not satisfied after wearing it ten days, I may return it and the purchase price will be promptly refunded.

My waist measure My height is
(Send string the size of waist if measuring tape is not available.)

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Wear **COMMANDER** **ONLY**
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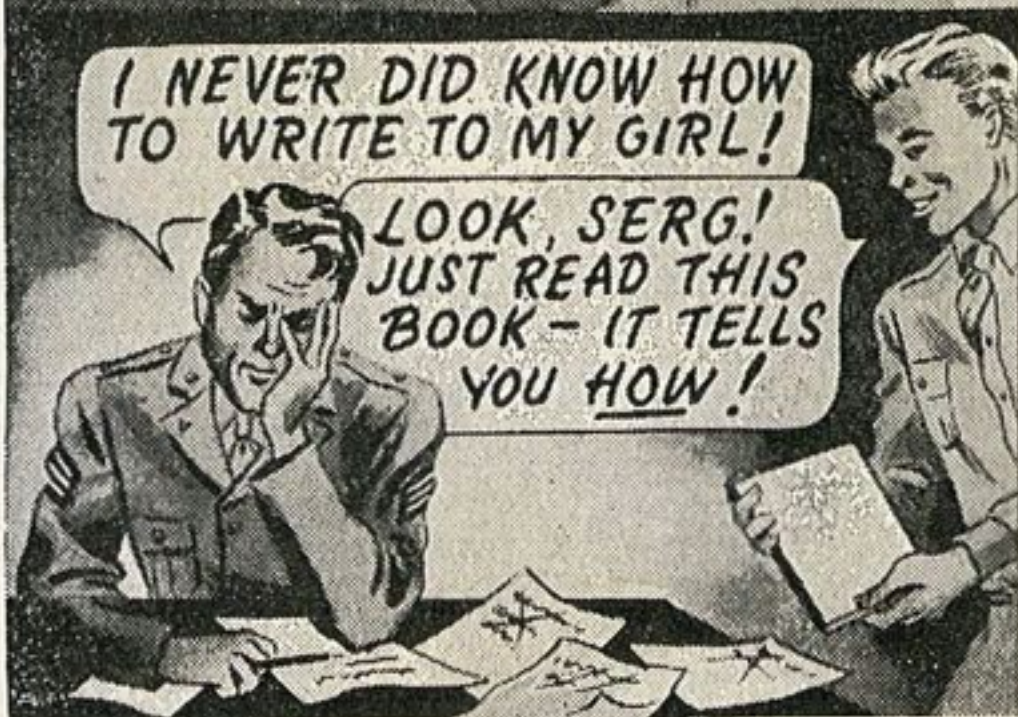
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